THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj Franklin

JAN. 20, 1912

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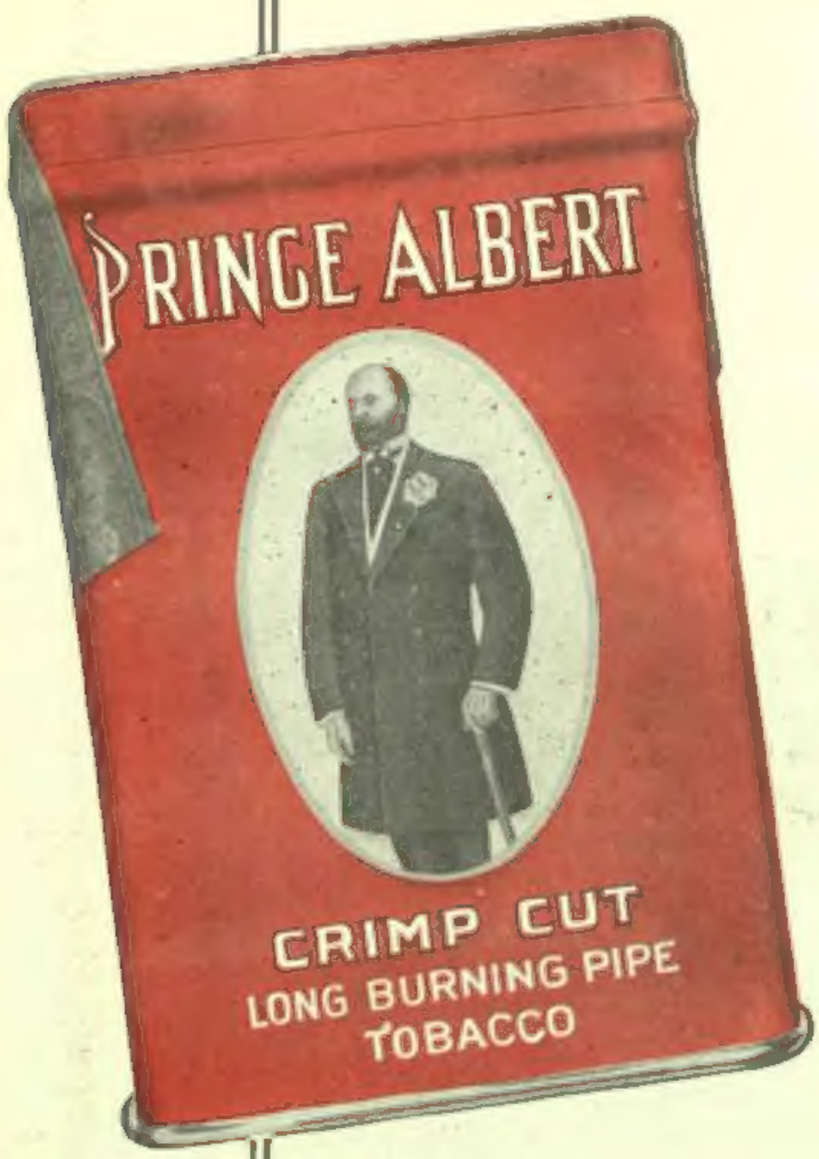
DRAWN BY
HARRISON FISHER

MORE THAN A MILLION AND THREE-QUARTERS CIRCULATION WEEKLY



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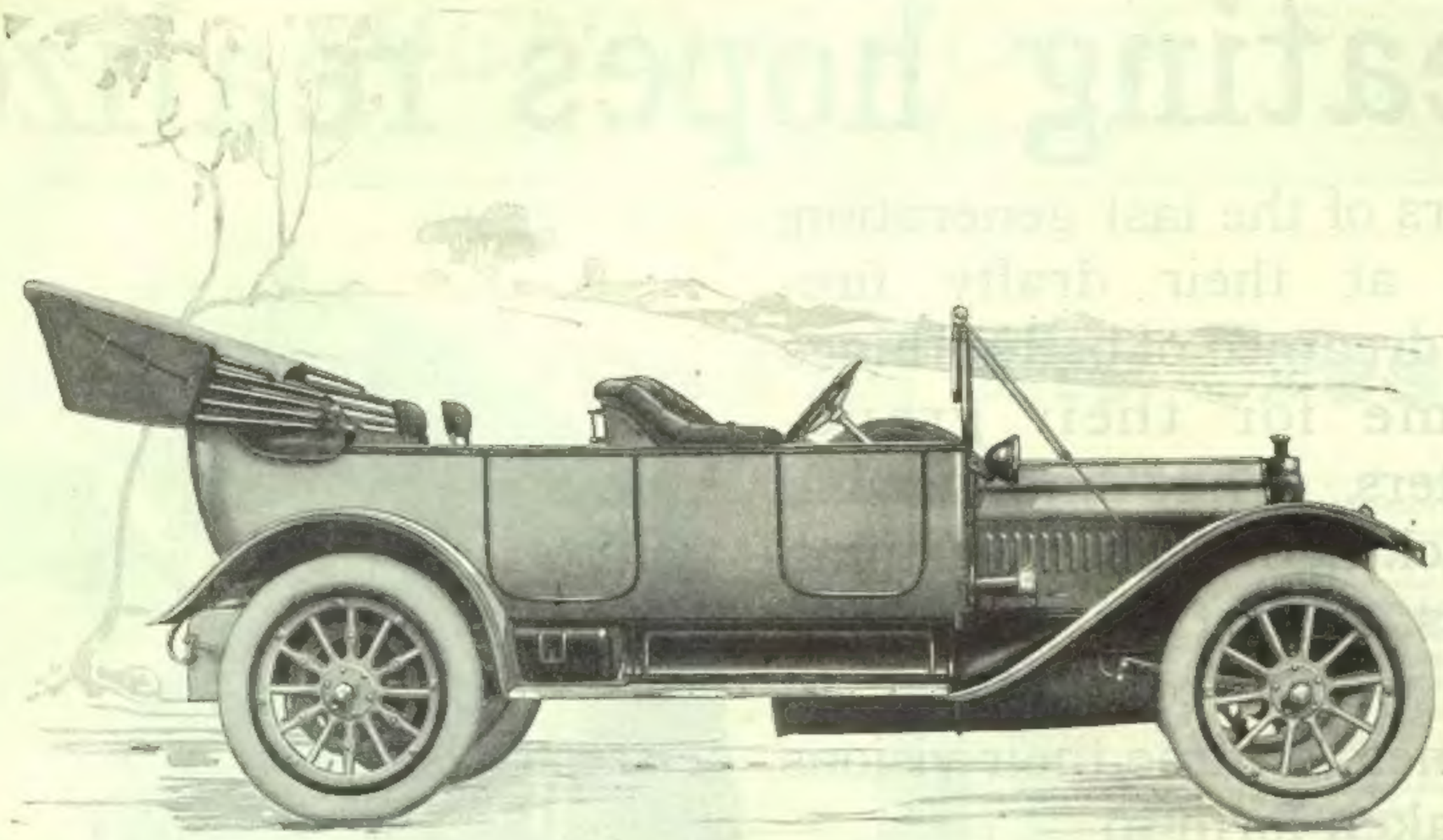

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THE White six-cylinder "60" is presented herewith. Fifty years of sewing-machine manufacture and twelve years of automobile building has led up to this superlative six-cylinder gasoline-driven car. Its engineering features are those recognized by practically every European manufacturer and which influence the design of every new model in this country. They are the same principles that have been embodied so successfully in our "30's" and "40's". The six-cylinder car is always the supreme test of an automobile factory—all makes are handsomely finished and offer little choice from outward appearance—the vital part of a car is under its hood, and here the White demonstrates its class. It is simplicity itself—showing an almost total absence of the paraphernalia that usually litter the engines of motor cars. Its businesslike appearance commends it, whether one is mechanically inclined or not. The upholstery—the body lines—the lighting—the starting system—in fact, every detail is such as marks the most lavish and permanent construction, being of that type and quality which distinguishes the best the world knows how to produce.

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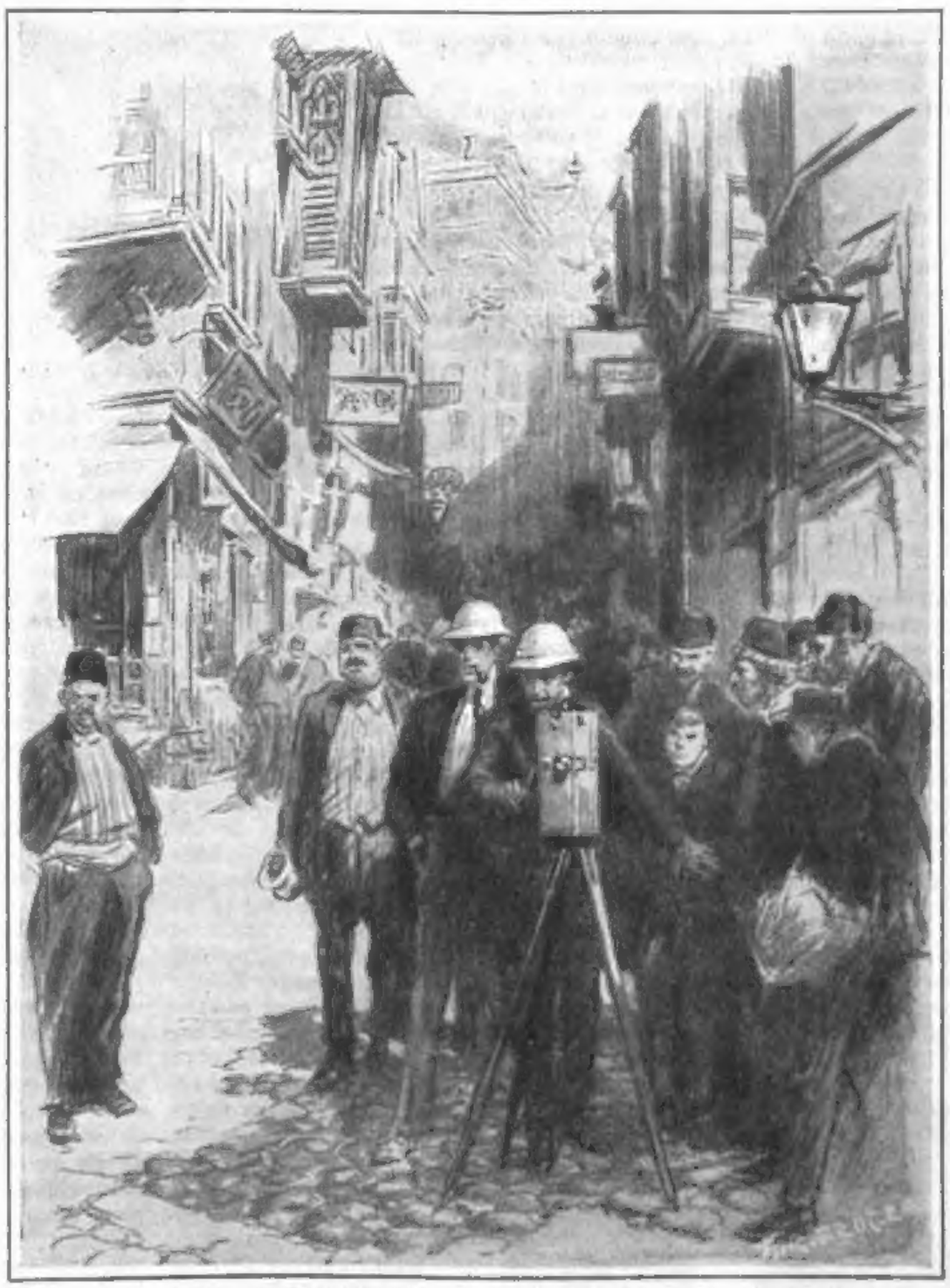
The Grand Cross of the Crescent

By Richard Harding Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER



He Had Been a Newspaper Reporter, a Press Agent, and an Actor in Vaudeville and in a Moving-Picture Company

OF SOME college students it has been said that, in order to pass their examinations, they will stoop to deceive and cheat their professors. This may or may not be true. One only can shudder and pass hurriedly on. But whatever others may have done, when young Peter Hallowell in his senior year came up for those final examinations which, should he pass them even by a nose, would gain him his degree, he did not cheat. He may have been too honest, too confident, too lazy, but Peter did not cheat. It was the professors who cheated.

At Stillwater College, on each subject on which you are examined you can score a possible hundred. That means perfection, and in the brief history of Stillwater, which is a very new college, only one man has attained it. After graduating he "accepted a position" in an asylum for the insane, from which he was promoted later to the poorhouse, where he died. Many Stillwater undergraduates studied his career and, lest they also should attain perfection, were afraid to study anything else. Among these Peter was by far the most afraid.

The marking system at Stillwater is as follows: If in all the subjects in which you have been examined your marks added together give you an average of ninety, you are passed "with honors"; if of seventy-five, you pass "with distinction"; if of fifty, you just "pass." It is not unlike the grocer's nice adjustment of fresh eggs, good eggs, and eggs. The whole college knew that if Peter got in among the eggs he would be lucky, but the professors and instructors of Stillwater were determined that, no matter what young Hallowell might do to prevent it, they would see that he passed his examinations. And they constituted the jury of awards. Their interest in Peter was not because they loved him so much, but because each loved his own vine-covered cottage, his salary and his dignified title the more. And each knew that that one of the faculty who dared to flunk the son of old man Hallowell, who had endowed Stillwater, who supported Stillwater, and who might be expected to go on supporting Stillwater indefinitely, might also at the same time hand in his official resignation.

Chancellor Black, the head of Stillwater, was an up-to-date college president. If he did not actually run after money he went where money was, and it was not his habit to be downright rude to those who possessed it. And if any three-thousand-dollar-a-year professor, through a too strict respect for Stillwater's standards of learning, should lose to that institution a half-million-dollar observatory, swimming-pool or gymnasium, he was the sort of college president who would see to it that the college lost also the services of that too conscientious instructor.

He did not put this in writing or in words, but just before the June examinations, when on the campus he met one of the faculty, he would inquire with kindly interest as to the standing of young Hallowell.

"That is too bad!" he would exclaim, but more in sorrow than in anger. "Still, I hope the boy can pull through. He is his dear father's pride, and his father's heart is set upon his son's obtaining his degree. Let us hope he will pull through."

For four years every professor had been pulling Peter through, and the conscience of each had become calloused. They had only once more to shove him through and they would be free of him forever. And so, although they did not conspire together, each knew that of the firing squad that was to aim its rifles at Peter, *his* rifle would hold the blank cartridge.

The only one of them who did not know this was Dr. Henry Gilman. Doctor Gilman was the professor of ancient and modern history at Stillwater, and greatly respected and loved. He also was the author of those well-known textbooks The Founders of Islam and The Rise and Fall of the Turkish Empire. This latter work, in five volumes, had been not unfavorably compared to Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. The original newspaper comment, dated some thirty years back, the doctor had preserved, and would produce it, now somewhat frayed and worn, and read it to visitors. He knew it by heart, but to him it always possessed a contemporary and news interest.

"Here is a review of the history," he would say—he always referred to it as "the" history—"that I came across in my paper."

In the eyes of Doctor Gilman thirty years was so brief a period that it was as though the clipping had been printed the previous afternoon.

The members of his class who were examined on the Rise and Fall, and who invariably came to grief over it, referred to it briefly as "the Fall," sometimes feelingly as "the —— Fall." "The" history began when Constantinople was Byzantium, skipped lightly over six centuries to Constantine, and in the last two volumes finished up the Mohammeds with the downfall of the fourth one and the coming of Suleiman. Since Suleiman, Doctor Gilman did not recognize Turkey as being on the map. When his history said the Turkish Empire had fallen, then the Turkish Empire fell. Once Chancellor Black suggested that he add a sixth volume that would cover the last three centuries.

"In a history of Turkey issued as a textbook," said the chancellor, "I think the Russian-Turkish War should be included."

Doctor Gilman, from behind his gold-rimmed spectacles, gazed at him in mild reproach.

"The war in the Crimea!" he exclaimed. "Why, I was alive at the time. I know all about it. That is not history."

Accordingly it followed that to a man who since the seventeenth century knew of no event of interest, Cyrus Hallowell, of the meat-packers' trust, was not an imposing figure. And to such a man the son of Cyrus Hallowell was but an ignorant young savage, to whom "the" history had certainly been a closed book. And so when Peter returned his examination paper in a condition almost as spotless as that in which he had received it, Doctor Gilman carefully and conscientiously, with malice toward none and with no thought of the morrow, marked it "five."

Each of the other professors and instructors had marked Peter fifty. In their fear of Chancellor Black they dared not give the boy less, but they refused to be slaves to the extent of crediting him with a single point higher than was necessary to pass him. But Doctor Gilman's five completely knocked out the required average of fifty, and young Peter was "found" and could not graduate. It was an awful business! The only son of the only Hallowell refused a degree in his father's own private college—the son of the man who had built the Hallowell Memorial, the new Laboratory, the Anna Hallowell Chapel, the Hallowell Dormitory and the Hallowell Athletic Field. When on the bulletin board of the dim hall of the Memorial to his departed grandfather Peter read of his own disgrace and downfall, the light the stained-glass window cast upon his nose was of no sicklier a green than was the nose itself. Not that Peter wanted an A. M. or an A. B., not that he desired laurels he had not won, but because the young man was afraid of his father. And he had cause to be. Father arrived at Stillwater the next morning. The interviews that followed made Stillwater famous.

"My son is not an ass!" is what Hallowell senior is said to have said to Doctor Black. "And if in four years you and your faculty cannot give him the rudiments of an

education, I will send him to a college that can. And I'll send my money where I send Peter."

In reply Chancellor Black could have said that it was the fault of the son and not of the college; he could have said that where three men had failed to graduate one hundred and eighty had not. But did he say that? Oh, no, he did not say that! He was not that sort of a college president. Instead, he remained calm and sympathetic, and like a conspirator in a comic opera glanced apprehensively round his study. He lowered his voice.

"There has been contemptible work here," he whispered—"spite and a mean spirit of reprisal. I have been making a secret investigation, and I find that this blow at your son and you, and at the good name of our college, was struck by one man, a man with a grievance—Doctor Gilman. Doctor Gilman has repeatedly desired me to raise his salary." This did not happen to be true, but in such a crisis Doctor Black could not afford to be too particular.

"I have seen no reason for raising his salary—and there you have the explanation. In revenge he has made this attack. But he has overshot his mark. In causing us temporary embarrassment he has brought about his own downfall. I have already asked for his resignation."

Every day in the week Hallowell was a fair, sane man, but on this particular day he was wounded, his spirit was hurt, his self-esteem humiliated. He was in a state of mind to believe anything rather than that his son was an idiot.

"I don't want the old man discharged," he protested, "just because Peter is lazy. But if Doctor Gilman was moved by personal considerations, if he sacrificed my Peter in order to get even ——"

"That," exclaimed Black in a horrified whisper, "is exactly what he did! Your generosity to the college is well known. You are recognized all over America as its patron. And he believed that when I refused him an increase in salary it was really you who refused it—and he struck at you through your son. Everybody thinks so. The college is on fire with indignation. And look at the mark he gave Peter! Five! That in itself shows the malice. Five is not a mark, it is an insult! No one, certainly not your brilliant son—look how brilliantly he managed the glee club and football tour—is stupid enough to deserve five. No, Doctor Gilman went too far. And he has been justly punished!"

What Hallowell senior was willing to believe of what the chancellor told him, and his opinion of the matter as expressed to Peter, differed materially.

"They tell me," he concluded, "that in the fall they will give you another examination, and if you pass then you will get your degree. No one will know you've got it. They'll slip it to you out of the sidedoor like a cold potato to a tramp. The only thing people will know is that when your classmates stood up and got their parchments—the thing they'd been working for for four years, the only reason for their going to college at all—you were not among those present. That's your fault; but if you don't get your degree next fall that will be my fault. I've supported you through college and you've failed to deliver the goods. Now you deliver them next fall, or you can support yourself."

"That will be all right," said Peter humbly; "I'll pass next fall."

"I'm going to make sure of that," said Hallowell senior. "Tomorrow you will take all those history books that you did not open, especially Gilman's Rise and Fall which it seems you have not even purchased, and you will travel for the entire summer with a private tutor ——"

Peter, who had personally conducted the football and baseball teams over half of the Middle States and daily bullied and browbeat them, protested with indignation.

"I won't travel with a private tutor!"

"If I say so," returned Hallowell senior grimly, "you'll travel with a governess and a trained nurse, and wear a straitjacket. And you'll continue to wear it until you can recite the history of Turkey backward. And in order that you may know it backward and forward you will spend this summer in Turkey—in Constantinople—until I send you permission to come home."

"Constantinople!" yelled Peter. "In August! Are you serious?"

"Do I look it?" asked Peter's father.

He did.

"In Constantinople," explained Mr. Hallowell senior, "there will be nothing to distract you from your studies, and in spite of yourself every minute you will be imbibing history and local color."

"I'll be imbibing fever," returned Peter, "and sunstroke and sudden death. If you want to get rid of me, why don't you send me to the island where they sent Dreyfus? It's quicker. You don't have to go to Turkey to study about Turkey."

"You do!" said his father.

Peter did not wait for the festivities of commencement week. All day he hid in his room, packing his belongings or giving them away to the members of his class who came to tell him what a rotten shame it was, and to bid him goodby. They loved Peter for himself alone, and at losing him were loyally enraged. They desired publicly to express their sentiments, and to that end they planned a mock trial of the Rise and Fall at which a packed jury would sentence it to cremation. They planned also to hang Doctor Gilman in effigy. The effigy with a rope round its neck was even then awaiting mob violence. It was complete to the silver-white beard and the gold spectacles. But Peter squashed both demonstrations. He did not know Doctor Gilman had been forced to resign, but he protested that the horse-play of his friends would make him appear a bad loser.

"It would look, boys," he said, "as though I wouldn't take my medicine. Looks like kicking against the umpire's decision. Old Gilman fought fair. He gave me just what was coming to me. I think a darn-sight more of him than I do of that bunch of bootlickers that had the colossal nerve to pretend I scored fifty!"

Doctor Gilman sat in his cottage that stood on the edge of the campus, gazing at a plaster bust of Socrates which he did not see. Since that morning he had ceased to sit in the chair of history at Stillwater College. They were retrenching, the chancellor had told him curtly, cutting down unnecessary expenses, for even in his anger Doctor Black was too intelligent to hint at his real motive, and the professor was far too innocent of evil, far too detached from college politics, to suspect. He would remain a professor emeritus on half pay, but he no longer would teach. The college he had served for thirty years—since it consisted of two brick buildings and a faculty of ten young men—no longer needed him. Even his ivy-covered cottage, in which his wife and he had lived for twenty years, in which their one child had died, would at the beginning of the next term be required of him. But the college would allow him those six months in which to look round. So he sat in his study, just outside the circle of light from his student lamp, and stared with unseeing eyes at the bust of Socrates. He was not considering ways and means. They must be faced later. He was considering how he could possibly break the blow to his wife. What eviction from that house would mean to her, no one but he understood. Since the day their little girl had died, nothing in the room that had been her playroom, bedroom and nursery had been altered, nothing had been touched. To his wife, somewhere in the house that wonderful, God-given child was still with them. Not as a memory but as a real and living presence. When at night the professor and his wife sat at either end of the study table, reading by the same lamp, he would see her suddenly lift her head, alert and eager, as though from the nursery floor a step had sounded, as though from the darkness a sleepy voice had called her. And when they would be forced to move to lodgings in the town, to some students' boarding house, though they could take with them their books, their furniture, their mutual love and comradeship, they must leave behind them the haunting presence of the child, the colored pictures she had cut from the Christmas numbers and plastered over the nursery walls, the rambler roses that with her own hands she had planted, and that now climbed to her window and each summer peered into her empty room.

Outside Doctor Gilman's cottage, among the trees of the campus, paper lanterns like great oranges aglow were swaying in the evening breeze. In front of Hallowell the flame of a great bonfire shot to the top of the tallest elms, and gathered in a circle round it the glee club sang, and cheer succeeded cheer—cheers for the heroes of the cinder track, for the heroes of the diamond and the gridiron, cheers for the men who had flunked—especially for one man who had flunked. But for the man who for thirty years in the classroom had served the college there were no cheers. No one remembered him, except the one student who had best reason to remember him. But in this recollection Peter had no rancor or bitterness and, still anxious lest he should be considered a bad loser, he wished Doctor Gilman and every one else to know that. So when the celebration was at its height and just before his train was due to carry him from Stillwater, he ran across the campus to the Gilman cottage to say goodby. But he did not enter the cottage. He went so far only as halfway up the garden walk. In the window of the study which opened upon the veranda he saw through a frame of honeysuckles the professor and his wife standing beside the study table. They were clinging to each other, the woman weeping silently with her cheek on his shoulder, her thin, delicate, well-bred hands clasping his arms, while the man comforted her awkwardly, unhappily, with hopeless, futile caresses.

Peter, shocked and miserable at what he had seen, backed steadily away. What disaster had befallen the old couple he could not imagine. The idea that he himself might in any way be connected with their grief never entered his mind. He was certain only that, whatever the trouble was, it was something so intimate and personal that no mere outsider might dare to offer his sympathy. So on tiptoe he retreated down the garden walk and, avoiding the celebration at the bonfire, returned to his rooms.

He Was "a Friend of a Friend of a Friend"

"If I Say So, You'll Travel With a Governess and a Trained Nurse, and Wear a Straitjacket"

The Fees, the Fat Man Added, Would Also be Higher, But, He Pointed Out, it Was Worth the Difference

An hour later the entire college escorted him to the railroad station, and with "He's a jolly good fellow" and "He's off to Philippopolis in the morn-ing" ringing in his ears, he sank back in his seat in the smoking-car and gazed at the lights of Stillwater disappearing out of his life. And he was surprised to find that what lingered in his mind was not the students, dancing like red Indians round the bonfire, or at the steps of the smoking-car fighting to shake his hand, but the man and woman alone in the cottage stricken with sudden sorrow, standing like two children lost in the streets, who cling to each other for comfort and at the same moment whisper words of courage.

Two months later, at Constantinople, Peter was suffering from remorse over neglected opportunities, from prickly heat, and from fleas. Had it not been for the moving-picture man, and the poker and baccarat at the Cercle Oriental, he would have flung himself into the Bosphorus. In the mornings with the tutor he read ancient history, which he promptly forgot; and for the rest of the hot, dreary day with the moving-picture man he stalked subjects for the camera through the bazaars and along the waterfront.

The name of the moving-picture man was Harry Stetson. He had been a newspaper reporter, a press agent and an actor in vaudeville and in a moving-picture company. Now on his own account he was preparing an illustrated lecture on the East, adapted to churches and Sunday-schools. Peter and he wrote it in collaboration, and in the evenings rehearsed it with lanternslides before an audience of the hotel clerk, the tutor, and the German soldier of fortune who was trying to sell the young Turks very old battleships. Every other foreigner had fled the city, and the entire diplomatic corps had removed itself to the summer capital at Therapia.

There Stimson, the first secretary of the embassy and, in the absence of the ambassador, *chargé d'affaires*, invited Peter to become his guest. Stimson was most anxious to be polite to Peter, for Hallowell senior was a power in the party then in office, and a word from him at Washington in favor of a rising young diplomat would do no harm. But Peter was afraid his father would consider Therapia "out of bounds."

"He sent me to Constantinople," explained Peter, "and if he thinks I'm not playing the game the Lord only knows where he might send me next—and he might cut off my allowance."

In the matter of allowance Peter's father had been most generous. This was fortunate, for poker, as the pashas and princes played it at the Cercle, was no game for cripples or children. But, owing to his letter-of-credit and his ill-spent life, Peter was able to hold his own against men three times his age and of fortunes nearly equal to that of his father. Only they disposed of their wealth differently. On many a hot evening Peter saw as much of their money scattered over the green table as his father had spent over the Hallowell Athletic Field.

In this fashion Peter spent his first month of exile—in the morning trying to fill his brain with names of great men who had been a long time dead, and in his leisure hours with local color. To a youth of his active spirit it was a dull life without joy or recompense. A letter from Charley Hines, a classmate who lived at Stillwater, which arrived after Peter had endured six weeks of Constantinople, released him from boredom and gave life a real interest. It was a letter full of gossip intended to amuse. One paragraph failed of its purpose. It read: "Old man Gilman has got the sack. The chancellor offered him up as a sacrifice to your father, and because he was unwise enough to flunk you. He is to move out in September. I ran across them last week when I was looking for rooms for a Freshman cousin. They were reserving one in the same boarding house. It's a shame, and I know you'll agree. They are a fine old couple, and I don't like to think of them herding with Freshmen in a shine boarding house. Black always was a swine."

Peter spent fully ten minutes in getting to the cable office.

"Just learned," he cabled his father, "Gilman dismissed because flunked me consider this outrageous please see he is reinstated."

The answer, which arrived the next day, did not satisfy Peter. It read: "Informed Gilman acted through spite have no authority as you know to interfere any act of Black."

Since Peter had learned of the disaster that through his laziness had befallen the Gilmans, his indignation at the injustice had been hourly increasing. Nor had his banishment to Constantinople strengthened his filial piety. On the contrary, it had rendered him independent and but little inclined to kiss the paternal rod. In consequence his next cable was not conciliatory.

"Dismissing Gilman looks more like we acted through spite makes me appear contemptible Black is a toady will do as you direct please reinstate."

To this somewhat peremptory message his father answered:

"If your position unpleasant yourself to blame not Black incident is closed."

"Is it?" said the son of his father. He called Stetson to his aid and explained. Stetson reminded him of the famous cablegram of his distinguished contemporary: "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead!"

Peter's paraphrase of this ran: "Gilman returns to Stillwater or I will not try for degree."

The reply was equally emphatic:

"You earn your degree or you earn your own living."

This alarmed Stetson, but caused Peter to deliver his ultimatum: "Choose to earn my own living am leaving Constantinople."

Within a few days Stetson was also leaving Constantinople by steamer via Naples. Peter, who had come to like him very much, would have accompanied him had he not preferred to return home more leisurely by way of Paris and London.

"You'll get there long before I do," said Peter, "and as soon as you arrive I want you to go to Stillwater and give Doctor Gilman some souvenir of Turkey from me. Just to show him I've no hard feelings. He wouldn't accept money, but he can't refuse a present. I want it to be something characteristic of the country, like a prayer rug, or a simitar, or an illuminated Koran, or ——"

Somewhat doubtfully, somewhat sheepishly, Stetson drew from his pocket a flat morocco case and opened it. "What's the matter with one of these?" he asked.

In the velvet-lined jewel case was a star of green enamel and silver gilt. To it was attached a ribbon of red and green.

"That's the Star of the Crescent," said Peter. "Where did you buy it?"

"Buy it!" exclaimed Stetson. "You don't buy them. The Sultan bestows them."

"I'll bet the Sultan didn't bestow that one," said Peter.

"I'll bet," returned Stetson, "I've got something in my pocket that says he did."

He unfolded an imposing document covered with slanting lines of curving Arabic letters in gold. Peter was impressed but still skeptical.

"What does that say when it says it in English?" he asked.

"It says," translated Stetson, "that his Imperial Majesty, the Sultan, bestows upon Henry Stetson, educator, author, lecturer, the Star of the Order of the Crescent, of the fifth class, for services rendered to Turkey."

Peter interrupted him indignantly.

"Never try to fool the fakers, my son," he protested; "I'm a faker myself. What services did you ever ——"

"Services rendered," continued Stetson undisturbed, "in spreading throughout the United States a greater knowledge of the customs, industries and religion of the Ottoman Empire. That," he exclaimed, "refers to my—I should say our—moving-picture lecture. I thought it would look well if, when I lectured on Turkey, I wore a Turkish decoration, so I went after this one."

Peter regarded his young friend with incredulous admiration.

"But did they believe you," he demanded, "when you told them you were an author and educator?"

Stetson closed one eye and grinned. "They believed whatever I paid them to believe."

"If you can get one of those," cried Peter, "old man Gilman ought to get a dozen. I'll tell them he's the author of the longest and dullest history of their flea-bitten empire that was ever written. And he's a real professor and a real author, and I can prove it. I'll show them the five volumes with his name in each. How much did that thing cost you?"

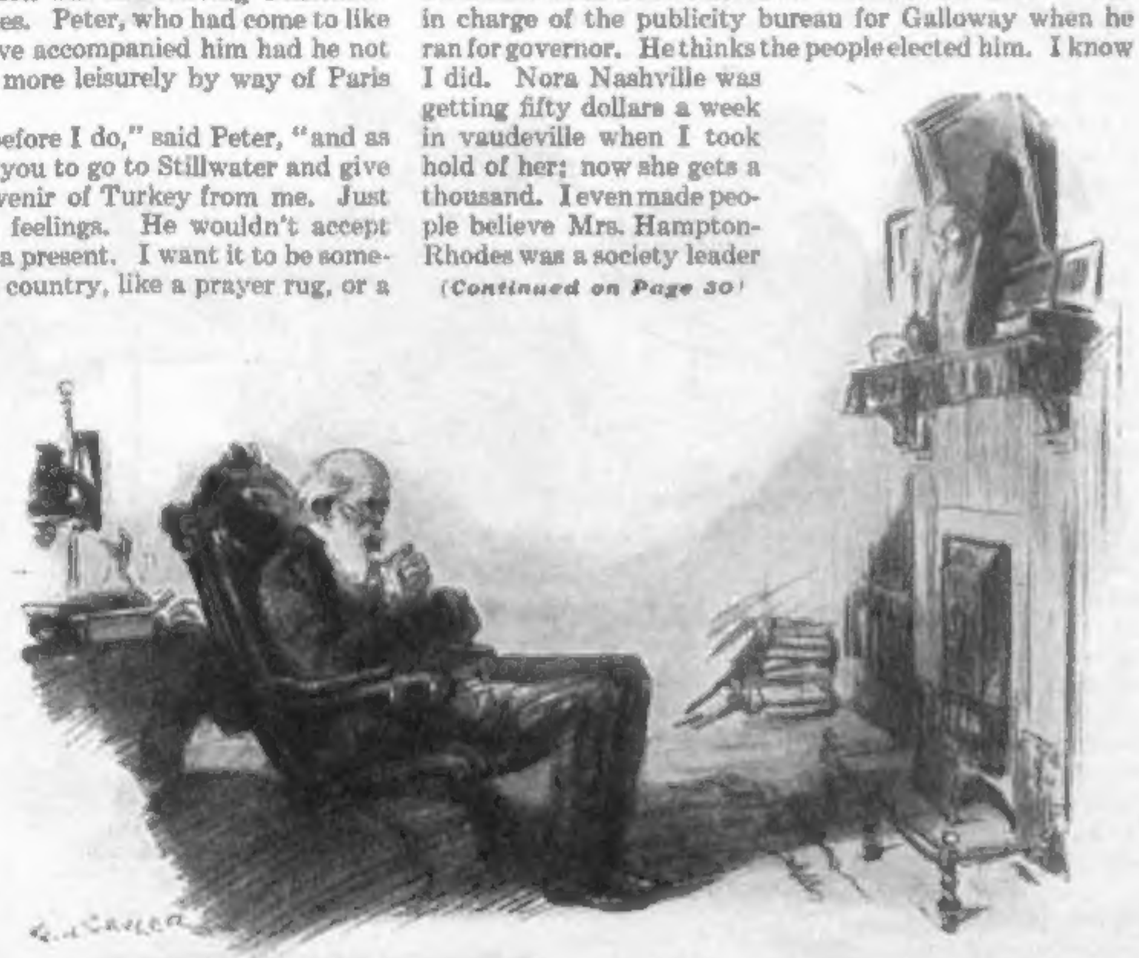
"Two hundred dollars in bribes," said Stetson briskly, "and two months of diplomacy."

"I haven't got two months for diplomacy," said Peter, "so I'll have to increase the bribes. I'll stay here and get the decoration for Gilman, and you work the papers at home. No one ever heard of the Order of the Crescent, but that only makes it the easier for us. They'll only know what we tell them, and we'll tell them it's the highest honor ever bestowed by a reigning sovereign upon an American scholar. If you tell the people often enough that anything is the best they believe you. That's the way father sells his hams. You've been a press agent. From now on you're going to be my press agent—I mean Doctor Gilman's press agent. I pay your salary, but your work is to advertise him and the Order of the Crescent. I'll give you a letter to Charley Hines at Stillwater. He sends out college news to a syndicate and he's the local Associated Press man. He's sore at their discharging Gilman and he's my best friend, and he'll work the papers as far as you like. Your job is to make Stillwater College and Doctor Black and my father believe that when they lost Gilman they lost the man who made Stillwater famous. And before we get through boosting Gilman, we'll make my father's million-dollar-gift laboratory look like an insult."

In the eyes of the former press agent the light of battle burned fiercely, memories of his triumphs in exploitation, of his strategies and tactics in advertising soared before him.

"It's great!" he exclaimed. "I've got your idea and you've got me. And you're darned lucky to get me. I've been press agent for politicians, actors, society leaders, breakfast foods and horseshows—and I'm the best! I was in charge of the publicity bureau for Galloway when he ran for governor. He thinks the people elected him. I know I did. Nora Nashville was getting fifty dollars a week in vaudeville when I took hold of her; now she gets a thousand. I even made people believe Mrs. Hampton-Rhodes was a society leader

(Continued on Page 30)



He Was Considering How He Could Possibly Break the Blow to His Wife

THE FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

By Madge C. Jenison

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

UPPER Fifth Avenue runs suddenly with life after the middle of September. Every one is out for clothes. The motors are packed on it in deep cohorts, taking short turns into the curb, with the long veils of their occupants whipped horizontal on the air. Cabbies sweep their whips over faces seen in profile or glancing eagerly out at the wide, multicolored windows. The green omnibuses rock on their way, with their loads of conversational ladies sitting tight and looking down into the chariots of the predatory rich. On the pavement is that composite of hundreds of faces, of hundreds of eyes crossing with one's own, which make a crowd.

Pictures and stories lie in a crowd like bits of glass. A girl with a broad hat and narrow skirt, decorative and formal in effect, like a flat flower on a high stem, touches her heart lightly with a long, curved finger as she talks. She might be a part of a wall decoration, so much a thing of lines and masses is she.

A beautiful young mother goes in front of us from door to curb and steps into a brougham—beautiful and young, yet with a cold, fixed look under that drunken little hat; and in a file behind her come two little girls, with tea-colored eyes, dressed precisely alike from hat to boots, like French children—then the boy, prince of the blood—the nursery governess last, in ill-made cheviot.

Three sisters are disgorged in somber procession from a limousine, as like as three black fowl, all dressed in the same unexceptionable and costly black, with the same kind of face and the same kind of lacquered elegance. There are nine thousand just such women in New York—nothing extreme, skirts never wide, never narrow, George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward for reading, three months out of every twelve in the bathtub, temperature slightly subnormal. The first one is a planner; I can see her planning as she goes in—the door closes behind them, leaving a delicate redolence of French soap and camphor ice in their wake. Two plump little squabs sniff it as they follow in.

In the Streets of Temptation

A PALE "buttons" in a cockaded pot-hat stands languidly beside a door, his empty boy's face fantastic above the harlequin yellow-and-green inside the collar of his livery. A drab, dry youth, with clothes pressed like a razor's edge, turns into one of the best shops with a companion twirling a striped parasol—young blood of the self-made, allying itself with dubious beauty. He must cost mamma many a tear.

"Well, when did you get back?" a man says behind us; and for a moment the sea rises, bronze-green, with long white combers rolling in on it. In the windows into which we gaze is the rape of the earth; laces fine as spun sugar or heavy as thongs of leather; deep furs; silks colored like a page of George Moore; muslins airy as a rush of Pavlova's feet; brocades, velvet, tinsel; trailing coats made to throw upon a chair in compromising situations, with the lines, "Can you not see? I love you!"—hats under which one could not choose but glance down and touch a flower—all in the modulated tones which American women so strangely like, with sometimes a mass of color which lies in the mind long after one has turned away, as a thought will lie in the mind, throwing out a glow of light.

Above the heads of the crowd, the street rolls itself out, with its rise and fall, like a sigh of pleasure. A golden smoke of Indian summer is in all the air. Clothes!—the most intimate inclosure of self!—personal as pain; society's powder and shot; regalia of conquest. In these shops marriages are made, love is won or lost, long-coveted goals are brought to hand; even dealings in high finance are maneuvered before they ever come to the green table. New York is as much forged in these blocks of Fifth Avenue as on Wall Street. It is strange to think that in these shops, with their vague, elegant floors and walls, and groups of shopgirls in beautiful dresses, standing with heads bent forward discussing the last customer, Life, with all its fires and ashes, is predetermined.

In the back of my mind I am always expecting a letter which shall say: "*My dear Madame:* Your aged uncle has purposely kept himself unknown to you—large properties—South Africa—your signature—Corn Exchange Bank. Yours obsequiously." It will come in the breakfast mail; and when it does I shall jump up quickly, ring up a cab, throw myself into it with graceful haste, drive to a certain shop on the west side of Fifth Avenue, not far from Forty-fourth Street, and buy everything in that shop I want. There is a long-to-be-remembered window in Unter den Linden which can make your rash visionary forget how impersonal are magazine editors, and Father, two thousand miles away; and it is always safer to walk round the Rue des Capucines unless the money market is extremely easy. But the "most magnificent street" can overtop them all. The smart dressmaking and millinery business of Fifth Avenue counts on profits of seventy-five to one hundred per cent and does not trade at less than sixty-five. One must attach The Rich and Great for an expedition after a hat, until the South African letter comes along. Fifth Avenue shopgirls have a look that sends unarrived novelist stock down several points. "Tell them you're from Boston," suggests a practical critic of life, "and they will expect you to look like a frump." But The Rich and Great with a lorgnette does the trick better.

One does not like all these girls' faces. Some of them are cheaply cruel and hard. It is dreary to think what ungratified worldliness lies behind them. Some atmosphere extends plainly from the office through each store—in some a convention of leisure and pleasant dealing; in others close calculation of values. They are a curious product, these girls, with their graceful gestures and subdued, light-touching manners and voices. They stand right; they sit in a chair right; they have the *bel air*—drinking up the graces of the women they serve as naturally as the skin drinks cologne. It takes brains to sell hats; and people with brains are always learning something. Selling millinery takes brains because every customer is a new problem and the stock never two days the same. A girl who can sell millinery can sell anything. They have twenty or twenty-five dollars a week, a buyer tells us—the high-priced women who keep stock four times as much.

"They like it—and marry late," she says.

Then the Boy, Prince of the Blood

A good many of them come from homes that would not have had a daughter in a shop twenty years ago. We saw a girl applying for a place in B——'s one day who seemed to be just off some university campus. She was a tall, elegant girl, with wide, curling lips and a dusky skin washed on the cheeks with high carmine, like a flower of the South. She had what the French call *verre*. She stood leaning against a counter when we first saw her, eying languidly a floorman who had gone to ask if she wished to be waited upon.

"No, I am waiting to see the manager about a place as a saleswoman here," we heard her say. He began to enlighten her that such applications were to be made in the office upstairs, but his suggestion faded away. When he said the manager was on the floor she informed him that she knew it already. The Rich and Great and I inquired of each other if we had heard her errand aright.

That Old Adage of Fine Feathers

THE manager was a well-appointed gentleman, with large, fruity eyes, a brown waistcoat, and that air of American business men of being on the way to catch a train, with a few moments to spare, which are yours unreservedly.

"No; we do not need a saleswoman—at any rate not at present," he added as he took a second look at her. "What is your experience?"

"I have no experience. I am just beginning," said the girl tranquilly.

He looked incredulous and then he laughed.

"Well, really, you are amusing," he said. "You expect to begin in a shop like this without experience? You will find it quite impossible, I assure you, Miss—er—ah—Harding." And he bent her card between his thumb and finger.

"I have other assets," offered the girl, looking over his shoulder and then back at him.

"What are these other assets?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Well, I am tolerably good-looking. I have business ability. I have personality. I have tact. I have style. I know how to talk. I am educated. I am refined. I have been brought up so that I know what the right things are." She paused and took breath. He looked at her thoughtfully, seeming to feel himself in the presence of one of those opportunities which it is quixotic to seize and ill-judged to let pass.

"You see—another thing," he said slowly: "You don't know our big customers by sight, and that is a very serious drawback."

"Now how long would it take me to learn them?" she asked.

"They don't come in every day—these people."

"Perhaps we could get them to come in every day," she was saying sweetly as we came away.

"It is a serious thing, you know, not to recognize the rich customers," a girl who waited on us farther up the Avenue told us in a burst of loquacity. "The shop people don't like it, of course, when a fifty-dollar hat is sold to a woman who would just as well have bought a ninety-five-dollar one," she explained.

The discreet accomplishment of selling clothes at prices that would buy town lots is learned with some trepidation by the beginner.

"How can I tell her it's a hundred dollars?" wails the acolyte to the manager. "Why, there's nothing on it!"

"Tell her the birds are expensive," says that resourceful person sternly. "Tell her it cost twenty-five dollars apiece just to import such birds as this; and the velvet and felt are worth something!"

When big game is in the wind it is engaging to see these girls help each other out, in spite of the jealousy among

A Murmur of Adulation Whispers its Sweet Poison: "What a Beautiful Child!—Beautiful Child!—Beautiful Child!"

them. A young member of one of the families about which New York talks most goes down the center of the store, leading an ugly fat child by the hand; and all along her progress a murmur of adulation whispers its sweet poison: "What a beautiful child!—beautiful child!—beautiful child!"—not too much, not too loud, nothing fulsome; but what a mind one would be in for hats after two hundred yards of this! When a certain beautiful and arrogant model of fashion appears on the floor it is the rule of one house that as many of the girls as possible shall keep themselves free to hover near, to form a horizon, to make an audience! Vanity Fair, and the green silk purse, and Becky's sidling glance! What grist for the cynic it is!

One summer, on the steamer crossing to Liverpool, we had in the stateroom a girl whom we could never make out. She had manners so graceful, an air so high-bred, such clothes as made the writer of the serious-minded short story turn over in the berth and groan. And yet—and yet—sometimes she made bad work of the English tongue as it is spoken. It is one of the compulsions of ocean travel to make people out; and so we bent ourselves to this question with persistence. I always knew that I had seen that girl somewhere before and one day I remembered that once she had sold me a suit. We began to interview her shamelessly. She had become a buyer. She was making her first trip over to Paris; and if she was successful she would have a salary of three thousand dollars a year. And then, after a while, as we sat on the deck in those wide, murmuring nights o'ervaulted with silver fire, she told us such stories!—which I will now repeat in confidence to the attentive reader.

Every One is Out for Clothes

Miss Milbanks had begun in an interesting little shop in the thirties—the little girl who hooks and unhooks you, and who stands at madame's elbow handing pins. She stayed there seven years, until she became head saleswoman. Madame had the most exclusive trade—the most distinguished actresses and opera singers, and the wives of the gentlemen whose names appear in the yearly statement of assets which one's bank sends out the first of the year.

Rather extraordinary things sometimes went on in a little room partitioned off at one side of the shop. Certain merry customers, with whom madame was on a very friendly footing, sometimes shared a cocktail with her in lieu of afternoon tea, which beverage she mixed very well after a formula that she did not confide to inquirers. Sometimes there was even more than one cocktail, after which refreshment all hats became enchanting; and she who came for one went away with three or four, from which it had been found impossible to make a choice, the bill making pensive meditation for the morning after.

Sometimes a customer would buy a pattern gown with a sacred Parisian name embroidered on the waistband—"absolutely exclusive—only two were sent out from this design, and the other went to a Russian grand duchess—Marie, the hand-glass!" On such a dress it was always managed that some alterations should be necessary; and then, between the time when it was ordered at eleven o'clock and its delivery in the late afternoon, it would be copied to the stitch. The waistmaker, the skirtmaker, the collarmaker, the sleevemaker, the finisher—all would be put to work on it. Sometimes six or eight girls would be gathered about the gown at once; and at five o'clock the copy would be sent, the absolutely exclusive only model except the Russian grand duchess' remaining in stock, unimpaired except for the pricks of a few pins.

The most extraordinary exhibition of madame's gifts came in the rush season, when there was trouble with help and dresses were not finished on time. If a dress was to be ready for a dinner on Thursday, by Thursday at ten the telephone calls would begin to come at intervals of an hour. By two madame would reply that the dress was on the way. Then work would be seriously begun on it! Telephone calls followed close upon each other between three and five, culminating in the appearance of a footman at the door—without, in the carriage, a declamatory and fire-breathing patron. Then madame would rise to the height of her ability to create with only chaos before her. Her manner would be the perfect blend of business dignity and friendly concern. The dress had been sent. She herself had seen Absalom off with it—impossible to account for this delay!

Absalom's Hard Luck

SHE assures herself in patron's presence that the address is correct on the books. She goes to the workroom to inquire if any confusion could have been made in the boxes. In the workroom the object of concern, still on the form, is pulled together with hasty last stitches. It is quickly packed. Absalom is hustled out the back door, stern adjurations attending him to speak his lines trippingly on the tongue—that he be not too tame neither. Madame reappears with solicitude creased upon her brows. Yearly assets in the person of a customer who spends goodly thousands a year on clothes is of divided mind between the *insouciance* of a perfect lady and an inward yearning to kick and scream.

Upon this crisis enters Absalom by the street door, having gone round the block through the alley. Dress-box is under arm. But what has happened, Absalom? It develops that he has been hunting up and down Sixty-sixth Street all the afternoon—and there is no such name. But it is only a few doors off Fifth Avenue! Absalom's jaw falls. He thought it was West Sixty-sixth Street. Tableau! Where is one to look for any intelligence in the working class?—a glance for Absalom that would ice molasses! Exit customer in haste, mollified and "emitting rays," as the French have it—footman in the rear with box borne triumphant. Madame draws a deep breath and makes her comment to one of the girls, with a shrug, watching the procession from the window:

"Tyrants! Why must they have everything in a moment?"

There was no fixed price for anything in the shop. You used your talents, judged always by your customer and guided yourself by that intangible quality of desirability upon which values rise and fall with such alacrity. Of three copies of a dress one year, one went to a friend of madame's for eighty-five dollars—which was probably about cost price; the second was sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars, and the third for three hundred and fifty.

"Why, you had that blouse last year, didn't you?" says a little fashion reporter whom madame likes, at the fall opening.

"Yes, it is the third year. I shall never be rid of it. Take it very cheap, Miss Steele." No; Miss Steele has just disposed of three weeks' salary in an adorable pattern hat and is not considering lace blouses at the most seductive prices.

Before the day is over it has a bidder. "I have always admired that blouse"—price of blouse is immediately pulled several points—"but it was too expensive!" Madame became very suave. "We have marked it down to sixty dollars—that is half. You will find it quite as good this year as last, Mrs. Tynans."

By Five Minutes After Six the Street Has Become One for the Workers

She is called away and leaves the game to sniff the bait. At certain stages of a sale madame was always called away. Mrs. Tynans will have it. It is fitted to her; in the afternoon it is brought down in its lavish nest of white tissue paper for madame to look over before it is sent out.

"What a beautiful blouse!" says the patron with whom madame is at present occupied.

"Yes; but it is sold." "Thank Heaven, it is sold!" Madame is known by the initiated to be thinking. "But we could copy it for you, Mrs. Hunt. The price is higher, because we shall make only one copy—one hundred and twenty-five dollars—yes—by Saturday. Yes; the collar and the waistband. You are looking so well and growing slender. It is quite the miracle!" All in a day, after two years with it on one's hands! How is one to account for these shufflings and quicksteps of fortune?

The story I liked best of all, however, was one which had no scenery or business—just plot, like a love letter. One morning, on a little shopping foray, madame picked up at a department store a blue serge suit, with black silk braid round the edge—very simple, very chaste. It was seventy dollars—and she sold it the next day for one hundred and forty.

I have long meditated that these shops must be one place where women are making money. The last census shows that women are now in all the occupations, except nine, which take men. There are women plumbers, thousands of women ironworkers, many hundreds of women pit-brow workers. In all the ill-paid intellectual pursuits women are long since established. The last places they will get will be those where money is to be made at large profits. When one meets at week-ends women who have their boys in St. Paul's School and their daughters at Bryn Mawr, who go to Paris every summer and put up at the Lyceum Club, because "you see all the interesting people there"; and it develops that they are the owners of Fifth Avenue shops or of some of those innumerable small and very smart ones which spill over into the thirties and forties, it seems that the times are already at the full. Two-thirds at least of these shops are owned and managed by women—a great merchant says three-fourths. Some of them are women of family who have come by a turn of the wheel face to face with the question of a living, and no trained perception except taste. One is an English peeress. Many more have "come up from the table."

"I engaged one of them fifteen years ago

(Concluded on Page 21)

"This Goes Nicely With That Dress," She Would Say

HEART'S DESIRE

By John Fleming Wilson

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHIN a gir-rl is for-rty, and unwed, she knows much about everything excipt hersilf," said Mickey O'Rourke, shoving aside a bundle of ancient photographs that he had dug out of a locker. "The age of her guarantees wisdom and niver having had a husband makes it sure that she niver lear-rned what was in her own hear-rt—which is the beginning and the end of knowledge. Look here at the face of pretty Kate Maguire, daughter of me mother's own sister. Ye would say that she was lovely—which is thrue; and if yez had seen the eyes of her, and held the sthrong fingers of her in your own, yez would swear she was a wise woman—which was false."

I stared at the somewhat faded portrait of the unknown Kate Maguire. Behind the gloss of the paper and in the strained pose insisted upon by some earnest photographer I seemed to catch something feminine and appealing—something beautiful and clean.

"She was evidently a fine woman," I said.

"She was," said the chief engineer. "I raymimber her as a child, with one skir-rt over her little limbs and an ould bodice of her mother's aslant of her thin shouldhers. Whin I wint away for the lasht time and I had looked back to see the ould woman standing in the cottage door—Saints make her har-rd bed soft above!—I hear-rd a rustle in the weeds by the pathside and little Kate stood out before me.

"'And where are yez going, Mickey O'Rourke?' says she to me.

"'To Ameriky,' says I.

"'Take me wid yez, Mickey,' says the little one, looking at me wid her blue eyes.

"'And for why would yez leave your mother, colleen?' I quistions her.

"She stepped out and took me hand, the slim, sthrong fingers of her tight about me own. 'I can't tell yez, Mickey! Maybe I might whisper it—but yez would niver undherstand,' says she. And like a puff of wind she was gone and I wint on—to Ameriky.

"'Twas ten years afterward that me sister and her husband came across and settled in Oakland. I was running on the State of California thin, and whin we lay in por-rt I would go across the bay and sit over a pipe wid Mary and Tim, her good man. And in due course I asked about Kate Maguire.

"'She is grown into a blue-eyed, black-haired woman,' says Mary; 'but she will look at no felley twice and carries a high head. She is a queer gir-rl and vows she has plinty of time to find a man. But she has tur-rned away the best in the parish and listens to the wind.'

"'Tim knocked out his pipe before he spoke up. 'If I were a youngster I'd thry ——'

"'Was I so easy to win that yez think ye have the power over all gir-rls' hear-rts?' says Mary. 'I would ye had married Kate, for thin I would have kept me good looks for a betther man,' says she.

"'She listens to the wind,' says me bould Tim, kissing his wife for luck. 'I have seen her whin but a gir-rl wid her head cocked on one shouldher and the light in her eyes. 'Tis God that whispers to the childher, but whin one is ould 'tis Satan himsilf that speaks. Powers that be! I would that Kate was wed to a man like mesilf, wid strength to keep her indoors at evening.'

"And wid that we spoke no more of Kate Maguire.

"'Twas ten years later, and I was on the City of Panama, whin I came home from the coffee run on the lower coast for a month's holiday. Whin I had kissed me sister and the childher and shook Tim's hand I hear-rd a voice from the kitchen say:

"'And is it Mickey O'Rourke?'

"'It is,' I retor-rts to the voice. 'And who asks for him?'

"'Kate Maguire,' says she, appearing in the doorway, barearmed from the dishpan.

"'Each year has been a blessing to yez,' I tould her, staring at the beauty of the woman. 'And who is your man? Trot him out, for I hear-rd that ye would niver marry and I am anxious to see him.'

"'I am unwed,' says she, standing looking at me as she wiped her long fingers one by one on the towel.

"'Have yez niver been in love?' I axes in astonishment.

"'Niver but once,' says she. 'He was oulder than I and depar-rted to Ameriky, l'aving a poor gir-rl by the roadside.'

"And I raymimbered and was silent till she laughed. And whin I hear-rd the sound of it I knew she was the same Kate Maguire. 'How could I bring a gir-rl wid but one skir-rt and a poor bodice to Ameriky?' I demands. 'I have me pride.'

"The quick look of her searched me for the momint and I hild me breath for fear she would discover me secret; but she only smiled and nodded.

"'I am still hunting for the man,' says she. 'I have plinty of time, for me beauty is permanent, Mickey.'

"'Tis a fool's prettiness!' says me sister sharply. 'Yez are thir-rty-five years gone and the hollow of your shouldher is still empty.'

"And Kate Maguire smiled, dropping her white hands to her sides and cocking her head as though she were listening.

"That evening, because Tim was going to lodge and Mary was busy wid the childher, I asked Kate to walk wid me on the streets. 'I will show yez the magnificence of Ameriky,' I tould her. 'Moreover, I am an ould man and would walk beside a lovely gir-rl for the last time.'

"So we stepped out and she held up her long skir-rt and looked at the houses and the little lawns lying soft in the dusk till we came to the foot of the hills. Thin she tur-rned to me.

"'Me feet are war-rm and me shoes heavy in the evening. I will walk barefooted in the grass.'

"'Let be!' I war-rns her. 'Tis a disgrace to wear no boots in Ameriky. Only the poor do so.'

"'Thin I will be poor, Mickey,' says Kate. 'Tis only the poor that have the blessing.'

"'If wor-rk and throuble be a blessing the poor are rich,' I replies to her. 'But I see by the hands of yez that ye do no wor-rk, and the eyes of yez say nothing of throuble. So ye can walk barefoot and gain the reward of the destitute.'

"So Kate Maguire took off her shoes and her stockings in a fence corner and we walked up the grass by the side of a little sthream, the white feet of the gir-rl shining under her skir-rt. And it all came back to me—the mor-rn I looked back and saw me mother standing alone in the doorway and hear-rd the rustle in the weeds by the pathside.

"'Kate,' said I, 'was none of the young men man enough for yez?'

"'Tis not the loud voice in the room that wins the hear-rt of a woman,' she answered me softly. 'Tis the whisper in the dusk—and none whispered.'

"'Tis the way of men that are afraid—to speak in shouts,' I admitted; 'but even them that are afraid are men. And the whisper in the ear is often the sound of the wind only.'

"'I am Unwed,' Says She"

"She tur-rned on me, her fine skir-rt held between her slim fingers, her pale feet deep in the green grass.

"'I have listened to the wind,' she tould me. 'And it has promised me youth till I find my mate. Mickey, I have seen young gir-rls marry young men, and I have seen ould women marry ould men—and the end of it was a husband asleep by the fireside and a woman dozing in the corner.' The gir-rl stretched out her ar-rms. 'I will wed a man!' she tould me.

"'But the childher!' I protisted. 'What is a woman widhout childher?'

"'She is but a maid waiting for the whisper,' she answered me—'listening to the wind, Mickey!'

"'And yez listen to the wind?' I demanded.

"The laughter of her sounded out along the sthream and she slipped her bare feet through the grass.

"'Ould men ask quistions which only the young can answer,' says the wild gir-rl. 'I will answer that whin a young man asks me.'

"'I have traveled much,' I retor-rted, 'and I have seen manny an upstanding man; but I misdoubt yez will niver meet them.'

"'For why?' demands me bould lady. 'Do they not tur-rn round on the street whin they see me?'

"'And yez will pick out your choice whin he comes?' I inquires, in a rage at her ignorance.

"She laid the two sthrong hands of her on my shouldhers and looked me between the eyes.

"'Whin he comes I will take him,' says she. 'I will take him annywhere and from annybody. Have I kept me youth in vain? Mickey O'Rourke, I have the power and I am waiting for me hear-rt's desire. He was not in Ireland. Maybe he is in Ameriky. If so be I shall hear him coming—but he will niver go by me, as did a bhoy manny years ago along an ould path whin a gir-rl stood in the weeds of a mor-rning.'

"'Yez were a chit of a gir-rl—not fifteen years ould,' I retor-rted.

"And the uncomfortable laughter of the woman rang out again while I stared at her black hair above her pale cheeks.

"In that momint I seemed to catch a whisper underneath the laughter, a sound of hidden tears. It was the sound of me own youth dying in her hear-rt. 'Twas a strange thing to hear, for I raymimbered another gir-rl whose name yez will niver know, and it came over me that I was ould and the wisdom I had got was worthless. Me voice was like a croak whin I spoke.

"'Kathie,' says me bould Mickey, 'nobody has iver whispered in me ear. I shall niver have annybody slip up to me and speak softly to me. 'Tis me luck. But do not listen too much to yoursilf. Yez have looked at manny men and have said over their faults and at the end tur-rned away. All men have their confessions to make if they speak thrue; and who, do ye think, is better to hear and forgive than a wife?'

"She tossed her proud head in the twilight. 'Forgive!' says she. 'I will forgive no man! Whin I marry it will be my master, not my servant!' She laughed once more, her head on one side. 'I wondher if the man, whoiver he may be, will forgive me? For I will make his life sleepless and I will follow him all day with my whispers. Mickey O'Rourke, thank Hiven yez did not take the little gir-rl wid yez whin ye left the ould home!'

"So I took her back through the streets to me sister's house and left her there and wint back to the ship wondhering at the ways of women. The City of Panama was laid up for repairs and there was only mesilf and big Tom McCarthy to look after the engine room. I found Tom stripped and thrying to shave the back of his neck by the light of an oil lamp.

"'Tis late for such doings, Tom,' I remar-rks. 'The beauty show doesn't open till Tuesday week.'

"'For Why? Do They Not Tur-rn Round On the Street Whin They See Me?'"

"'I am shpoiling for a fight,' says Tom, stretching the huge ar-rms of him. 'And whin I am taken to the hospital I will be clean and proud, so that no man shall say I am not a gintleman.'

"'More power!' says me bould Mickey. 'And whin do yez star-rt on your career of crime?'

"'"Tis one thing or the other,' says Tom. 'I will either get married or I will fight ten men.'

"'Yez will niver find the good woman to wed yez,' I tould him. 'Yez are homely—ugly—and your voice is like a fog-whistle. I will pick yez ten men.'

"Tom McCarthy stared at me superciliously and continued his work of desthruction. Whin he had concluded he rang the bell for the poor panthry-boy who was keeping watch in the saloon.

"'Bring me a pot of Java,' says me bould Tom. And whin it came he drank it scalding hot and tur-rned in to sleep. I sat up and thought over twinty years of wor-rk and misspent pay-checks.

"The nixt mor-rning Tom woke and dressed himself wid care. I inquired wherefore he was so particular and he answered me that the early wor-rm was the tidbit for the bir-rd

"'"Tis the good women are abroad in the early hours,' says he. 'I will step out and see who and what they are, for I am minded to get married while me pay for two years is unspent.'

"'Yez are a reprobate and destined for the pains of Purgat'ry,' I tould him. 'Who would marry wid yez?'

"'I have waited twinty years for the whisper of a woman,' says he.

"I thought while he was dressing. I raymimbered the har-rdness of the man, the fights he had been in, the sprees he had gone on—the ways of the man altogether. He was a har-rd customer, was Tom McCarthy, wid a hear-rt that niver broke and eyes that grew colder the more he fought. And I recalled the language of the man in times of stress, the big hands of him at wor-rk, the shouldhers of him heaving under his cinglet.

"'Me sister has a fri'nd,' I remar-rked—'a gir-rl from the ould place in Ireland. Her name is Kate Maguire and she is nigh for-rty years ould. I will take yez over and inthroduce yez.'

"'I will wed wid no ould woman!' says Tom.

"'"Tis a bet I make wid mesilf,' says I calmly. 'Kate thinks no man is her equal and she vows she can bring anny man she wants to her feet.'

"'Whin I hunt a crowd 'twill be to fight and not to make love,' says me bould Tom. 'Who am I to struggle toward a woman in a throng of miserable landlubbers?'

"'No man has iver tamed her,' I wint on. 'She has listened to the wind these twinty years.'

"He cocked his head on one side.

"'Ye say?' he demanded.

"'She has listened to the wind,' I repeated. 'She is lovely and has white feet; but the hear-rt of her has niver left her bosom for anny man. And whin she has scor-rned yez ye will still have the opportunity to fight your ten men.'

"'No woman has iver scor-rned me,' he remar-rks.

"'She will freeze yez in one momint,' I tould him. 'Will yez go?'

"'I will go,' says he bouldly.

"'We will go tonight then,' I agrees.

"'Thus mor-rning,' says me brave Tom fir-rmly. 'I will not wait before I tame that girl with the proud hear-rt.'

"'"Tis unseemly to make calls before evening,' I remonstrated.

"The felley squared his shouldhers under his big coat. 'I will go now,' says he. 'Yez have roused me curiosity and I will see this woman that listens to the wind.'

"So I surrindered; and we took ferry and car and came to me sister's house before nine in the mor-rning. Whin the door opened she was surprised. 'The childher are just gone to school,' she tells us. 'Tim is at wor-rk and the house is not swept.'

"'Let be, Mary dear,' says I. '"Tis Tom McCarthy, one of the engineers on the City of Panama. Call Kate Maguire.'

"'She has gone for a walk—I don't know where,' says me sister. 'Come in and wait.'

"'We cannot wait,' I remar-rks. 'I know where she is.'

"'Thin yez know much that does yez no good,' says me brave Mary; 'for the woman is unblessed and a wanderer.'

"But I dragged McCarthy off and we took the road to the hills and into the little cañon where the sthream flows down between the green meadows. 'Twas a war-rm mor-rning and before we had got far Tom reached up and took off his collar.

"'"Tis considhered poor taste to walk undressed through the streets,' I remonstrated.

"'I will choke mesilf for no man, or woman either!' answers me bould Tom, and stretched the big neck of him.

"So we came into the hills and, as I knew, Kate was walking in the soft grass undher the trees. She saw us and stopped, hiding her bare feet undher her gown.

"'"Tis Misther McCarthy, Kate darlint,' I tells her. 'He is an engineer on the ship.'

"She looked at him through her blue eyes and the face of her was very pale undher the shade of the pines; but she said nothing. And I was ashamed of me bould Tom, wid his collar off and his throat swelling out of his shur-rt.

"Suddintly he said in a hoarse voice: 'I raymimber a gir-rl that walked barefoot across the fields whin I was a bhoy. Her feet were white.'

"'The childher see much that the ould folks have eyes for but niver catch a glimpse of,' retur-rns Kate, brushing her black hair from her ears.

"'She would have married me had I asked her,' wint on McCarthy. 'But what is the spor-rt of wedding a woman who needs no coaxing? I have forgot her till this day.'

"'Yez Will Not Touch Him! Whin I Was a Bit of a Girl I Loved Him'"

"'The fields are still green, but none walk them with white feet for yez anny more,' she answered.

"McCarthy bowed his head thoughtfully. 'Sometimes I think I see the grass bending undher her feet,' he said softly.

"'"Tis the wind,' she replied.

"'I have listened to the wind manny times,' he responded; 'but I hear no wor-rds.' He lifted his big head swiftly, the man of him flaming in his eyes. 'I have hear-rd no wor-rds for twinty years!'

"She stood there, her feet undher her skir-rt, her hair drifting across her brows, and she studied him for the while. Then she laughed.

"'Mickey O'Rourke,' she cried, 'go away, and I will put on me shoes and speak wid this man for a momint.'

"I don't know why I spoke out, but before I knew it me tongue was wagging. 'I've known this waster for ten years,' I tould her. 'He is a brute of a creature—always fighting; always swaggering about the streets and cur-rsing his betthers. I have stood for his nonsinse for all this time; but I can lick him and I'll do it now, for that he has looked on you wid wide eyes and widout the rayspict due a gir-rl.' And I took off me coat.

"She tur-rned to McCarthy. 'Yez will not touch him!' she said softly. 'Whin I was a bit of a gir-rl I loved him. He wint away, but his place in me hear-rt is war-rm.'

"And thin McCarthy laughed too. 'I will not touch him,' he swore. 'I am going away now; but yez will raymimber me—Tom McCarthy. And whin the wind whispers of a dewy mor-rning yez will hear the voice of me calling.'

"'But if I call?' she says slowly.

"'I will not come,' he replies, staring at her. 'I have niver yet come whin a woman called.'

"The laughter of her sounded undher the trees like a sthream of happiness, but her eyes were dar-rk undher her brows. 'Yez will call and yez will hear only the wind,' says she. 'Now go!'

"To me wondher and amazemint we wint, McCarthy in the lead, his great shouldhers square and his fists closed be his sides. Whin we were downtown he tur-rned on me.

"'I will stay and tind the engines of no ship laid up for repairs,' he tould me. 'I am going down and ask the superintindint to change me to another steamer.'

"'But ye have been in por-rt but three days,' I protisted.

"'I am going back to the sea,' he remar-rks coldly.

"So he did. That night whin I came on board I found he had taken his clothes and exchanged with the first assistant on the Peru, which had left at noon for Ançon.

"I saw little of Kate Maguire the rest of me time ashore and it was a year later when Tom rejoined the City of Panama, the same big, obstreperous brute of an Irishman as ever before.

"He said nothing whin he thrust his stuff into my room, but merely nodded. And whin we were at sea he had still nothing to say for the two months it took us to run down to the Isthmus and back. Once more at Pier Forty-two, he came in and said:

"'I'm going to see Kate Maguire. Is she still with your aister?'

"'She is,' I answered. 'I expict she is married by this time.'

"'She is not married,' says he.

"'How do yez know that?' I demanded.

"'Because she is to marry me,' he announced fir-rmly.

"'Whin did yez ask her?' I inquired, astonished.

"'I have not asked her,' says me bould Tom. 'She knows that I will wed her.'

"'More power!' I remar-rks. '"Tis a fine woman yez are having to wife.'

"So he wint across the bay and I stayed by the ship till the nixt day, whin I wint over to see me suster and me brother-in-law Tim. They were full of the happenings of the day before.

"'That big mutt McCarthy was over here,' says Mary, 'and Kate tur-rned him down. The gall of the man!'

"'He tould me they were to be wed. I remar-rked.

"'I could weep over the foolishness of men,' says me suster. 'To think that that felley should presume to marry Kate widout asking her!'

"'I will stay here tonight,' I remar-rked; 'for if Tom McCarthy has not his hear-rt's desire he will lick ten men before mor-rning, and I am too ould to be one of manny.'

"'He is a coward!' says a voice from the doorway—and I looked up to see Kate, loveller than iver.

"'No man has iver said that,' I remonstrated; 'but 'tis a woman's right to speak what she need not prove.'

"'I have proved it,' she said, smiling at me.

"'How?' I demanded.

"'Yez are all alike—ye men,' she answered me. 'Shall I wait this long and thin marry a man to refor-rm him?'

"'Speak plainly, Kate darlint,' I insists. 'Hivin help the person that thries to refor-rm Tom McCarthy!'

"'I will listen to no more nonsinse,' says me sister, getting up. 'Tim and I will go to the theater and leave yez to chatter.' So she left us by ourselves. And once more I asked Kate what the matther was.

"'He came to me like a master and left me like a whipped dog,' she tould me. 'He could not speak for thinking of his sins, and he demanded of me that I help him overcome his faults. He made me his confissor!'

"'"Tis the way of men who are in love,' I protisted.

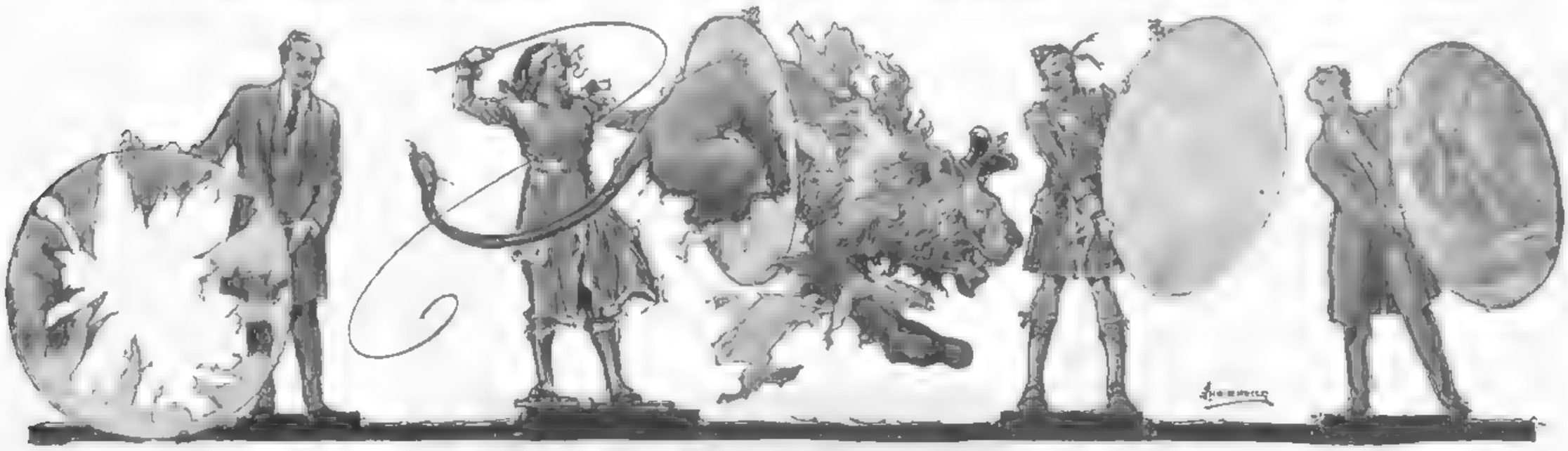
"'And I wed wid no man who is not big enough to have his faults and still be my master,' says she.

"'Whisht!' I retur-rns. 'Is it no sign of love that a man would be clean before marrying?'

(Continued on Page 45)

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE

The Americanization of the Conservative Party in England



By ROBERT BARR

DECORATION BY JOHN R. NEILL

WITH the retirement of the Right Honorable Arthur James Balfour from the leadership of the Conservative party there departs from English public life the last of the great gentlemen. The door that closes on him closes also upon a very notable and interesting era of English history, an era that reflects the figures of great statesmen who engaged in politics, actuated by personal ambition, of course, but inspired mainly, as we may suppose, by love of country and a desire to promote what they thought would be its welfare—men like Pitt, Peel and Palmerston, like Melbourne and Canning, like Gladstone and Disraeli, like Salisbury and Lord Hartington. The position of the British Empire today among the nations of the world is a monument to their memories. They made many mistakes, no doubt, and the man who knows it all will find much to criticise in their careers; but their general trend was toward the light—toward freedom for the individual and liberty for their country.

To the casual observer, Balfour is a man who has led his party to defeat three times in about double as many years. The general election of 1906 was overwhelming. The Conservatives were buried under a landslide. The next general election—or budget election, as it is called—resulted in a tie, so far as Liberals and Conservatives were concerned. Great Britain really elected to supreme position a man it did not know it was voting for—namely, Mr. John Redmond, who, with the Irish Nationalists, held the balance of power. The third and latest general election produced a victory for Mr. Balfour. His party had a majority of two; but once more Mr. John Redmond held the balance of power. Now no man in public life is more honored, respected and even loved than Arthur James Balfour. He himself knows this very well; why, then, does he chuck up the game at this interesting point?

There is one expressive word which sums up the whole situation, and that word is "scrapped." Mr. Balfour has voluntarily scrapped himself. It is as if the venerable "one-hoss shay" accomplished its final act on meeting its first automobile. Balfour is "the knight in shining armor," as William Hohenzollern picturesquely expressed it; but the mailed fist of the latter, potent in its day, is of no use when it meets another holding an automatic revolver. Balfour belongs to a day that is gone, so far as England is concerned; and to understand this we will turn, if you please, from him to his constituency—from the man to Manchester.

The Splash that Mrs. Rylands Made

THE letter M is potent. "As Maine goes, so goes the Union," we used to say, and Maine begins with M. "Any man can carry Michigan!" cried Conkling contemptuously, even though M is Michigan's initial letter.

"What Manchester thinks today England will think tomorrow!" claim the inhabitants of that town. For long the Manchester school of politics ran the country. Manchester is solidly built, to last till the Judgment Day, or after. Its architecture is the final word in ugliness and utility. Its weather is the most drizzly, foggy and dismal on the planet. Nevertheless, the Manchester man possesses plenty of self-conceit. The Manchester man is as granite-hard as his city and is almost universally disliked, but he doesn't mind that. He cares nothing for the Colonies, except as they furnish him a market; he cares nothing for the Empire, except as an organization that enables him to make more money.

It is odd that the dreamiest, most literary philosopher in all England should have represented such a man and a section of such a city; but there is a streak of snobbishness in the Manchester citizen which inclines him toward a born aristocrat as long as that aristocrat makes no call on his pocket. In even a short conversation with you, a Manchester man is sure to mention his friendship with Sir James Thingummy or Lord John What-d'ye-call-him!

I do enjoy the treatment which Mrs. Rylands meted out to Manchester. Old John Rylands was in trade, of course, and every one knew he was well off; but none realized how rich he really was, for John was a nonentity in Manchester—a self-effacing, taciturn man, who lived frugally and had no friends to speak of. Neither had he any aristocratic connections; and as his mode of living convinced people that, though not exactly hard up, he couldn't be wealthy, society had nothing to do with him. He married somewhat late in life a very inconspicuous, commonplace woman, easily ignored—and she was ignored. In due time John died; and when his will came under the publicity of probate Manchester learned with amazement that he had been unbelievably rich. Mrs. Rylands was probably the wealthiest widow in England. Everything had been left to her.

Society began to sit up and take notice, but Mrs. Rylands proved much more exclusive than even the most aristocratic of duchesses. As more became known of John Rylands, it was discovered that in his quiet way he had been an amazing collector of books; rare and priceless editions had been bought, together with treasures of art and what-not. Mrs. Rylands, who would accept no advice, no friendships from Manchester society, continued this collecting, privately purchasing world-famed libraries that came into the market.

Through an agent she acquired one of the largest and costliest building sites situated on the main street of Manchester, and here was erected a structure differing from anything else in that town, considered by architects one of the finest of modern buildings. There was no publicity about this—no interviews: Mrs. Rylands would talk to nobody, would see nobody. When the building was finished it was used to house the priceless collection that had been accumulated, and was called the John Rylands Library. On ascending its broad stairway from the entrance, you are confronted with the honest, rugged face of John Rylands, done in white marble. This sumptuous palace and its contents of such incalculable value are free to all the world, and commemorate that face of stone which all must pass who enter the precincts of the library.

And now came the climax. Mrs. Rylands was a deeply religious woman, and the Bible has a text to the effect that an honest man shall stand before kings. She invited royalty to stand before the monument of her husband and present the gift of the magnificent building and its contents to the city of Manchester. As a usual thing, royalty does not accept invitations from private persons. It will open a great university or a senate house or some notable municipal achievement, but it won't launch a Dreadnaught or inaugurate even the most sumptuous Carnegie library. Mrs. Rylands' great if unostentatious benefactions were known in elevated circles, however, and royalty accepted the task of unveiling the bust of John Rylands.

Now Manchester awakened to the fact that the greatest social function of its day and generation was at hand; now was its time to grovel and beg for invitations; but Mrs. Rylands was not encouraging any groveling. She issued no invitations, leaving all that sort of thing to a committee of the court, and did not herself attend the gorgeous function.

Whatever may be said against Manchester from an esthetic point of view, it is, nevertheless, an efficient town. It knows what it wants, goes for it—and gets it too. When the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed went to the mountain. Manchester is much more modern. When it wished to be a seaport it didn't go to the sea, but lassoed the old ocean with its ship canal and hog-tied Neptune at its gates. The wonder is it put up with a meditative, inefficient man like Mr. Balfour for so long as it did; but at last he threatened its pockets by proposing to tax food. It would thus cost labor more to live and Manchester would be compelled to pay higher wages. So Manchester smashed him. Here is an English journalist's very human and touching note about Mr. Balfour when the debacle was announced:

> I saw him once in one of the greatest moments of his life. It was in the Conservative Club in Manchester, on that January night in 1906 when he suffered the overwhelming defeat of his career. His own constituency had rejected him. The whole of Manchester had abandoned his cause. The whole of England was denouncing his policy. There was a scene of bewildering excitement; and in the midst of it, with the gentle-faced, gray-haired sister weeping by his side, he stood erect and undismayed, humbly accepting personal responsibility for defeat, but proudly, serenely confident in the justice of his cause and its ultimate triumph.

And so, farewell, Mr. Balfour.

Who takes his place?—a roughrider of very different caliber. Well may Manchester, standing stolid like a bucking horse, gaze on the cowboy rising from the ground, who, with a grim smile, is brushing the dirt from his clothes. Manchester has flung him too. A year or two ago he was sent to contest a division of Manchester and, though he lowered the Liberal majority, he was defeated.

The Iron Man From Glasgow

ANDREW BONAR LAW is an iron man in every sense of the word. He dealt in iron in the iron city of Glasgow, and most successfully. He is a Canadian-Scotchman, or a Scotch-Canadian, whichever way you like to put it. Being one of that breed myself, I have naturally taken a great interest in his rise in the political world. He was born in Canada and I was born in Scotland. In our youthful days we changed places, and passed each other on the ocean, as it were. He had relatives in Scotland and I had relatives in Canada. His birthday is September sixteenth—so is mine. He wanted to get a university education—so did I. He tackled Glasgow University and I made an attempt on the University of Michigan, but neither of us pulled it off. He went to a practical school in Glasgow that taught him business, and I went to a practical school in Toronto that taught me my profession, so far as I was capable of understanding it. I prophesied that he would be the next premier of England, and thus combined we are the law and the prophet.

Keep your eye on Bonar Law. He is the only man in Britain who wrestled with Lloyd George and, oratorically speaking, flung that Welshman on his back, both shoulders and one hip touching the mat. It is odd to read in the papers that England does this or England does that. The

truth is, England does nothing. Its victories in war or peace are achieved by Irishmen, Scotchmen or Welshmen. It was a Scotchman—Campbell Bannerman—who led the Liberal party to victory and defeated another Scotchman, Balfour. It is an Irishman who rules the Empire today—John Redmond; while the bravest, most reckless, most resourceful, most competent politician in the Liberal ranks is David Lloyd-George, a Welshman. Even Winston Churchill is half American. Roberts and Kitchener, who saved England in South Africa, are both Irishmen; and, as I have admitted, I am a Scotch-Canadian.

Mr. Bonar Law brings an asset to the Conservative party it has never before possessed, and that is American efficiency. He is a human calculating machine. It's hard luck for any opponent of his who is careless in his facts or his figures, in Parliament or on the platform. Bonar Law, like a steam hammer, smashes him into smithereens.

"Not quite fair as a controversialist," wails one of the Liberal papers this morning in speaking of the new leader. Any one who has listened to Bonar Law in debate will appreciate the pathos of this remark. Mr. Law is a sort of looseleaf encyclopedia. During his speeches I have never seen him refer to notes; but they are there, all the same. He is like a magician who fishes up unexpected rabbits from impossible places. Let one of his figures or one of his facts be challenged, and quietly, from vest pocket, or from outside or inside coat pocket, or from hip pocket, or from trousers pocket, Mr. Bonar Law produces his authority. There's the original document in every case—statistics, reports of speeches, pages from the Hansard, which is the parliamentary Congressional Record, as it were. If you stood the man on his head and shook him out there would float from his pockets enough of fragmentary information to fill up Webster's Unabridged. He is the live wire of controversy; and even the confident Winston Churchill keeps clear of the current when he can. Proceedings in Parliament will be interesting from now on.

To illustrate what I have been trying to tell you, I shall relate two incidents exactly as they occurred during the last election in our cherished city of Manchester. The incidents are strictly true, though I suppress all names to prevent heartburnings.

When a man is nominated to contest a constituency he or his friends must put up a certain sum of money with the returning officer, or whoever the official may be, which sum varies from a hundred dollars to three thousand or thereabouts, depending on the size of the constituency. I am not learned enough in election practice to know just what the particulars of this donation are. I think the money is returned to the candidate after election and that the donation is merely a sort of guaranty fund, so far as the candidate is concerned—an evidence of good faith, like the signing of your real name when you communicate with the newspapers. Anyhow, the law demands it, and the money must be paid on a specified day between the hours of twelve noon and three P. M., during which time the officer is at his post in the Town Hall to receive it.

In one of the divisions of Manchester at the last election a wealthy young aristocrat received the Tory nomination. He and his agent called with the cash in Bank of England notes at eleven o'clock that morning, and were informed the money could not be received until twelve.

"In that case," said the young fellow, "let's go and have luncheon." So they went out, got into his automobile and departed to a spot where the feeding was good, for the Manchester man loves the pleasures of the table and has the boodle to pay for them. Some time later a certain noble lord who takes a vivid interest in elections came up with a few friends to the room of the official, to make sure the money was paid. The official courteously informed him that the candidate and his agent had called in with the cash, but came too early. They had gone to luncheon and he was expecting them back every moment.

The afternoon wore on, as novelists would say, but neither the candidate nor his agent put in an appearance. Too late, the noble lord, who had been consulting his watch a good deal and comparing it with the big clock over the official's desk, rushed out and into the nearest bank.

"Give me five hundred pounds in Bank of England notes!" he cried.

He was well known, was a mighty lord, tremendously rich; and, in spite of Manchester's accurately businesslike bank habits, the money was produced and flung to him, without check or note. He made record time back to the office. The clock showed it was four minutes after three.

"Too late," said the official.

The remarks of the noble lord would not be printed in this weekly if I wrote them. A few moments later, panting and disheveled, in rushed the election agent with the money in his fist; and so heedlessly he ran and so exhausted was he that he fell full length on the floor. He was followed into the room more leisurely by the inane candidate; but his opponent was already a Member of Parliament. He had been elected without a contest the moment the hour of three had struck—elected through the default of the other side in not lodging the money in time.

Here you have inefficiency *in excelsis*.

The next dramatic scene I have to relate took place at midnight of the day that ushered in the last general election. The scene is the very comfortable dining room of the Conservative Club in Manchester. All political work was finished and the next twenty-four hours would record the result. A midnight meal had been spread out for the tired Conservatives, when there entered a young man, rather shopworn in appearance, with a slouch hat pushed well to the back of his head. He shied this hat into a corner and sat down at the table with a sigh of exhaustion. He was received with something like a cheer. The noble lord aforementioned was on the opposite side of the table, and beside him was the editor of the chief Conservative journal.

"How goes it?" said the latter across the board to the tired young man.

"I think I've got 'em!" he replied confidently.

Now a few weeks before that young man had no more idea of standing for the British Parliament than he had of aeroplaning to the moon. He was a Canadian from the same district that had produced Bonar Law, but he had never resided in England. On this occasion he was over in the old country merely on a visit, when he suddenly made up his mind to take part in the fight, and so was given a hopeless constituency. The Liberal who represented it had a majority considered safe. The Canadian had given Manchester the campaign of its life. A few nights before he had hired every motor to be procured, filled them with the best speakers he could get, and thus paraded his constituency. The motor cars, when collected together, would fill the biggest square in Manchester.

Now, as he said, he was hungry as a bear.

"What have you got to eat?" he cried.

"Anything you like, sir," replied the urbane waiter.

"Put me on, then, the biggest beefsteak you can find."

(Concluded on Page 37)

Inner Secrets of a Merchant's Rise

By Edward Mott Woolley

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

AT THE age of eighteen I was a clerk in a hardware store about two hundred miles from the city of New York. One day it occurred to me to build a locomotive in our show window, using for its construction as many different items of hardware stock as I could get into it.

"This was not the first idea of the kind I had put into execution. I had built a warship, a fort, a factory, a threshing machine and other somewhat unique displays, all of which had attracted a great deal of attention from our townspeople. So now, when I started my locomotive, on a more elaborate scale than I had ever attempted before, I had an audience at once. Our local newspaper indulgently announced that 'Buddie Jones has begun work on a locomotive in the window of our enterprising friends, Smith Brothers, and half the town is watching him. Unfortunately Buddie can work on it only during his spare hours; and, since the Smiths are busy folks, the engine is growing slowly. Buddie says he hopes to finish it in about two weeks. We are proud to have such an enterprising boy in our midst. Some day he will be a great architect or engineer.'"

This local newspaper, however, was very much mistaken. The man who quoted the foregoing extract is today one of the greatest merchants in New York. Had the newspaper been analytical it would not have made the mistake of predicting a professional career for "Buddie."

This man's rise from obscurity to a high position in the world of commerce was very rapid. A good many sketches of his career have been published lauding his ability, industry and perseverance; but no one has ever printed the real secrets of the formula by which he climbed the ladder. He gives them here for the first time in such concrete form that any man of ability and reasoning power can adapt the principles to his own case.

"My locomotive," he went on, "was about six feet long, taking up pretty much the whole window. I worked from a photograph I had taken one Sunday. I used a concealed framework of wood, into which I fashioned many kinds of cutlery, cooking utensils and general hardware. At best, the thing was a grotesque locomotive, but it had the general outlines; and, what was more important, it drew the biggest crowds ever seen round a show window in our town. Everybody was talking about Smith Brothers' locomotive, and even the farmers for miles about came in to see it. Of course a lot of trade drifted our way because of it.

HY J WATSON

He Was Not Naturally a Bold Merchandiser and Had to be Crowded All the Time

"One day, when I was putting the finishing touches on my creation, a man came into the store and spoke to me:

"'Boy, where'd you get that idea?'

"'Why, I got it out of my head, I suppose,' said I, a little suspicious. 'Don't you like it, sir?'

"'Yes, of course,' said he; 'if I hadn't liked it I wouldn't have bothered coming in here. Do you think you could get more ideas of that sort out of your head?'

"There was a big crowd outside the window watching us. Unlike some window-trimmers, I worked in the open. I was doing the thing to attract attention, so why hide behind a curtain? Half our town seemed to be fascinated in watching that clumsy contrivance grow day by day.

"'Well,' I told him, 'I rather think this isn't the last, by any means. Look at those people out there! So long as I can draw the crowds, I imagine I'll keep on digging up ideas.' Then I told him about the warship and fort and factory and threshing machine.

"'How much wages are you getting for all this?' he asked.

"I wasn't quite sure I ought to tell him, but finally I confessed that Smith Brothers allowed me five dollars a week, but generously promised me six after New Year's.

"'Well,' he said, 'I'll give you ten dollars a week if you'll work for me in Blankville. I run a hardware store over there, you see. And let me tell you, boy, if you make good on these ideas you seem to have there's practically no limit to the money you can earn in time. What we men in business want is chaps who can get the trade for us, and wages don't count if you show results.'

"I was staggered. That night I put the proposition before my father and mother, and they consented reluctantly to my going to Blankville, a city of a hundred thousand people forty miles away

"So here I made my first upward step; and luckily I had an employer who gave me to understand very clearly how it had come about. It wasn't merely a boy he wanted. He could get plenty of husky eighteen-year-old youths in his own city. There werethousands of them who could sweep the store and handle stoves, and even sell goods over the counter; but somehow—it seemed very strange to me—there was a scarcity of boys and men who had ideas. In all the history of this Blankville hardware store, nobody connected with it had ever drawn the crowds in the way I had drawn them for months to Smith Brothers' little store.

"I think the events I have so far narrated were the most vitally formative of anything that ever happened to me. They gave me, at the beginning of my career, the key to success. The ordinary hardware clerk, I perceived, worked merely with his hands; I had been working with both hands and brain. And, now that I had the principle of the thing brought home to me by the episode of the locomotive, I set to work to think out ways by which I could get the people to trade at our store. That, I realized, was what I had been hired for; and my fabulous salary of ten dollars a week spurred me on. I simply had to make good!

"When I returned from dinner the first day I was in Blankville I noticed that all the stores on the street were very much alike in outward appearance—indeed, so much alike that I had to look sharp to make sure I was getting into my own place of employment. This set me to thinking. I had been hired, I imagine, chiefly as a window-trimmer with original ideas, but already I was outgrowing my job. I asked my employer why he didn't do something to make his store-front different from the common lot, so that people could spot it at a distance and remember it.

"This rather primitive idea struck him as unique. Like most business men, he hadn't even thought of making himself distinctive. He said he would get a painter at once and change the color to red. 'Why don't you paint it black?' I asked. 'Black is the natural hardware color; and, besides, it's a color that isn't likely to be imitated. If I were you I'd paint it the blackest black I could get.'

"He demurred at first, declaring that black was a funereal color, but finally he decided that even a brisk funeral was better than some live folks he knew. Black it was thereafter, and the effect was absolutely startling! Among those cold drab fronts that lined the street our store stood out in somber gravity, but unmistakable distinction. 'Now if we only had a brass band and a procession,' he remarked dubiously as he stood on the opposite side of the street the day after the painting was finished, 'we'd be ready to march to the graveyard!'"

The Rise of the Black Store

"WE GOT the brass band a few weeks later, and the procession followed—a procession of customers. For some days I had been building a model kitchen in our show window, for the purpose of displaying to the best advantage our stock of cooking utensils, and I had been trying to think up the best way of getting the people out to see the thing. Suddenly recalling the remark about the band, I dropped my work and hunted up my employer, suggesting that we build a little balcony outside the upper windows and really get a band to give a series of afternoon and evening concerts. The plan proved popular; our funereal-looking store was really getting to be a lively proposition. Already it stood out among the stores of the city in a way that was undeniable. There was nobody in town now who didn't know the black store.

"I can't just explain how all these ideas came to me, but I know that ideas, after all, are a sort of habit. So far as I could see, I was cast pretty much in the mold of other men, but the men about me certainly didn't get ideas the way I got them. I haven't a shadow of doubt but they could have got them had they really tried. One must go after ideas and catch them, and when they are caught must chain them up so they can't escape. All my life I have been running up against men who had valuable ideas flitting through their heads and didn't know it. I have gathered from other people a host of selling schemes in just this fashion—often from my competitors.

"That, indeed, was the way I got my idea for a traveling show window, which was one of the biggest hits we made during those early years. It chanced that I boarded at the same house with a young fellow who worked in a competing hardware store. One night at supper he asked me, with some sarcasm: 'Well, Bud'—my nickname had followed me to Blankville—'what window monstrosity are you going to have on parade next?'

"Quick as a flash the idea was mine—and I kept it dark, you may be sure. As soon as I got away from the table I

My Idea Factory Worked Overtime

took out my notebook—in which I was in the habit of scrawling fragments of ideas as they came to me—and wrote: 'Window on parade.' Thus I chained up the idea for future use. That notebook was really a marvel. Why, even to this day I go back over that first soiled and almost illegible record of ideas and get from it material for present use. Since then I have filled notebook after notebook; I am still doing it and always shall. There is scarcely an hour of the day that I don't take it out to imprison some fleeting germ of a selling scheme which otherwise would be gone in a moment. Without doubt I have sold millions of dollars' worth of goods through the ideas I thus corralled.

"To go back to the particular idea I thus abstracted from my competitor's clerk at the boarding house. I pondered it long and deeply. Why wasn't it just as logical to take our show window round the city as to have the city come down on Main Street to see it? My employer agreed with me that it was. He was getting to be an enthusiast in ideas, like myself, for he was reaping substantial returns from them.

"We hired a suitable wagon, inclosing it with a special body having long glass windows on both sides. In this we fitted up a very pleasant sort of living room, the most conspicuous feature of which was a big baseburner stove. My employer hired a pretty girl to ride round in this cheerful living room; and, with a real fire in the stove, the thing was as catchy a piece of advertising as I ever invented. Our policy was to have it cover different streets day by day, making frequent stops of an hour or two on the corners, so as to give the advertising a chance to soak in. Of course we had placards and literature accompanying it.

"I've forgotten how many stoves we sold that season, but I do know that we put out a great many more than ever before. The wagon was continually surrounded, wherever it went, by an interested crowd. The whole town talked about the black hardware store.

"We followed up the traveling stove display with others, such as a moving cutlery exhibit, a razor demonstration, a garden-implement display, a tool exhibition, and the like. Some of these were so successful that we sent the wagon out among the farmers. The most notable of our efforts in this campaign, however, was our paint display. That year we more than doubled our sales in this line of goods.

"All this time our chief competitor never dreamed that one of his own clerks had given us an idea that helped us to exceed him greatly in volume of sales and profits. Of course he might have taken the plan himself after he saw we were making good with it, but he didn't want to put himself in the position of imitating us. And, not having any original ideas of his own, and no policy of capturing the escaped ideas of others, he lay back and watched us grow.

"My idea factory worked overtime. Nobody realized how hard it worked to get up selling schemes. These were my hobby, my delight, my companions day and night. I can say without hesitation that my success has come from a multiplicity of selling schemes. And yet these schemes did not come to me ready made, any more than the products of industry come to the manufacturer ready to sell. It was my deliberate business to reach out in every direction for the microbes of plans to be put into cultures and developed. I made mistakes, a lot of them, and came near capturing a pestilence now and then; but far oftener I succeeded. Better a man who falls down now and then than one who never ventures in a difficult path!

"I have often been amazed at the selling opportunities some business men let slip through their fingers without even seeing them. For instance, I learned by investigation that an average of half a dozen weddings a day took place in our city among the well-to-do people. The majority of these newly married couples settled down to housekeeping right there and, of course, became steady customers of various stores. Yet no systematic effort was being made by a single merchant in town to get their trade.

"I kept thinking of this curious state of affairs and wondering how we could appeal to such prospective customers, when one day I was invited to a wedding myself. It was up to me to send a present and I selected a coffee-pot from our stock. It was a new design and of new material, and I learned afterward that it was much admired. Straightway I had my idea for the selling scheme. I proposed to my employer that we order a special lot of these coffee-pots and then, watching the marriage licenses, make each bride a wedding present of one, together with our compliments and literature. It would give us a splendid opening wedge, I suggested, into a valuable line of trade, and we could clinch it with a diplomatic follow-up campaign. Of course, I admitted, we should have to use some discretion and several grades of coffee-pots. Some of them might well cost us two or three dollars apiece, while others would have to be kept down below a dollar.

"My employer looked askance at the plan at first. He was not naturally a bold merchandiser and had to be crowded all the time. He consented to try the scheme as a feeler. Well, we sold to those newly wedded folks that year enough goods to pay for the coffee-pots a hundred times over; and, furthermore, we secured scores of steady customers who remained with us for years. In the first place, it was a delicate and personal appeal, which general advertising never would have had; in the second place, the black hardware store already had an individuality that clinched the thing. I often saw the wisdom of establishing a personality before we specialized like this.

"Then I saw another selling opportunity—generally overlooked—in the carpenters and builders. Here was a big line of tools in which no dealer in our city had specialized. We ordered a lot of first-class hammers; then we selected from our lists a hundred journeyman carpenters and made each a Christmas present of a hammer, along with a card that read: 'Don't knock anybody with this; but remember that the black hardware store can sell you high-grade tools at the lowest prices.'

"Did it pay? Why, we were amazed at the tools we sold! We kept getting results during the whole year; and you may be sure we kept up our specialized campaign in this direction. We had a most marvelous system of follow-ups.

"So, in like manner, we took up all the various trades that used our lines and worked ourselves into their good graces by every insidious scheme I could invent. No line of trade was too small to be captured. We even directed an individual campaign upon schoolboys by offering prizes in a Saturday jack-knife guessing contest."

How Bud Boomed Blankville

"I AM not telling you these schemes for you to imitate, though some of them are still good. Conditions have changed in some respects since those days, and old ideas often can be vastly improved upon. Indeed, we found it wise even then to originate new schemes constantly and let the old ones die when they had lost their novelty. Selling is a lively game when it really gets results; and one reason so many men fail at it is because they don't work their idea factories hard enough.

"My employer was strong on store management and values, but weak on the actual selling. Most merchants don't seem to understand that the goods comprise only half the art of business. The other half is the handling of the people. Either half by itself must fail.

"When I was twenty-five years old I was receiving a salary of forty dollars a week, which was not so bad at that period. About this time we began to reach out into new territory. If we could sell so many goods in Blankville, why not in other towns? So, one by one, my employer picked up a chain of small, unsuccessful hardware stores. One of the first he acquired was the store where I had built my original hardware locomotive. I felt sorry for my former employer. I could see all about him the same opportunities for selling that I had found up at Blankville. The markets were there, but he hadn't risen to them. He hadn't made the specialized, sustained effort necessary to

get them. Business with him was a lump sum; in reality, it is a complex maze, each problem of which must be reckoned with by itself. The same scheme that will sell a bride a stove will not sell a carpenter a kit of tools or a builder a lot of door-hinges. You must reach out and get hold of your different lines of customers, and not merely stand behind the counter and call to the general public.

"The local paper in my old town now came out with a genial personal, in which it said: 'Our former townsman, Buddie Jones, has been in town for several days, making arrangements to take over for his company the store of Smith Brothers. We understand that Smith Brothers, always enterprising, have sold out at a handsome profit and will look round a while before engaging in business again. Buddie is now general manager for his house and will make his headquarters, as formerly, in Blankville; but we hope to see him oftener at his old home. We always predicted that Buddie would make a howling success of business. Lucky boy, Buddie!'

"This was about as close as anybody—our competitors included—came to analyzing my success correctly. Lucky boy, indeed! It is about as close as some men come to analyzing success today."

Bud Shakes Up His Own Town

"RIGHT there in my birthplace I duplicated the things I had done up at Blankville. My first employers had had seven years in which to watch me since I left them. It seemed to me that any men, with even mediocre capacity for observation, might have seen how I had done it; but, even under the shadow of success, they had gone along courting failure. The 'handsome profit' spoken of by the local newspaper was in reality a despairing grasp at a straw. The store that I had given an individuality with my warship and locomotive, and the like, was about as limp a little proposition as one could find. I had to take hold all over again and bolster it up; but within two years I had made it the most profitable enterprise in the town. By getting my selling grip on people I made them buy. To tell you one-tenth of the schemes I put into operation would take a book. I used the same black paint, the same brass-band idea, the same traveling show window. I broadened the black idea by using black wrapping paper and twine, and heavy black lettering on all our literature. I never lost an opportunity to feature our store and goods, but watched with hawklike eagerness. In some way, every local event had our store pinned to it. If there was a fair, or church sociable, or picnic, there the black store was busy with a contribution or a puzzle game or a booth—or something whereby the people gained as well as the store. At births, weddings—and even funerals—we were on hand. To every boy born in the village we presented a sled or something of the sort; to every girl a doll's buggy or an appropriate toy. Each bride got a handsome present and every new widow a cluster of white roses, with our condolence. It was a little town, and we were very close to the people. We meant to make our store the most popular institution in town, and we did.

"And then the special sales we held! Why, the people came from the country and surrounding villages to take advantage of them! I announced, for instance, that if it rained on a given day I would mark down certain goods forty per cent. The interest in this proposition was really amazing. I got echoes of it from far out in the country districts. The day in question dawned bright, but in the afternoon there was a furious thunderstorm. Then came the crowd—and we had to keep open until eleven o'clock that night to get rid of customers. We sold enough stuff to make up the loss on our gamble and a neat profit besides. In addition, we kept the game moving, which was my chief motive.

"Another time I staked my reputation as a weather prophet on the announcement that the temperature would go to zero on a specified day; if my prognostication proved correct, then I would celebrate my skill by giving from ten to twenty per cent discount on various lines of stock. In this little scheme I not only stimulated a great deal of interest in the black store but I assured the store of a very fair trade on a day that must otherwise be extremely dull. Well, it did go to zero; but the farmers came in just the same and carried away a cheerful lot of merchandise.

"Again, I advertised that if the weather were bright on a Tuesday it would be a splendid day for painting barns and the like, and that therefore I would offer big bargains in paints and brushes if bought between the hours of eight and five. This was in the summer, and I knew how absolutely dead our store would be on a bright day in harvest-time, with all the farmers in their fields. If I sold them anything on such a day it would have to be through skillful engineering. Furthermore, I knew that few of the farmers would come themselves, but would send their sons and daughters and wives. I claim, however, that my cunning was thoroughly legitimate. What is a man in business for? I fixed up a special display of everything in the store that would appeal especially to women and children.

"The day was perfect. Between eight o'clock and two the forerunners began to straggle in; by two o'clock the store was pretty lively; by four there was a veritable crush of womenfolk and children—and we did the biggest summer day's business on record.

"And all this—Heaven save the day!—was in that little old store where first I got a job!—the same little old store that had barely lived for so many years, yet suddenly had been galvanized into a proposition that cleared—net—five or six thousand dollars a year! Will anybody say that Buddie Jones was merely lucky?

"No; this thing we call success is a definite art that one must cultivate with the exercise of his gray matter.

"But I had a test ahead of me that was far more severe than this. At the age of twenty-eight, when I was drawing sixty dollars a week as general manager of our chain of hardware stores, I received an extraordinary offer from a New York wholesale house. Already I had refused several New York offers, for I had a girl in Blankville and was in no hurry to leave. Now, however, with a salary of six thousand dollars a year in sight and an interest in the wholesale business, I could not afford to let the opportunity slip. My Blankville employer realized too late that he had made a mistake in not letting me in on the good thing I had built up for him. He offered now to set aside a partnership interest for me and raise my wages to seventy-five dollars a week; but I saw a bigger thing in the metropolis.

"So we had a quiet wedding, and my wife and I moved down to the great town on the Hudson. I scarcely realized the tremendous fight I was undertaking, but I think I should have gone anyway. The fight for business is to me the greatest sport in life.

"The wholesale hardware house of which I was now the general manager was, I soon discovered, a losing proposition. I was almost dismayed when I began to realize how it had been dropping down in the list of aggressive houses. I understood now why the chief owners of the business had sent up to Blankville for a manager.

"It took me quite a while to get my bearings and measure our competitors. They were a powerful lot, backed by great capital and carrying goods that had the advantage of popularity and trademarked reputations. Our own establishment was by no means young and in its earlier years had enjoyed an excellent trade; but bad management on the part of the heirs who had fallen into it had brought it to its present straits.

"My first problem, then, was to find out the precise elements that had gone to make up that bad management. I never waste breath over lump-sum propositions. Many a time I have seen a man buy out a poorly managed business and then go right along in the old rut!

"A careful analysis of our goods showed me that many of them were mediocre or lacking in a definite standard. For instance, we were carrying a nameless half-breed line of tools, some of which were very fair and some practically worthless. Formerly we had carried a certain line put out by a high-grade manufacturer; but another house had got it away from us and was handling it exclusively."

Putting Life Into a Dying Business

"TO GET our goods back on a sound basis was the problem requiring my earliest attention. What I did with our lines of tools is typical of my efforts with other goods later on; I concentrated first on tools, because it was vitally necessary to get quick action on something. My advice to the downhill business always is to concentrate—first upon the most likely line available, and then, one by one, on other lines.

"I went up into Massachusetts and had a day's earnest talk with the head of a certain establishment manufacturing hand tools. I proposed that together we undertake a determined selling campaign. I agreed to invent all the selling schemes and do the actual marketing, while he was to strengthen his qualities to a definite standard, trademark some of his lines in a pulling way and spend some money on specialized advertising. Of course my house was to have the exclusive handling of these particular trademarked lines.

"The reputation I had gained up in the Blankville territory enabled me to close the contract, especially as this manufacturer had been wondering for a long time how he could sell more of his product.

"While the manufacturer was getting his quality into shape I was busy with my selling organization. We had only nine traveling men at that time and our financial handicaps prevented plunging, even had I wanted to go about it that way. I called in all our salesmen and studied them at first hand, went over their records, analyzed their territories and put the results on paper. I have always found that an analysis, no matter what, takes on a different aspect when it is written out in cold words.

"Then I gave a little dinner to these men, taking care that no outsiders were within hearing. Over our cigars, I talked until three o'clock in the morning. I suppose what I said about the art of salesmanship sounded rather fantastic to some of those men, but every word of it was based on what I had done at Blankville. I told them that selling was really a science composed of a host of little things and that each one of these little things was of itself a selling scheme. One by one I took up a score of these lesser ingredients of salesmanship—entirely removed from the great problem of the goods themselves—and

Concluded on Page 33

"'Buddie Jones Has Begun Work on a Locomotive and Half the Town Is Watching Him'"

LOVE IN LONGACRE SQUARE

A PAGE OUT OF THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDER'S BOOK

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

GEORGE HENRY LEFFINGWELL was not interested in the tenets of the man who was said to have discovered the germ of business efficiency.

"How in the dickens can he have the nerve to say he has found the secret of running your business for you better than you are running it yourself?" he would ask when his opinion of this new cult in trade was called for.

"Of course there are badly run businesses. Why not? But they get snuffed out as soon as the dry rot sets in. The man who can't conduct his own enterprises without calling in a spectacled first-aid visitor—at a more than efficient salary—is booked to shoot the chutes; he ought to shoot them—the quicker the better. I believe in efficiency all right. When I find that the advertising game is going against me I won't wait to be told what is the matter with my office. I'll just shut it up and take to conducting on a pay-as-you-enter car until I get a stake to hit the efficiency trail in some other line. Do you get me?"

Leffingwell's visitor usually would "get him" and know that he meant what he said.

From all of which it may be inferred that the head of the G. H. Leffingwell Display Advertising Company, with a suite that occupied the top floor of the Vampire Building, was a deliberate efficient. He was. He represented the residue of what had been subjected to that most acid of tests—competition to splotch Broadway and the theater and hotel zone with yellow-and-red painted tin in the daytime and surprising electrical displays at night. No play producer ever worked more savagely to stage spectacular drama than did this young man to devise an ad in green and red tungsten bulbs which should have the "kick" in it.

You know his work just as well as you know that a canvas with yellow sunlight dripped over it is Sorolla's, or that a blend of wiry ponies, a few redskins and a cloud of alkali dust has been painted by Remington. You've seen, and remembered, and told your second cousins in Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania, about the creations of the Leffingwell School, when those second cousins have come to town to pay that long-threatened visit.

You haven't? Let's see about that. Remember the three motors racing round a hairpin turn just abaft the Hotel Astor? The motors were in red and green and the hairpin turn in white and yellow lights. Oh, yes? Well, that was a bit of Leffingwell impressionism. And the giantess in red, whose skirts flapped in streaks of white rain while her umbrella, in green, blew inside out—with the legend beneath her that the Cantbreakem Umbrella was the only sort that would withstand Manhattan's zephyr changes? Of course you do. Well, that was what George Henry Leffingwell could produce when in pre-Raphaelitish mood.

As one of George Henry's diamond-cut-diamond competitors said in the Forty-Second Street Country Club—a clever Sun reporter once called the genial bar with the picture of Old King Cole behind it by that name, and it has stuck—after business hours, when even advertising men may tell the truth and shame the demon that lies at the bottom of a highball glass—as this rival display artist remarked: "You go to the theater in New York to see a show; but the best show you see is the ads in electricity that you get going in and coming out."

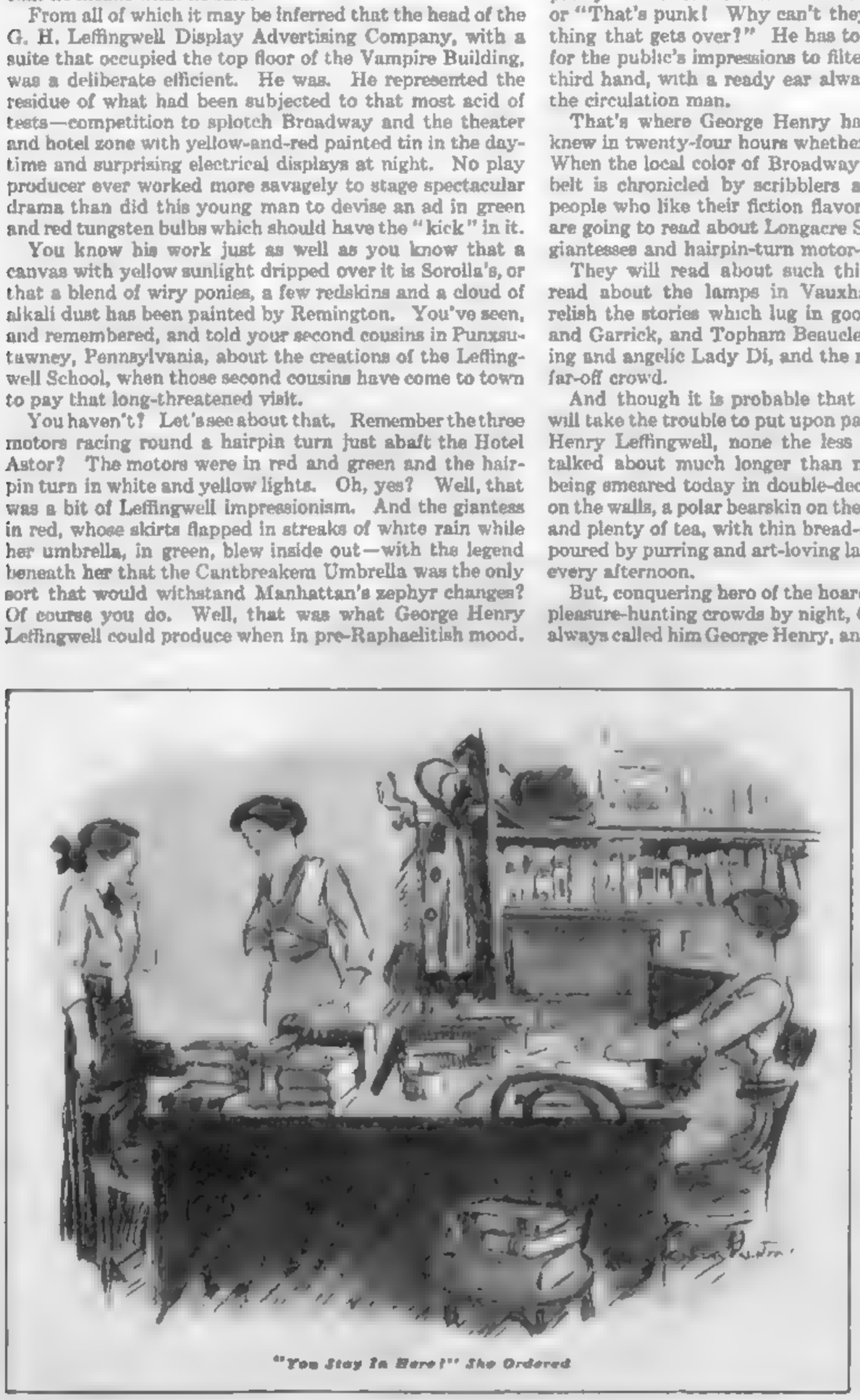
Leffingwell looked for talent wherever it might be had. He read the newspapers and the magazines, faintly hoping to find the man with bizarre ideas. Bizarre ideas are hard to get into the magazines because the editor is afraid of them. You see, he can't stand in front of his latest effort and hear the folks on the sidewalk saying: "Oh, how pretty!" and "Ain't that the clever idea though?" or "That's punk! Why can't they put up something that gets over?" He has to sit at a desk and wait for the public's impressions to filter in to him second and third hand, with a ready ear always to the complaint of the circulation man.

That's where George Henry had his advantage. He knew in twenty-four hours whether he had "put it over." When the local color of Broadway and the lobster-palace belt is chronicled by scribblers a few centuries hence, people who like their fiction flavored with the used-to-be are going to read about Longacre Square and its umbrella giantesses and hairpin-turn motor-car races in electricity.

They will read about such things just as we like to read about the lamps in Vauxhall Gardens, while we relish the stories which lug in good old Samuel Johnson and Garrick, and Topham Beauclerk, and his long-suffering and angelic Lady Di, and the rest of that fascinating, far-off crowd.

And though it is probable that no modern John Stow will take the trouble to put upon paper the name of George Henry Leffingwell, none the less his handiwork will be talked about much longer than many a canvas that is being smeared today in double-decker studios, with arras on the walls, a polar bearskin on the floor near the fireplace, and plenty of tea, with thin bread-and-butter sandwiches, poured by purring and art-loving ladies at four of the clock every afternoon.

But, conquering hero of the hoardings by day and of the pleasure-hunting crowds by night, George Henry—Minnie always called him George Henry, and so shall we—had been baffled in landing the biggest prize of his busy existence.



"You Stay In Here!" She Ordered

To put it brutally frankly, he had been "turned down" by Miss Minnie Marsh, who, with her one-time college roommate, Clara Blackney, had opened modest law offices in the Trinity Building, where they were beginning to catch the drippings which now and then came their way when the more prosperous offices—with the two and three tier names on the frosted glass doors—were unable to consider cases which afforded no retainers whatever, and which really ought to have been referred to the Legal Aid Society in the first place.

A Half-Grown Girl Acting as a Kindergarten Cerberus at the Gates of the Firm

The firm of Marsh (Minnie) & Blackney (Clara) had not begun practice with definite ideas regarding that legal *x*, the unknown quantity—the retaining fee. And when widow or orphan or disabled longshoreman—the latter sent to them in a moment of jest by a law clerk in the offices across the hall, said longshoreman being much under the influence of West Street whisky—appeared for advice, the formality of initial cash down for studying the evidence was usually waived.

Marsh & Blackney had put a partition between two-thirds of an office that in size was nothing more than a sublimated hall bedroom. The other third was occupied by a half-grown girl who spent half of her day at a business college and the remaining half acting as a kindergarten Cerberus at the gates of the firm, hammering out the few letters that Marsh & Blackney found it necessary to write in their restricted sphere of legal activity. The kindergarten's correspondence usually had to be rewritten—by hand—by one of the firm; but Miss Marsh was hopeful that Gertie would learn how to punctuate and spell in time; and besides it looked well to have some one banging away at the keys of the firm's second-hand typewriter.

And here, lest the fact that a jestful law clerk across the hall piloted to their door a genially tipsy longshoreman be taken to indicate that the partnership of Marsh & Blackney was a joke as well, let this be entered on the record: Both Marsh (Minnie) and Blackney (Clara) had passed their bar examinations with an ease which aroused consternation in the bosoms of several score products of university law schools, who had been plucked in their efforts to take the Albany hurdle which every law student must negotiate before he is turned loose to ravage the unsuspecting client.

The showing made by these two onetime college roommates, with firmly rooted convictions about being useful in a world which, regrettably but none the less actually, was after all a workaday place, had furnished the topic for one or two Sunday newspaper stories. And a modestly gloating paragraph in the college weekly—not among the alumnæ notes, where the paragraphs are lumped under class numerals, but occupying two sticks of space with a head all its own—had been featured at the college town beside the rumor about a new and much-needed dormitory.

Yes, it was an earnest but none the less charmingly feminine young person who had turned down George Henry Leffingwell.

"Look here, Minnie," he had said; "I'm a practical person. I know that dawdling round, with nothing but bridge and an occasional Saturday matinée at the opera on your mind, is worse than selling six-button gloves over a Wednesday bargain counter. But you don't seem to understand me. I shan't interfere with your career. You can motor down to your own office when I go to mine. The car could drop me at the Vampire Building and then whiz you down in time to open up the busy headquarters of Marsh & Blackney before the rush of clients begins."

"Don't try to imitate the funny law clerk across the hall, George Henry!" Miss Marsh had snapped—Leffingwell had heard about the longshoreman litigant.

"I'm not trying to be funny," he had assured her. "I mean it. I believe in careers for women—if they want them. But think how snug we could be in that apartment on the Drive I told you about! You can't carry your office home with you in the evening. If you do you wake up without a fresh idea in your head the next day. You'd

shake the law for a few hours and I'd toss into the discard my brand-new ideas for something big in crisscross colored searchlights. And we'd look at one another over the crown roast and then go out into the parlor and rehang an etching, and then ——" George Henry found himself gearing his conversation at a lower speed because of the withering stare in the eye of the young woman across the restaurant table. "Well, there is always cribbage. That's literary and improving anyway, you know. Sir John Suckling invented it."

Miss Marsh's eyebrows were uplifted with well-defined if half-amused interest. "Indeed! That is interesting, George Henry," said she. "I didn't know you dabbled in the world of meter. How did you become interested in Sir John?"

The head of Leffingwell & Company blushed. He was a practical man; he believed in facing realities frankly. Still it was a bit disconcerting to know that derision lurked behind the dark brown eyes regarding him.

He rallied in good order, however. "I often use the poetry thing in going after the public," he said. "You'd be surprised to see the nice little library I've got stacked up beside the Dun and Bradstreet reports and the business directories in the office. There's a whole set of Shakspere and a lot of other good stuff besides. My ad writers need reference volumes. One of them picked out a slice from Suckling that made a hit on Broadway, in yellow and red bunchlights, two years ago." He sighed. "That was before I met you, Minnie. You wouldn't remember that electric sign, would you?"

The senior member of Marsh & Blackney softened at the unconscious wistfulness in his question.

"No; I don't think I do," she replied. "What was it?"

"It was a corker," said George Henry. "We had a new line of petticoat braid that Barnum & Company laid down fifty thousand—cash—to push. You're probably wearing some of that braid now, for it went—big. We put up an electric show girl in Herald Square, big enough to see it a mile off. She was coming down some steps, one hand grabbing her skirts the way women do. And below her were two lines of poetry—to rub in the petticoat-braid idea, you see. I've forgotten what the words were, but it was Suckling all right."

Miss Marsh interrupted him, with memories stirring of the course in Cavalier Poets she had taken in her Junior year.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,"

she murmured, playing with her coffee-spoon. "You used that to sell skirt braid! Shades of Sir John! And yet probably he would have peddled that for the same thing if they had used electric signs in his day. Sir John was a utilitarian rhymester if ever there was one."

"How the deuce can you remember it?" cried George Henry in admiration. "Those were the words. I remember the mice part. Jim Horner, that young Harvard chap in the office, cooked the thing up. He was proud of it. I wanted to have little electric mice, in green or red, come running downstairs beside the show girl, alternating with the poetry—first flash the show girl and the poetry, you know, and then make the poetry dark and turn on the scampering mice at half-minute intervals; but Jim wouldn't stand for it. He said it would be too much of a joke and make the people forget to read the name of the braid—in big letters at the top. Jim was right, I guess. There's such a thing as putting too many ideas in one display. One idea too many kills the rest."

"Perhaps," remarked Miss Minnie Marsh noncommittally.

"When Jim came in with the scheme he had his finger between the pages of a book and said: 'Here's a funny thing. I've played about a million hands of cribbage, but I never knew that this Suckling gink invented the game.'"

"'Did he invent cribbage?' I said. 'Well, any man who can frame up a game like that is worth while using to push Barnum's braid.' But that's shop talk, Minnie. When I get to talking shop it winds me up. Aren't you going to throw a life-preserver to a man who's getting to see red and green electric lights in everything he eats and drinks? Honest, Minnie, I want you awfully bad."

There was no softening, however, in the dark brown eyes of the senior member of Marsh & Blackney. Then George Henry did the cowardly thing that a man in love never does until he feels that it is a last resort.

"I need you awfully, too, Minnie," he said. It was George Henry's vox-humana stop pulled out to the limit. And, like every other woman, Miss Minnie Marsh, attorney-at-law, felt its throbbing note.

"I'm sorry, George Henry," she said, putting out one hand to touch his on the tablecloth; "but I've got my career. And, besides, Clara and I have organized the suffrage campaign in our assembly district. Election day is only four weeks off and we are going to try to defeat the man who broke his promise to us at Albany last winter."

"But, Minnie, I'm for suffrage. I'm the hottest brand of dyed-in-the-wool male suffragette! I'll carry handbills for you. I'll make carttail speeches alongside of you. My elocution's horrible, but I've got a voice like the bull of Bashan. I could bore a hole through any yelping the street-corner rabble might start going when you unrolled the glorious yellow banner of Votes for Women. I'm the original wild suffragette from Ballot Borneo. I'd eat any policeman that slapped Mrs. Pankhurst—alive! 'B-rought here at an incalculable expense, ladies and gentlemen, from the wilds of his native jun-gul! The horrible, hideous suffrage snatcher! Step up lively and get your little yellow badge. They're going like hot cakes ——'"

George Henry Leffingwell discovered that his table vaudeville was not making a hit with Miss Minnie Marsh. He halted abruptly, the grin effacing itself from his boyish features.

"Clara was right," remarked Clara's law partner with conviction in her tone. "She told me that the average man ——"

Now it was George Henry's turn to interrupt. He eyed Miss Marsh placidly as she began buttoning her gloves.

"Then you won't?" he asked.

"I won't." Miss Marsh's tone was as sharp as the snap of the last fastener as it clicked into place.

"Take it from me, Minnie," declared George Henry—"I'll make you! You're trying to make yourself believe you want a career without a home. And you don't. What you want is a career plus a husband who will fag for you and humor you when you come home at night discouraged because the law business is on the blink and naughty boys have been throwing ticker tape into your taxi, after you've gone down to convert the heathen in front of the Stock Exchange at the luncheon hour."

"Indeed!" gasped Miss Marsh. She knew that this was inadequate; but for the moment she could think of nothing else to say.

"I mean it," grinned George Henry. "I'm not sore, Minnie. You aren't to blame. Neither is Clara; though frankly I should like to give Clara a good hard slap on the wrist.

"Why doesn't she marry that Murray boy? He'll joy-ride once too often if he doesn't acquire a wife who'll make him keep within the speed limit. I wouldn't say all this if I didn't know you cared for crude, coarse little me—George Henry, the electric ad man.

"We're going to be good friends for a while; but I'm going to knock you on the head and run away with you pretty soon, the way those genteel South Sea Islanders do when they want a bride. This isn't a threat—it's a promise. You aren't going to be angry, Minnie, are you?" Again a suspicion of that vox-humana stop.

Through the window they could see the streaks of electric rain splashing on the flapping skirt of the giantess with the inside-out umbrella.

"You aren't going to be angry, Minnie?" repeated George Henry. "Because if there's one thing in New York that burns brighter than those six thousand tungsten bulbs over yonder it's my caring for you!"

"Some speech for a common or garden ad man," he reflected as he watched her frown fade.

"Why, George Henry!" she exclaimed. "You seem to have been studying Sir John to advantage. I don't think I'm angry. Do you know that what you just said was near poetry?"

"Maybe I'll invent a cribbage of my own one of these days," was George Henry Leffingwell's reply.

In the advertising game it is the rule not to let Broadway grass grow under your feet. The Leffingwell Company—meaning George Henry—always adhered to the rules of any game it played, even if it did play a bit harder and surer than its competitors. That is why George Henry was satrap of an entire suite on the top floor of the Vampire Building.

One week after he had pulled the vox-humana stop out to the limit—without, however, persuading Miss Marsh to alter the angle from which she regarded him—he was dining with her again at their favorite corner table in Trittori's. They were going to a play later, and conversation had been steered into midchannel, at a safe distance from the rocks of her career and his caring.

As their taxicab slid into Longacre Square, however, slowing to become a unit in the stream of motors that inched toward the theater, George Henry touched Miss Marsh upon the arm.

"Hello!" he said. "There's that new sign the whole town is talking about."

The senior member of Marsh & Blackney looked out of the taxi window and saw, splotching the perspective, an exclamation in huge white electric letters. The sign said:

I LOVE!

She turned to George Henry suspiciously.

"It seems to me ——" she began.

"Oh, that is only the beginning," said he. "Broadway is waiting to read the rest of it. They'll be making verses about the new sign mystery for the topical songs in the musical comedies by day after tomorrow."

Miss Marsh eyed him with disapproval—an uncertain, inquiring disapproval; but she later enjoyed the play to the fullest extent.

One Week After He Had Pulled the Vox-Humana Stop Out to the Limit, He Was Dining With Her Again

(Continued on Page 49)

An Old Woman and a New One In the Old World

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

SLEEP is a queer, transient death, the quiet grove in which we rest for a few hours before we are resurrected into the next day's life. It is a little repairing-time when Nature forgives us, "knits up the ravell'd sleave of care" and nurtures us, without the interference of that nervous, peevish thing, the human mind. If a man could sleep soundly enough he might awaken a hundred years forward or backward in time without experiencing any grave shock. There would be nothing but his memory to confirm the past, and there is so little difference between memory and a dream, if you do not attempt to confirm it by the Encyclopædia Britannica or some other outside authority.

It was with a strange peace and some such confusion of the senses as this that I awakened after a deep sleep one Sabbath morning in October of our pilgrimage. We were on the train bound for Madrid, moving very slowly, almost noiselessly. I climbed out of the berth in our stateroom, pulled up the shade, looked out of the window and saw Spain for the first time, in the pallor of early dawn. It was as if we had been traveling steadily back through the centuries all night, as if the land had drawn us back a thousand years into the past. If we had not been in a twentieth-century railway coach, if Peggy had not been asleep in the upper berth—a convincing proof of the fact that Columbus did discover America, the only country in the world capable of producing exactly that kind of young woman—I should have half believed that I myself was some being of the middle centuries.

A Spanish Breakfast En Route

WE WERE passing through a kind of desert, a sea of yellow dust, covered thickly with grass so dry it was white, like the straggling beard upon the sallow face of a very old man. In the distance lay the barren cheekbones of a range of mountains. Presently we were slipping down through their foothills, the same desert made wilder, more desolate by herds of huge gray boulders, as if the earth some day long ago had cast them in a fury from her breast and had driven them together into that place, to remain there forever with their leviathan backs humped against the distant horizon. The only habitations visible were flagmen's huts miles apart along the railroad track. No fields, no harrowed ground, no green hint of hope in the land, only an occasional shepherd with his flock in the distance, always wrapped in his cloak, a mournful figure in a mournful country, left over from ages that are gone. We began to pass by olive trees scattered among the rocks, such sad old beggar trees, with their gnarled limbs half clothed in branches of pale green leaves. I thought of Gethsemane. My heart ached for the Son of Man, Who in the loneliest hour of His life had only such ragged sentinels to watch with Him. My mind trailed away into a mist of sorrowful memories, haunted by angels. At last we met the sun—a red mystery at first behind the rocks and olive trees—which presently covered the land and the distant shepherds and their flocks with a fan of yellow light, as if God was reaching out His hand over them, claiming them, everything, even the little branches of glistening green leaves upon the limbs of the olive trees.

I got out my Testament and crawled back into my berth. There was no literal scripture in it to confirm the emotions through which I had just passed. The scenes of it are laid in another land; but no one can travel in Spain without recognizing its close relation to Africa and to the Holy Land. This part of it can never support a modern civilization, even if the people were capable of it, which they are not. It must forever remain a sort of natural museum of that past when men cast long shadows upon the midnight hills and found their way by the stars.

It was ten o'clock before I rose and realized that Peggy was still asleep and that we had had nothing to eat.

"Peggy," I called from below, "wake up and order breakfast."

She refused actually to awaken, merely reached out languidly and pressed the bell-button. When the porter appeared she murmured her demand in imitation Spanish carefully learned from her book of Spanish conversation the night before for this purpose.

A few minutes later a porter came in. He carried a small tray upon which were two pint cups of black coffee, two long rolls of bread crossed on top like a man's straw hat, a saucer with a slice of butter and a knife on it. There were no glasses for water, there were no plates, there was no silver except a spoon with which to stir the coffee. To each of us he offered a cup, then wiping half the butter on one roll and half of it on the other, he handed them to us—literally with his hands. Then he withdrew as nonchalantly as if he had served us in courses. I could not see Peggy in the upper berth, but her stillness excited my curiosity. Nothing in the Old World has entertained me so much as the different ways she has submitted from time to time to strange customs and conditions. I carefully deposited my cup and roll upon a stationary table under the window and, holding to a convenient strap, stuck my head out and stared at the figure of my niece. She was sitting cross-legged in the middle of her berth, her black hair streaming over her shoulders. In one hand she held the buttered bread, with the other she held the enormous cup. She was swaying from side to side with the motion of the train, and with every movement the coffee leaped like a long-tailed black imp over the brim of the cup and fell on the bedclothes. She was staring straight ahead, with the corners of her mouth pulled down like those of a prayerful virgin about to make a libation upon an invisible altar.

"Oh, Don't, Aunt Peg! They are Sweethearts. Don't Embarrass Them!"

"Peggy," I laughed, "eat your breakfast!"

"Have we been insulted?" She looked down anxiously.

"No, we have been fed!"

"But that's just it. Fed!"

She was thoroughly awake now and began obediently to lift to her mouth first her right hand, then her left.

We reached Madrid in the late afternoon and saw the sunset through the arches of the palace. Peggy came down into it from our little stateroom in the railway carriage, with her head up and her feet firmly planted. But I could see that she was panicky. There was none of the noise and bustle about the station that we had observed in other foreign cities, but it is a nerve-racking experience to step face foremost, with a blindfolded experience, into a "jimber-jawed" nation, even if it is a Sunday afternoon. For the Spaniard is a man who frowns with his chin, whose lower teeth are too often visible, and who achieves a formidable dignity of manner even when he is begging.

I think it was entirely because of these features and this manner that Peggy insisted upon letting the American consul at Madrid know that we were in town. As a matter of fact, we found the people much milder, gentler, than the French; but they do not look it. So Peggy wrote to Mr. Hoover, the consul, to say that she had come; she also informed him of her mission—that she was trying to learn something about Spanish women. She wished him to know how innocent her motives were and hoped he'd tell the people. I have never known her to be so mild, so anxious to pursue the line of least resistance.

This was a fortunate inspiration, as it turned out, for not only were the Hoovers themselves very cordial, but through them we met some of the most delightful people in Madrid. Thus our experiences there were different and happier than they were anywhere else on the Continent.

Peoples Who Never Grow Up

BUT before I come to that I must give some impressions of the streets and of the people. Strangers alone have photographic minds. This vivid negative state lasts but a few days. Once the sights become familiar, they are like blurred plates, never distinct, far more difficult to record. Most Americans, I have observed, employ this precious period in studying the monuments, museums, picture galleries and historical features of the country they happen to be in. Therefore, when they return home they are apt to give vague or false impressions of the people, as if they exhibited the old family album of that race rather than the race itself. I should have made the same mistake but for Peggy, whose mind was so fixed upon the hopes of the modern woman that wherever we went we saw the people first and the art galleries last.

The people in Spain do not fit into their history or resemble the barbaric splendor of their monuments, any more than their children resemble their grandparents. They are a little like the people here in our South, who until recently have lived too much upon the glory of the past and worked too little at the glory-fetching business themselves. The explanation is simple if you are willing to see it. The character of achievement has changed in the last fifty years. You do not win glory now with a sword, but you win wealth instead through the strength of your corporation and through your ability to outdo the other fellow. The Spaniards are not yet ready for this kind of success, if indeed they ever will be. They are lazy and proud. They are no longer grandees, but merely primitive beings stripped of their armor rights and their feudal privileges. They are not prepared mentally or morally to grasp the meaning of modern civilization. They have changed, but they have not yet evolved. They are the children of the past, not of the present—but children, you understand. This, I believe, is the real difference between the Anglo-Saxons and—say—the Latins. There remains in them something irresponsible, which never has changed or developed in any of their many civilizations, which never matures even when they reach the highest intellectual attainments. Whatever it is, it is unmoral and conscienceless, like the quick temper of a child.

So much I say in general before we come to particulars. Peggy soon recovered from her timidity, for, after Paris,

They Take the Place of Newsboys

Madrid is like a lazy Southern town. We spent some happy days driving and walking leisurely through the narrow streets. Quite unconsciously to herself, she showed much more interest in the men than in the women. This may have been due to the splendid appearance of the soldiers, who are undoubtedly the handsomest, most spirited we saw in Europe. They march with a quicker step, carry themselves with a fiercer and more graceful precision, which shows that the native mettle of this people is for war and nothing else.

The palace is far from the fashionable quarter of the city. It is surrounded by narrow streets in which the working people live. In front is the Plaza de Oriente, a circular garden surrounded by the statues of the ancient kings of Spain. And to the horror of all English visitors to Madrid, a tramline passes along the street directly in front of the palace. Undoubtedly the English are the most snobbish people in the world. From their point of view this tramline in sight of royalty is scandalous, suggestive of the poor, the meanly respectable. But to me there was something more becoming to monarchy in the scenes before the palace of the Spanish king than is to be observed about any other royal residence in Europe. All day long the people are there—the real people. Workmen in their blue blouses sit in the shade of the garden at noon with their wives and children to eat their soup and bread, the inevitable midday meal, which is taken out in the open if possible. Always the great ox-teams are moving majestically past. Mule-carts and donkeys follow in and out everywhere, laden with baskets of vegetables or, it may be, bearing some wild-looking, bareheaded Spanish girl from the country, who sits erect with her bare feet in the basket hanging at one side of the animal. Upon the steps, under the statues, and in the middle of the street pushing carts, walk the women of the people—poor mothers in gay rags, carrying their children, and pretty maidens with their glossy black hair parted on the side. And mixed through all the varied, never-ending pageant are troops of brilliantly uniformed soldiers and an occasional royal carriage, a beggar, anybody, anything, however mean or however splendid.

The Women of Madrid

WE WERE told that it was impossible to give a truthful impression of Spanish women without taking into consideration the different races in different parts of the country. The Castilian must never be confused with the Andalusian. The Basque people in the north were quite different from the Catalans, and the descendants from the Moors in the far south were different from all the others. But they are all Spanish, differing merely in the shapes of their noses and a few minor customs. So far as Peggy's purposes were concerned, the women of Spain were divided into only three distinct classes. First, those who wear hats and are to be seen every sunny afternoon driving along the promenade. They do not differ greatly from those to be seen on Rotten Row in Hyde Park, or driving on the Champs Elysées. They are only a little less fashionable in appearance, not because their gowns are less smart but because the figure of a Spanish woman cannot be made to look stylish. It is too natural, even when she is slender, and those who drive in the promenade rarely ever are slender. They rouge less than their Parisian prototypes and powder more, and they all look subdued, as if they were asleep with their soft black eyes wide open. Of the second class are those who wear black mantillas, who walk instead of ride. They are nearly all very round, like human vowels, with no distinction, no accent. These are the wives and daughters of shopmen, clerks, and so forth. The third class are the women of the poor, who wear neither hats nor mantillas. They are homely with a wrinkled brown homeliness that seems to relate them to the desert. There is something arid about them. They have no expression of pathos or sorrow stamped upon them, common to women who endure great hardships. One receives the impression that they have no minds, only instincts which adjust them to the lives they live as unflinchingly as the earth yields to the weather. They move through the streets, crying their wares, with a celerity and grace that is as swift and dramatic as if the wind carried them. They take the place of newsboys in the Puerta del Sol, where their raucous voices may be heard above the din of that crowded thoroughfare, hawking the daily papers, lottery tickets, herbs, anything that is comparatively valueless. They fill the markets with their donkeys and their clamor. They squat under sunny walls to suckle their babies, little old-looking creatures as brown and withered as their mothers. But never do you see intelligent care or anxiety upon their faces: merely want, curiosity, determination. One might as well try to induce an eagle hen to hatch duck's eggs in a barnyard nest as to attempt to rescue these wild creatures from the street desert life. They are born to it as tragedians are born to the stage. But it is all acting, no real suffering.

One day we made an excursion into the oldest part of the city, where the desperately poor live. I have observed this in every great city—that the oldest sections have always been invaded and conquered by the poor. It is a significant circumstance and suggests that this ever-increasing horde will, in time, come into the next streets and the next, until at last they fill the palaces and overrun the very gardens of the once rich and prosperous. In these narrow streets we saw the former homes of princes, with unspeakably filthy doorways, filled from garret to basement with men and women in rags, with half-naked children, all swarming in and out like insects. As we were returning we came to a church in the Calle de Alcalá where noonday mass was being celebrated. We entered the brown twilight through the old paneled doors. The candles upon the altar before the Virgin shone like steady stars. More than a hundred women and girls were kneeling here and there upon the floor, all with their faces turned in a kind of trance toward this altar. But there was scarcely a man to be seen anywhere, except the priests.

The same afternoon we went to the matinée in a little theater adjoining this church. The audience was composed almost entirely of middle-aged men.

"Where are the women, señorita?" I inquired of the beautiful Spanish girl whose guests we were upon this occasion. "In America it is the women more particularly who go to the theater in the daytime."

"They are at home," she answered, smiling. "In Spain when a woman marries she stays at home. Her husband expects that of her, and she obeys, while he entertains himself here, at the club, anywhere he chooses to go. Most of the men you see here are married, but their wives are at home, alone or with their children. Spanish men do not like them even to receive visits from the girl friends they had before their marriage. They are jealous of these also. This is perhaps the chief reason why our women receive so little education beyond the religious and needlework training they get in convents. The men believe that mental development renders them dissatisfied with their lot. Consequently they see to it that they do not get this development. A really educated girl in Spain stands little chance of getting a husband. Our men do not want the companionship of intellectual women. They want them only for domestic purposes."

She delivered this astounding information gravely, without a trace of malice in her voice or manner, merely as if she were stating a national characteristic.

I come now to one of the most interesting and delightful events during our visit to Madrid. This was a tea-party at the home of Señor and Señora Collaje, to which we had been invited. The hospitality of a Spanish home is as informal as it is graceful, and this was a particularly happy occasion for two reasons. First, a friend of Señor Collaje had just presented him with a very handsome piano. In Spain, if you love your friend, if you have some special reason for being grateful to him, you do not give him a watch or a walking-stick, but, say, a thousand-dollar piano. Señor Collaje is one of the most celebrated physicians in Spain. He had saved the life of this gentleman, who paid his bill and added the piano as an expression of gratitude. The other circumstance that made the party memorable was the fact that on the following day the son of the house was to leave for Berlin, where he was going to finish his education. This also accounted for the presence of a number of young men in the party, who are never ordinarily invited into a Spanish home where there are daughters unless they are betrothed to them.

Always on the Continent any social gathering is cosmopolitan. There were a number of young señoritas, two Cubans, a famous statesman from Uruguay, a Frenchman and four Americans in the company about Señora Collaje's tea-table, besides half a dozen young men, some of them belonging to the oldest and most noble families in the country.

I cannot say that these latter looked upon Peggy with favor when they learned that she had come to Spain for the purpose of writing about Spanish women, but they hastened to avail themselves of the opportunity to compliment their hostess and her daughters. Señor Criado, of Uruguay, proceeded to write an appreciation upon a flyleaf of his notebook and offer it to his hostess with a bow like that of an orator who has finished a proper peroration. When translated into the comparatively commonplace American tongue it means:

A Literary Tea-Party

"THE Spanish woman is the mixture of all the races that inhabit the Iberic Peninsula. She conserves the Phœnician slenderness, the Greek esthetics, the Arabian sculpturalness and the Gothic beauty—a mask of grace and genuine frankness which attracts all who see her!"

The other young men were impatient to follow Señor Criado's example. They made haste to copy their sentiments and offer them to Peggy. All were in Spanish, but to save space I set down here only the translation of two more. The first written by Señor Fernando Aguilas, whose father is secretary to the queen; and that of Señor Edoardo Perez Artega, a young officer in the army.

Señor Aguilas is very proud of his English and insisted upon making his own translation, standing over Peggy, a tall, dark Adonis with tremendous black eyes and arms designed by Nature for the making of graceful gestures. I give the exact translation, unadorned by the gestures. One sees immediately that he has cause to be proud of his English:

"The Spanish woman is the true prototype of beauty on account of her different dispositions. And she has characteristic manners, as in Andalusia exists the type beautiful and arrogant. The proof of this is given they are seen in the Feria de Sevilla, showing her garb and genteelness. And also, considering the women of the north, it is seen that if this one is pretty she is not so pretty as that one, but for conditions of work [he means domestic duties!] she is more complete. Summing up: The Spanish woman calls the attention wherever she is found."

Being a military man, Señor Artega was briefer. He had large, dreamy black eyes and regarded Peggy from time to time as his pencil moved slowly over the paper.

With Every Movement the Coffee Leaped Like a Long-Tailed Black Imp Over the Brim of the Cup

Having finished, he offered it with an imploring softness, as if he petitioned her not to read what he had written until she was quite alone. Peggy was never able to translate all of it, but the divine inspiration of femininity led her to decipher this much:

"The opinion I have for women, Spanish, Greek, Russian or American, is the same, independent of nationality. It is the sum of all goodness without a spot of evil."

I have copied these sentiments exactly, because they represent the masculine language of the best class of Spaniards when it is set down for the delectation of women. You will find passages like it in Richardson's novels in English literature, and some a great deal like it in the literature of the Southern states before the Civil War. Then all women represented prettily trailing stanzas of poetry whom the years never quite converted into prose. As long as they lived these women of the old South retained a veiled sweetness. As long as they lived they suggested faded copies of the old Juanita love-song, combined with tender hymns. Now and again you may come upon one like a worn copy of a very old collection of verses set to high treble music. But they are rare: rare enough to be out of drawing with the life about them. The queer thing is that they last longer in the ideality of men than they do in actual modern society. It was interesting to find them still enthroned in the hearts of these Spanish gentlemen. You observe that not one of them expressed the least desire for intelligence in his description of the excellent woman. She is to be praised only for her beauty and virtue.

Romeo Method of Courtship

BUT when a Spanish gentleman marries exactly this kind of woman he puts her in his house, closes the door and goes his way to his club or to the theater. He has a good deal more time for amusement than other men because he works less. I do not say that there are not others, but the only man I heard of in Spain who habitually remained at home with his family in the evenings was one who had lived two years in the United States and capped the climax by marrying an American wife, a brilliant woman who adapted herself to Spanish life and customs, but who probably knows more about the art and music and literature of the country than any woman born there. My impression is that, whenever men succeed in producing exactly the kind of women they think most desirable and satisfactory and obedient to their views and wishes, these are the very men who are most unfaithful to them in married life. They tire of such women sooner, tyrannize over them more, and neglect them altogether in the comradeship that should exist between them. This is why so many European women fail to command the real honor and respect of their men. They are the products of poor creators, the creatures of masculine fancy rather than of masculine honesty and integrity. The woman who best keeps the attention and affection of a man is the one who loves him and remains faithful to herself, which is a much higher standard of virtue than remaining faithful just to him. She then retains forever some of the charm and mystery of the unknown and unconquerable, like a fair and beautiful land along the frontiers of which he travels, often entranced, not by what he knows and sees but by the deeper, distant parts that he never reaches and about which his fancy is all the better exercised. There is no such subtlety about Spanish women. They are primitive and simple, whether they are dancing girls or saints.

That evening, after our return from the tea-party, Peggy and I sat inside the window of my room, which opens upon the narrow iron balcony, watching the people in the street below—a blind beggar playing a Spanish love-song upon his guitar; another asleep in the corner of the wall; men coming and going in and out of a wine-shop; half a dozen boys engaged in a mimic bullfight; a soldier in the tobacco shop opposite ogling the pretty girl behind the counter; women walking slowly with little children clinging to their skirts; and, rising out of it all, the soft, lisping sound of Spanish conversation.

"Peggy," I said after a long silence, "you might as well look for an electric light in the tomb of Rameses as to expect to find the advanced woman in Spain."

"Why?" she demanded.

Up to this time she had not begun an active search for the Señorita Suffragist, being concerned first to get some general idea of women and their apparent relation to things.

At this moment we were interrupted by the voice of a man on the pavement below, an adoring, vibrant voice. Immediately he was answered by another voice from the balcony above ours. I regret that I cannot say softly answered, but the truth is that the average señorita has a squawky, broad, flat, duck note in her voice that even love does not soften.

I leaned forward, determined to see what was going on.

"Oh, don't, Aunt Peg! They are sweethearts. Don't embarrass them!" Peggy was positively pink with sympathy.

"Why shouldn't I? The whole street can see them." As a matter of fact, the people in the street pretended to be oblivious, but I leaned out, turned my head this way and that. A young girl with a small round white face and in a white dress was bending from the gallery above, swinging a yellow rose in her hand. On the ground beneath stood Romeo, a very handsome young man with brilliant black eyes. He was standing with his head thrown far back and his hand lifted imploringly for the rose. I must say that he looked astonished and not altogether agreeable when the wrinkled face and gray head of an old woman intervened between him and the flower. But it was only for the space of a moment. I drew back and almost at once the rose came drifting down, the long stem whirling and the leaves fluttering in the gentle wind.

Peggy was so indignant that she excused herself to write one of those letters which I observed she wrote every day now since that night in Paris, when in a paroxysm of tears she had confessed to the "mistake" she had made about Philip Ring. But I kept my place by the window, listening attentively to the two lovers, understanding not a word of what was said, but feeling that excited interest old people often have in these affairs of the young.

Such courtships are to be witnessed every evening from ten until one o'clock in nearly every street in the city. You may look down the narrow chasm between the tall houses and see sometimes two or three young gallants here and there under different balconies in the most exaggerated attitudes of adoration. This is due partly to the warmth and passion of Spanish love-making and partly to the fact that they must hold their heads so far back to see the señoritas who are probably leaning out of fifth or sixth story windows, like white lilies with veils over their heads. This is the custom. A young man sees a girl he admires in the park or at the theater. He follows her, finds out where she lives.. Then the pavement courtship begins. The parents of the girl pretend to be ignorant of what is going on, although they know and approve.

At last, when the lover can endure his suspense and torture no longer, he goes, accompanied by his father, to the house of the señorita. The affair has been arranged beforehand. He is expected. He carries a bracelet, which he gives to the girl, while the two fathers discuss and draw up the marriage contract. Sometimes the girl gives the gallant a ring. The betrothal is very formal and is made in the presence of a priest and both families. Until then the young man cannot enter the house, but after the engagement he comes as often as he likes, only he never sees the girl alone until after the marriage.

If I had not seen it I could not have believed that the Romeo and Juliet form of courtship still existed anywhere in the civilized world. But there is much to be said in favor of it. For one thing, it appeals to the romantic, adventurous spirit of youth, which is too much suppressed in some other countries, like France, for example. And it proclaims the triumph and charm of a señorita in her neighborhood, where they might not otherwise be known. One should not begrudge this to a woman whose married life becomes so narrow and desolate. Above all, it is the safest form of love-making for the woman that I have ever seen devised. The most ardent and unscrupulous Romeo cannot take many liberties with a Juliet perched fifty feet above his sea-level, so to speak.

Peggy's First Countess

I NEVER learned what would happen if two lovers attempted to stand under one señorita's balcony. But my opinion is that no man living would risk so dangerous an experiment. Spanish men are obviously afraid of each other. This is illustrated by their serious politeness. Wherever you see men extremely courteous to one another you may infer one of two things—they are either puerile or dangerous. The French, I think, are extraordinarily polite because they are neurasthenic and because they have no very deep or real sense of the dignity of manhood. The Spaniards are polite because upon the slightest provocation they are always ready and extremely willing to cut one another's throats. This is the characteristic crime of the country, not theft or drunkenness, but a well-developed instinct to stab, especially where a woman is involved. No pistols, no quarreling, merely a quick, long, keen blade.

Peggy met her first countess in Madrid. They both labored under a singular mistake. The Condesa de San Rafiel thought the young American girl was interested in charities, and Peggy thought the countess was a suffragette. She went to call upon her in response to an invitation, and if I live to be a hundred I shall probably never witness a more diverting interview.

We were ushered into a beautiful salon. I wore my best things, and I never saw Peggy looking more piously, deceitfully sweet than she did in her new winter suit and a white hat that folded over her head like a nesting bird.

The countess came in prettily a moment later. She was a short woman with gray hair, blue eyes and pleasant face. She greeted us cordially, and I afterward learned that she told us her house was ours, which is what every Spaniard tells you when you cross his threshold, and what he means.

The trouble began at once. The countess did not speak a word of English, Peggy could not understand a word of Spanish, and the interpreter had not come. They sat eying one another like little Pandoras anxious to pull each other's lid off. At first sight I knew that my niece was doomed to disappointment. I perceived by the ritual expression of the countess' face that she belonged to the ancient order of good women, not to the new order of provisionally good ones. But it was impossible to endure that phonetic silence. I began to talk. Our hostess looked at me amiably, with a kind of Spanish interrogation in each serene blue eye. Peggy tried to stop me, but I went on with desperate animation. I discussed the weather, the prophets, the court life of Joseph the Second of Austria. Our hostess began to look

(Continued on Page 24

I Passed From Joseph the Second to Two or Three Lines I Recalled From Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality

THE LIGHTED WAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

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X

MR. WEATHERLEY laid down his newspaper with a grunt. He was alone in his private office with his newly appointed secretary. "Two whole days gone already and they've never caught that fellow!" he exclaimed. "They don't seem to have a clew even."

Arnold looked up from some papers upon which he was engaged.

"We can't be absolutely sure of that, sir," he reminded his employer. "They wouldn't give everything away to the press."

Mr. Weatherley threw the newspaper he had been reading on to the floor and struck the table with his fist.

"The whole affair," he declared, "is scandalous—perfectly scandalous. The police system of this country is ridiculously inadequate. Scotland Yard ought to be thoroughly overhauled. Some one should take the matter up—one of the ha'penny papers on the lookout for a sensation might manage it. Just see here what happens," he went on earnestly. "A man is murdered in cold blood in a fashionable restaurant. The murderer walks out of the place into the street and no one hears of him again. He can't have been swallowed up, can he? You were there. What do you think of it?"

Arnold, who had been thinking of little else for the last few days, shook his head.

"I don't know what to think, sir," he admitted, "except that the murderer up till now has been extraordinarily lucky."

"Either that or he was fiendishly clever," Mr. Weatherley agreed, pulling nervously at his little patch of gray side whiskers. "I wonder now—you've read the case, Chetwode?"

"Every word of it," Arnold admitted.

"Have you formed any idea yourself as to the motive?" Mr. Weatherley asked nervously.

Arnold shook his head.

"At present there seems nothing to go on, sir," he remarked. "I did hear it said that some one was trying to blackmail him."

Mr. Weatherley pushed his scant hair back with his hand. He appeared to feel the heat of the office.

"You've heard that too, eh?" he muttered. "It occurred to me from the first, Chetwode. It certainly did occur to me. You will remember that I mentioned it."

"What did your brother-in-law think of it, sir?" Arnold asked. "He and Mr. Rosario seemed to be very great friends. They were talking together for a long time that night at your house."

Mr. Weatherley jumped to his feet and threw open the window. The air that entered the office from the murky street was none of the best, but he seemed to find it grateful. Arnold was shocked to see his face when he turned round.

"The Count Sabatini is a very extraordinary man," Mr. Weatherley confessed. "He and his friends come to my house, but to tell you the truth I don't know much about them. Mrs. Weatherley wishes to have them there and that is quite enough for me. All the same I don't feel that they're exactly the sort of people I've been used to, Chetwode, and that's a fact."

Mr. Weatherley had resumed his seat. He was leaning back in his chair now, his hands drooping to his side, looking precisely what he was—an ungraceful, commonplace little person without taste or culture, upon whom even a good tailor seemed to have wasted his efforts. A certain pomposity that in a way became the man—had proclaimed his prosperity and redeemed him from complete insignificance—had for a moment departed. Arnold could scarcely help feeling sorry for him.

"I shouldn't allow these things to worry me if I were you, sir," Arnold suggested respectfully. "If there is anything that you don't understand I should ask for an explanation. Mrs. Weatherley is much too kind and generous to wish you to be worried, I am sure."

Then the side of the man with which Arnold wholly sympathized showed itself suddenly. At the mention of his wife's name an expression partly fatuous, partly beatific, transformed his homely features. He was looking at her picture which stood always opposite to him. He had the air of an adoring devotee before some sacred shrine.

"You are quite right, Chetwode," he declared, "quite right, but I am always very careful not to let my wife know how I feel. You see the Count Sabatini is her only relative, and before our marriage they were inseparable. He was an exile from Portugal, and it seems to me these foreigners hang together more than we do. I am only too glad for her to be with him as much as she chooses. It is just a little unfortunate that his friends should sometimes be—well, a trifle distasteful—but one must put up with it. One must put up with it, eh? After all Rosario was a man very well spoken of. There was no reason why he shouldn't have come to my house. Plenty of other men in my position would have been glad to entertain him."

"I Can Quite Imagine Rosario Defying Him"

"Certainly, sir," Arnold agreed. "I believe he went a great deal into society."

"And no doubt," Mr. Weatherley continued eagerly, "he had many enemies. In the course of his commercial career, which I believe was an eventful one, he would naturally make enemies. By-the-by, Chetwode, speaking of blackmail—that blackmail rumor, eh? You don't happen to have heard any particulars?"

"None at all, sir," Arnold replied. "I don't suppose anything is really known. It seems a probable solution of the affair, though."

Mr. Weatherley nodded thoughtfully.

"It does," he admitted. "I can quite imagine any one trying it on and Rosario defying him. Just the course that would commend itself to such a man."

"The proper course, no doubt," Arnold remarked, "although it scarcely turned out the best for Rosario."

Mr. Weatherley distinctly shivered.

"Well, well," he declared, "you had better take out those invoices and ask Jarvis to see me at once about Budden & Williams' account. . . . Bless my soul alive, why, here's Mrs. Weatherley!" A car had stopped outside and both men had caught a vision of a fur-clad feminine figure crossing the pavement. Mr. Weatherley's fingers, busy already with his tie, were trembling with excitement. His whole appearance was transformed.

"Hurry out and meet her, Chetwode!" he exclaimed. "Show her the way in! This is the first time in her life that she has been here of her own accord. Just as we were speaking about her too!"

Fenella entered the office as a princess shod in satin might enter a pigsty. Her ermine-trimmed gown was raised with both her hands; her delightful nose had a distinct tilt and her lips a curl. But when she saw Arnold a wonderful smile transformed her face. She was in the middle of the clerks' office, the cynosure of twenty-four staring eyes, but she dropped her gown and held out both her delicately gloved hands. The fall of her skirts seemed to shake out strange perfumes into the stuffy room.

"Ah! you are really here, then, in this odious gloom? You will show me where I can find my husband?"

Arnold stepped back and threw open the door of the inner office. She laughed into his face.

"Do not go away," she ordered; "come in with me. I want to thank you for looking after me the other day."

Arnold murmured a few words of excuse and turned away. Mr. Tidey, Junior, carefully arranged his necktie and slipped down from his stool.

"Jarvis," he exclaimed, "a free lunch and my lifetime's gratitude if you'll send me into the governor's office on any pretext whatever!"

Mr. Jarvis, who was answering the telephone, took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them.

"Some one must go in and say that Mr. Burland, of Harris & Burland, wishes to know at what time he can see the governor. I think you had better let Chetwode go, though."

Mr. Tidey, Junior, turned away, humming a tune.

"Not I!" he replied. "Don't be surprised, you fellows, if I am not out just yet. The governor's certain to introduce me."

He knocked at the door confidently and disappeared. In a very few seconds he was out again. His appearance was not altogether indicative of conquest.

"Governor says to forget Burland, or words to that effect," he announced ill-naturedly. "Chetwode, you're to take in the private checkbook. I tell you what, Jarvis," he added, slowly resuming his stool, "the governor's not himself these days. The least he could have done would have been to introduce me, especially as he's been up at our place so often. Rotten form, I call it. Anyway, she's not nearly so good-looking close to."

Mr. Jarvis proceeded to inform the inquirer through the telephone that Mr. Weatherley was unfortunately not to be found at the moment. Arnold, with Mr. Weatherley's checkbook in his hand, knocked at the door of the private office and closed it carefully behind him. As he stood upon the threshold his heart gave a sudden leap. Mr. Weatherley was sitting in his accustomed chair, but his attitude and expression were alike unusual. He was like a man shrinking under the whip. And Fenella he was quick enough to catch the look in her face, the curl of her lips, the almost wicked flash of her eyes. Yet in a moment she was laughing.

"Your checkbook, Mr. Weatherley," he remarked laying it down upon the desk.

Mr. Weatherley barely thanked him—barely, indeed, seemed to realize Arnold's presence. The latter turned to go. Fenella, however, intervened.

"Don't go away if you please, Mr. Chetwode," she begged. "My husband is angry with me and I am a little frightened. And all because I have asked him to help a very good friend of mine who is in need of money to help forward a splendid cause."

Arnold was embarrassed. He glanced doubtfully at Mr. Weatherley, who was fingering his checkbook.

"It is scarcely a matter for discussion——" his employer began, but Fenella threw out her hands.

"Oh! *Id, Id!*" she interrupted. "Don't bore me so, my dear Samuel, or I will come to this miserable place no more. Mr. Starling must have this five hundred pounds because I have promised him and because I have promised my brother that he shall have it. It is most important, and if all goes well it will come back to you some day or other. If not you must make up your mind to lose it. Please write out the check, and afterward Mr. Chetwode is to take me out to lunch. Andrea asked me specially to bring him, and if we do not go soon," she added, consulting a little jeweled watch upon her wrist, "we shall be late. Andrea does not like to be kept waiting."

"I was hoping," Mr. Weatherley remarked with an unwieldy attempt at jocularity, "that I might be asked out to luncheon myself."

"Another day, my dear husband," she promised carelessly. "You know that you and Andrea do not agree very

well together. You bore him so much and then he is irritable. I do not like Andrea when he is irritable. Give me my check, dear, and let me go."

Mr. Weatherley dipped his pen in the ink, solemnly wrote out a check and tore it from the book. Fenella, who had risen to her feet and was standing over him with her hand upon his shoulder, stuffed it carelessly into the gold purse she was carrying. Then she patted him on the cheek with her gloved hand.

"Don't overwork," she said, "and come home punctually. Are you quite ready, Mr. Chetwode?"

Arnold, who was finding the position more than ever embarrassing, turned to his employer.

"Can you spare me, sir?" he asked.

Mr. Weatherley nodded.

"If my wife desires you to go, certainly," he replied. "But, Fenella," he added, "I am not very busy myself. Is it absolutely necessary that you lunch with your brother? Perhaps, even if it is, he can put up with my society for once."

She threw a kiss to him from the door.

"Unreasonable person!" she exclaimed. "Today it is absolutely necessary that I lunch with Andrea. You must go to your club, if you are not busy, and play billiards or something. Come, Mr. Chetwode," she added, turning toward the door, "we have barely a quarter of an hour to get to the Carlton. I dare not be late. The only person," she went on as they passed through the outer office and Arnold paused for a moment to take down his hat and coat, "whom I really fear in this world is Andrea."

Mr. Weatherley remained for a moment in the chair where she had left him, gazing idly at the counterfoil of the check. Then he rose and from a safe point of vantage watched the motor drive off. With slow, leaden footsteps he returned to his seat. It was past his own regular luncheon hour, but he made no movement to leave the place.

XI

THE great car swung to the right out of Tooley Street and joined the stream of traffic making its slow way across London Bridge. Fenella took the tube from its place by her side and spoke in Italian to the chauffeur. When she replaced it she turned to Arnold.

"Did you understand what I said?" she asked.

"Only a word or two," he replied. "You told him to go somewhere else instead of to the Carlton, didn't you?"

She nodded, and lay back for a moment silent among the luxurious cushions. Her mood seemed suddenly to have changed. She was no longer gay. She watched the faces of the passers-by pensively. Presently she pointed out of the window to a gray-bearded old man tottering along in the gutter with a trayful of matches. A cold wind was blowing through his rags.

"Look!" she exclaimed. "Look at that! In my own country, yes, but here I do not understand. They tell me that this is the richest city in the world and the most charitable."

"There must be poor everywhere," Arnold replied, a little puzzled.

She stared at him.

"It is not your laws I would complain of," she said. "It is your individuals. Look at him—a poor, shivering, starved creature, watching a constant stream of well-fed, well-clothed, smug men of business passing always within a few feet of him. Why does he not help himself to what he wants?"

Arnold looked at her in sheer amazement. It was surely a strange woman who spoke! There was no sympathy in her face or tone. The idea of giving alms to the man seemed never to have occurred to her. She spoke with clouded face, as one in anger.

"Don't you believe," he asked, "in the universal principle—the survival of the fittest? Where there is wealth there must be poverty."

She laughed.

"Change your terms," she suggested—"where there are robbers there must be victims. But one may despise the victims all the same. One may find their content ignoble."

"Generally speaking it is the industrious who prosper," he affirmed.

She shook her head.

"If that were so all would be well," she declared. "As a matter of fact it is entirely an affair of opportunity and temperament."

"Why, you are a Socialist," he said. "You should come and talk to my friend Isaac."

"I am not a Socialist, because I do not care one fig about others," she objected. "It is only myself I think of."

"If you do not sympathize with laws you at least recognize morals?" he asked.

She laughed gayly, leaning back against the dark green upholstery and showing her flawless teeth; her long, narrow eyes, with their seductive gleam, flashed into his. A lighter spirit possessed her.

"Not other people's," she declared. "I have my own code and I live by it. As for you ——"

She paused. Her sudden fit of gayety seemed to pass.

"As for me?" he murmured.

"I am a little conscience-stricken," she said slowly. "I think I ought to have left you where you were. I am not at all sure that you would not have been happier. You are a very nice boy, Mr. Arnold Chetwode, much too good for that stuffy little office in Tooley Street, but I do not know whether it is really for your good if one is inclined to try and help you to escape. If you saw another man holding a position you wanted yourself, would you throw him out if you could, by sheer force, or would you think of your laws and your morals?"

"It depends a little upon how much I wanted it," he confessed.

She laughed.

"Ah! I see, then, that there are hopes of you," she admitted. "You should read the reign of Queen Elizabeth if you would know what Englishmen should be like. You know I had an English mother, and she was descended from Francis Drake. . . . Ah, we are arrived!"

They had lost themselves somewhere between Oxford Street and Regent Street. The car pulled up in front of a restaurant that Arnold had certainly never seen or heard of before. It was quite small and it bore the name of the Café André painted upon the wall. The lower windows were all concealed by white curtains. There was no commissionaire and only a very small entrance hall. Fenella, who led the way in, did not turn into the restaurant proper, but at once ascended the stairs. Arnold followed her, his sense of curiosity growing stronger at every moment. On the first landing there were two doors with glass tops. She opened one and motioned him to enter.

"Will you wait for me for a few moments?" she said. "I am going to telephone."

He entered at once. She turned and passed into the room on the other side of the landing. Arnold glanced around him with some curiosity. The room was well appointed and a luncheon table was laid for four people. There were flowers upon the table, and the glass and cutlery were superior to anything one might have expected from a restaurant in this vicinity. The window looked down into the street. Arnold stood before it for a moment or two. The traffic below was insignificant, but the roar of Oxford Street only a few yards distant came to his ears even through the closed window. He listened thoughtfully and then, before he realized the course his thoughts were taking, he found himself thinking of Ruth. In a certain sense he was superstitious about Ruth and her forebodings. He found himself wondering what she would have said if she could have seen him there and known that it was Fenella who had brought him. And he himself—what did he think of it? A week ago his life had been so commonplace that his head and his heart had ached with the monotony of it. And now Fenella had come and had shown him already strange things. He seemed to have passed into a world where mysterious happenings were an everyday occurrence, into a world peopled by strange men and women who always carried about with them secrets. And in a sense no one was more mysterious than Fenella herself. He asked himself as he stood there whether her vagaries were merely temperamental, the air of mystery that seemed to surround her simply accidental. He thought of that night at her house, the curious intimacy that from the first moment she had seemed to take for granted, the confidence with which she had treated him. He remembered those few breathless moments in her room, the man's hand upon the window-sill, with the strange colored ring worn with almost flagrant ostentation. And then with a lightning-like transition of thought the gleam of the hand with that selfsame ring raised to strike a murderous blow, which he had seen for a moment through the swing doors of the Milan. The red seal ring upon the finger—what did it mean? A doubt chilled him for a moment. He told himself with passionate insistence that it was not possible that she could know of these things. Her words were idle, her theories a jest. He turned away from the window and caught up a morning paper, resolved to escape from his thoughts. The first headline stared up at him:

THE ROSARIO MURDER

SENSATIONAL ARREST EXPECTED

RUMORED EXTRAORDINARY DISCLOSURES

He threw the paper down again. Then the door was suddenly opened. It was Fenella who appeared.

"I am going to order luncheon," she announced. "My brother will be here directly."

Arnold bowed a little absently. Against his will he was listening to voices on the landing outside. One he knew to be Starling's, the other was Count Sabatini's. He closed his ears to their speech, but there was no doubt whatever that the voice of Starling shook with fear. A moment or two later the two men entered the room. Count Sabatini came forward with outstretched hand. A rare smile parted his lips. He looked a very distinguished and very polished gentleman.

"I am pleased to meet you again, Mr. Chetwode," he said, "the more pleased because I understand from my sister that we are to have the pleasure of your company for luncheon."

"You are very kind," Arnold murmured.

"Mr. Starling I believe you met the other night," Count Sabatini continued.

Arnold held out his hand, but could scarcely repress a start. Starling seemed to have lost weight. His cheeks were almost cadaverous, his eyes hollow. His slight arrogance of bearing had gone; he left behind a most unpleasant impression.

"I remember Mr. Starling quite well," Arnold said. "We met also, I think, at the Milan Hotel a few minutes after the murder of Mr. Rosario."

Starling shook hands limply. Sabatini smiled.

"A memorable occasion," he remarked. "Let us take luncheon now. Gustave," he added, turning to the waiter who had just entered the room, "serve the luncheon at once. It is a queer little place this, Mr. Chetwode," he went on, turning to Arnold, "but I can promise you that the omelet, at least, is as served in my own country."

They took their places at the table, and Arnold, at any rate, found it a very pleasant party. Sabatini was no longer gloomy and taciturn. His manner still retained a little of its deliberation, but toward Arnold especially he was more than courteous. He seemed, indeed, to have the desire to attract. Fenella was almost bewitching. She had recovered her spirits and she talked to him often in a half-audible undertone, the familiarity of which gave him a curious pleasure. Starling alone was silent and depressed. He drank a good deal, but he ate scarcely anything. Every passing footstep upon the stairs outside alarmed him. Every time any voices were heard he stopped to listen. Sabatini glanced toward him once with a scornful flash in his black eyes.

"One would imagine, my dear Starling, that you had committed a crime!" he exclaimed.

Starling raised his glass to his lips with shaking fingers and drained its contents.

"I had too much champagne last night," he muttered.

There was a moment's silence. Every one felt his statement to be a lie. For some reason or other the man was afraid. Arnold was conscious of a sense of apprehension stealing over him. The touch of Fenella's fingers upon his arm left him for a moment cold. Sabatini turned his head slowly toward the speaker, and his face had become like the face of an inquisitor, stern and merciless, with the flavor of death in the cold, mirthless parting of the lips.

"Then you drank a very bad brand, my friend," he declared. "Still, even then, the worst champagne in the world should not give you those ugly lines under the eyes, the scared appearance of a hunted rabbit. One would imagine ——"

Starling struck the table a blow with his fist that set the glasses jingling.

"Stop, Sabatini!" he exclaimed. "Do you want to ——"

He broke off abruptly. He looked toward Arnold. He was breathing heavily. His sudden fit of passion had brought an unwholesome patch of color to his cheeks.

"Why should I stop?" Sabatini proceeded mercilessly. "Let me remind you of my sister's presence. Your lack of self-control is inexcusable. One would imagine that you had committed some evil deed, that you were indeed an offender against the law."

Again there was that tense silence. Starling looked round him with the helpless air of a trapped animal. Arnold sat there, listening and watching, completely fascinated. There was something that made him shiver about the imperturbability, not only of Sabatini himself but of the woman who sat by his side.

Sabatini poured himself out a glass of wine deliberately.

"Who in the world," he demanded, "save a few sentimentalists would consider the killing of Rosario a crime?"

Starling staggered to his feet. His cheeks now were ashen.

"You are mad!" he cried, pointing to Arnold.

"Not in the least," Sabatini proceeded calmly. "I am not accusing you of having killed Rosario. One can scarcely understand your agitation. If you are really accused of having been concerned in that little *contretemps*, why, here is our friend Mr. Arnold Chetwode who was present. No doubt he will be able to give evidence in your favor."

Arnold was speechless for a moment. Sabatini's manner was incomprehensible. He spoke as one who alludes to some trivial happening. Yet even his light words could not keep the shadow of tragedy from the room. Even at that instant Arnold seemed suddenly to see the flash of a hand through the glass-topped door, to hear the hoarse cry of the stricken man. "I saw nothing but the man's hand!" he muttered in a voice that he would scarcely have recognized as his own. "I saw his hand and his arm only. He wore a red signet ring."

Sabatini inclined his head in an interested manner.

"A singular coincidence," he remarked pleasantly. "My sister has already told me of your observation. That certainly is a point in favor of our friend Starling. It sounds like the badge of some secret society, and not even the most ardent romanticist would suspect our friend Starling here of belonging to anything of the sort."

Starling had resumed his luncheon and was making a great effort at a show of indifference. Nevertheless, he watched Arnold uneasily.

"Say, there's no sense in talking like this!" he muttered. "Mr. Chetwode here will think you're in earnest."

"There is, on the contrary, a very great deal of sound common-sense," Sabatini asserted gently, "in all that I have said. I want our young friend Mr. Chetwode to be a valued witness for the defense when the misguided gentlemen from Scotland Yard choose to lay a hand upon your shoulder. One should always be prepared, my friend, for possibilities. You great ——"

He stopped short. Starling, with a smothered oath, had sprung to his feet. The eyes of every one were turned toward the wall; a small electric bell was ringing violently. For the next few moments events marched swiftly. Starling, with incredible speed, had left the room by the inner door. A waiter had suddenly appeared as though by magic, and of the fourth place at table there seemed to be left no visible signs. All the time Sabatini, unmoved, continued to roll his cigarette. Then there came a tapping at the door.

"See who is there," Sabatini instructed the waiter.

Gustave, his napkin in his hand, threw open the door. A young man presented himself—a person of ordinary appearance, with a notebook sticking out of his pocket. His eyes seemed to take in at once the little party. He advanced a few steps into the room.

"You are perhaps not aware, sir," Sabatini said gently, "that this is a private apartment."

The young man bowed.

"I must apologize for my intrusion, sir and madam," he declared, looking toward Fenella. "I am a reporter on the staff of the Daily Unit and I am exceedingly anxious to interview—you will pardon me?"

With a sudden swift movement he crossed the room, passed into the inner apartment and disappeared. Sabatini rose to his feet.

"I propose," he said, "that we complain to the proprietor about this excitable young journalist and take our coffee in the palm court at the Carlton."

Fenella also rose and stepped in front of the looking-glass.

"It is good," she declared. "I stay with you for one-half hour. Afterward I have a bridge party. You will come with us, Mr. Chetwode?"

Arnold did not at once reply. He was gazing at the inner door. Every moment he expected to hear—what? It seemed to him that tragedy was there, the greatest tragedy of all—the hunting of man! Sabatini yawned.

"Those others," he declared, "must settle their own little differences. After all, it is not our affair."

XII

IT WAS fully half past three before Arnold found himself back in Tooley Street. He hung up his coat and hat and was preparing to enter Mr. Weatherley's room when the chief clerk saw him. Mr. Jarvis had been standing outside, superintending the unloading of several drayloads of bacon. He laid his hand upon Arnold's shoulder.

"One moment, Chetwode," he said. "I want to speak to you out here."

Arnold followed him to a retired part of the warehouse. Mr. Jarvis leaned against an old desk belonging to one of the porters.

"You are very late, Chetwode," he remarked.

"I am sorry, but I was detained," Arnold answered. "I will explain it to Mr. Weatherley directly I go in."

Mr. Jarvis coughed.

"Of course," he said, "as you went out with Mrs. Weatherley I suppose it's none of my business as to your hours, but you must know that to come back from lunch at half past three is most irregular, especially as you are practically junior in the place."

"I quite agree with you," Arnold assented, "but, you see, I really couldn't help myself today. I don't suppose it is likely to happen again. Is that all that you wanted to speak to me about?"

"Not altogether," Mr. Jarvis admitted. "To tell you the truth," he went on confidentially, "I wanted to ask you a question or two."

"Well, look sharp, then," Arnold said good-humoredly. "I dare say Mr. Weatherley will be getting impatient and he probably saw me come in."

"I want to ask you," Mr. Jarvis began impressively, "whether you noticed anything peculiar about the governor's manner this morning?"

"I don't think so—not specially," Arnold replied.

Mr. Jarvis took off his gold-rimmed spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"Mr. Weatherley," he proceeded, "has always been a gentleman of very regular habits—he and his father before him. I have been in the service of the firm for thirty-five years, Mr. Chetwode, so you can understand that my interest is not only a business one."

"Quite so," Arnold agreed, glancing at the man by his side with a momentary curiosity. He had been in Tooley Street for four months, and even now he was still unused to the close atmosphere, the pungent smells, the yellow fog that seemed always more or less to hang about in the streets; the dark, cavernous-looking warehouse with its gloomy gas-jets always burning. From where they were standing at that moment the figures of the draymen and warehousemen moving backward and forward seemed like phantoms in some subterranean world. It was odd to think of thirty-five years spent among such surroundings!

"It is a long time," he remarked.

Mr. Jarvis nodded.

(Continued on Page 40)

The Eyes of Every One Were Turned Toward the Wall

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The Yellow Peril

FOUR hundred and thirty-three millions is the latest estimate of the population of China. Whether these people, or any large proportion of them, are capable of making a real nation at this time and "adopting Western civilization" no one can yet pretend to say; but we rather hope not, for it might prove uncomfortable for the rest of the world.

If China were capable of exerting a national power in proportion to her population at all approximating that of an Occidental state or of Japan, and adopted Western civilization, she would, of course, at once begin to pillage and oppress every state that was weaker than herself—just as Western civilization has pillaged and bullied her ever since she has had any experience of it. Following Great Britain's civilized example in the Opium War, she would promptly dispatch a fleet, four and a half times as powerful as ours, to shoot up San Francisco and other Pacific Coast cities until we agreed to admit her coolies or any other product which she wished to force upon us. A local ordinance in Seattle that injured the hand-laundry business would be quite sufficient excuse for her to establish a protectorate over Washington, Oregon, and as much of the hinterland as she could profitably use. It was only a few years ago that Western civilization turned loose upon Peking a horde of looting vandals who destroyed whatever precious stuffs they did not choose to steal.

We should really shudder to see China adopt the methods Western civilization has taught her, provided her power to follow the example were in proportion to her numbers.

Purchasing Power of an Acre

ON THE face of the returns, and so far as existing records go, the year 1909 was highwater mark for agriculture in the United States. Taking our chief crops, the Department of Agriculture finds that the product of an average acre was then worth more than in any other of the forty-five years for which it has statistics—more than in 1896, the low mark, by nearly eight dollars and a half, or one hundred and seven per cent, and even a little more than during the inflated prices that followed the Civil War.

It was higher than in 1899 by more than seven dollars an acre, or nearly eighty per cent; and from that year onward the Department has also retail prices in many localities of a great list of articles that are commonly purchased by farmers. It thus deduces that the purchasing power of an acre increased fifty-four per cent in the decade—in other words that, with the product of an acre, a farmer could buy fifty-four per cent more of the things he commonly needs. Now 1899 was not a positively bad year for agriculture. Most farmers, no doubt, then purchased the things they really needed; and we might jump to the flattering conclusion that in 1909 the farmers had a net surplus equal to about half their total income.

Of course it never works that way. Net surplus tends always to vanish. The tables show those necessary or strictly useful articles that an average farmer might have bought in 1899 and again in 1909; but no possible tables can show what he did buy. The plain kitchen chair that cost seventy-two cents in 1899 could have been had for eighty-two cents in 1909; but, in fact, the farmer bought an upholstered chair at two-fifty. The yard of calico that cost five and a quarter cents in 1899 was not only bought at six and a half cents in 1909, but silk ribbon went with it. Otherwise, what would be the use of prosperity?

The Investing Public

WALL STREET complained of a poor year, but sales of bonds on the Stock Exchange were larger than in the year before by about two hundred million dollars; and returns to the Journal of Commerce from two hundred and thirty-four big railroad and industrial corporations show that their stock is now held by nine hundred and thirty thousand persons, the number of stockholders having increased during the year by more than sixty-four thousand.

The investing public continually grows in number and in monetary power. The corporations reporting to the Journal of Commerce have nearly eleven billion dollars of capital stock outstanding, about equally divided between ninety-one railroad companies and a hundred and forty-three industrial companies—the five and a quarter billion dollars of capital stock of the latter now being held by five hundred and thirty thousand persons. These industrial companies include, of course, the more conspicuous trusts; and, it is asked, Instead of fighting them, why don't the people own them by investing surplus capital in their shares?

The most obvious answer is that by owning them the people could not in the least control them. Over nine hundred thousand persons have contributed capital, by stock investment, to the big corporations above referred to, and many thousands more have contributed capital by investment in bonds; but probably the effective control of these corporations is in the hands of two or three hundred men—and it is possible, no doubt, to pick out a score of men who could exert a more powerful influence over their policy than nine hundred thousand relatively small and scattered stockholders could. The bigger the company and the more widely its stock is distributed the less possible is it for the body of stockholders to participate in control—the more they are bound to follow a few leaders. There is no power or agency in sight, except the National Government, that can participate effectively in control.

A Bit of Beef-Trust History

IN MAY, 1902, the Government sued for an injunction against the big Chicago packers, alleging that they agreed together as to bids for live animals and in disposing of their products, thereby suppressing competition and creating a "restraint of trade" under the Sherman Law. Such agreeing together was no doubt illegal, and Judge Grosscup so held it; but it was commonly held, under the decisions of the Supreme Court up to that time, that for these packers to consolidate their plants and businesses outright by turning them over to a New Jersey holding company was quite legal.

Accordingly, as evidence recently taken at Chicago shows, the packers and certain eminent financiers agreed upon a merger under the holding-company plan. The tangible assets of the concern would have been something under three hundred million dollars, for which bonds and preferred stock were to be issued. Also, the holding company was to issue something over six hundred million dollars of common stock, representing goodwill—or water. The promoters were to get ten million dollars for financing the combine, and no doubt there would have been vast speculation and manipulation of the watered stock, as in the case of the Steel Trust.

The country was saved from this stroke of high finance only by exigencies of the money market; but if the deal had been carried through we could have thanked the Sherman Law for that six hundred millions of "goodwill" common stock, because it was that law which forced a resort to the holding-company scheme.

Insurance in Great Britain

ONLY twenty-one votes were recorded in the House of Commons against the National Compulsory Insurance Bill, under which some nine million men and four million women will receive medical attendance and a money allowance during illness, a life pension upon becoming permanently disabled, and in some cases a money allowance during unemployment.

There was very little opposition to this insurance bill; and The Statist, a recognized authority upon life-insurance, presents a novel argument in its favor. Life-insurance, The Statist shows, has made big advances in Great Britain of late. Thus, in twenty years the number of policies in "ordinary" life companies has increased from less than a million to more than three millions. At the same time the number of policies in "industrial" companies—insuring mostly small-salaried people and wage-earners—has increased from less than ten millions to more than thirty-three millions and the amount of insurance in force from ninety million pounds to over three hundred and thirty millions. This shows, The Statist thinks, not only that nearly all classes of the British public are in receipt of larger incomes, so that a far greater proportion now has some surplus over actual necessaries of life, but also that all classes, especially wage-earners, are more inclined than formerly to make provision for the future when their means permit. The national insurance bill will lighten the dread of poverty through sickness and unemployment that many wage-earners now feel. Its effect will be much the same as assuring greater permanence of employment and steadier income; so more wage-earners than ever will take something from the weekly pay envelope for insurance other than that provided by the national bill.

Certainly the whole bread-winning population of every country ought to be insured.

Our Old Friend, Cost of Living

THE new year begins with prices substantially at the top notch, and if the supply of gold is to be the governing factor there is no sign of any important decline. The African mines have again, as usual, broken the record, but more decisively than in any recent year. In 1909 the output increased something over three per cent, and in 1910 in about the same proportion; but in 1911 the increase was nearly ten per cent—so that the Transvaal alone last year yielded almost as much gold as was produced in the whole world in 1894. As for the world, its yearly output is over four times what it was in 1888. The year just closed was by no means a boom period. In some lines business was rather dull and there was much talk of reaction and depression; but from spring onward prices generally tended to advance. Notwithstanding a big drop in cotton, the Department of Agriculture's index number for the prices of leading farm products advanced about fifteen per cent. Apparently, if a dollar goes any farther in the present year of grace than in any recent year, it will do so only because its possessor stretches it harder.

Pensions for Government Clerks

WITH great alacrity, the House passed a military pension bill which was accompanied by a report from the Interior Department that its provisions, if applied to the number of pensioners on the roll June 30, 1910, would increase pension expenditure by seventy-five million dollars. Whatever the merits of this measure may be, they certainly do not include increased efficiency and economy.

The case of civil pensions stands, in this respect, in complete contrast. One department head and bureau chief after another have urged a retiring allowance for Government clerks strictly on the ground that it would promote economy. It has been shown repeatedly that every—or nearly every—department contains clerks who have passed their efficient years—men of sixty-five and upward. The Government retains these old men simply because it hasn't the heart to turn them into the street—for which, certainly, we are thankful. Secretary MacVeagh repeats that a system of contributory retirement pensions may be set up that will cost the Government very little in actual money and will decidedly increase the efficiency of the clerical force.

The military pensions are partly a matter of sentiment. Civil pensions are strictly a matter of business. It is not altogether creditable to Congress that sentiment should get all the attention and business none.

Illogical Eloquence

ONE of the most eloquent appeals that has ever reached us comes from a devoted antivivisectionist. It is couched in such noble language and contains so many beautiful sentiments that upon reading it we immediately felt ourselves to be a little brother to the dog and the cat—a quite unworthy little brother too: one of the sort that privately eats the best apples in the basket before divvying up, and then lies about it.

Upon reflection, it set us to wondering what would be the effect if a carefully selected assortment of reptiles were suddenly liberated in an antivivisection convention. Would there be noble reminders of our duty to love all divinely created things?—or wild shrieks for a club?

The whole strength of the antivivisection movement lies in the picture of a beautiful dog, bandaged, upon which scientists are about to perform an experiment. If the picture showed the anæsthetic that makes the dog insensible to pain it would lose two-thirds of its appeal, and the movement would be correspondingly crippled. If it showed him frothing with rabies pity would change to abhorrence—except as the Pasteur treatment, made possible only by vivisection, has diminished our terror of mad dogs. If it showed an ugly animal—a bat, say, or a toad—nobody would care in the least what became of it. Many times more stray dogs and cats are killed in the city of New York alone than are used in all animal experiments; but they are presumably ill-conditioned, mangy brutes, and we never heard of a tear being shed over them.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Meditations of Marcus

ONE morning the original Marcus Aurelius, having had a good breakfast, lighted a Flor de Catacumba cigar and walked out on the terraces of the imperial palace to do a little meditating. Marc, as is well known, was full of meditations when he wasn't full of choice Falernian; and, though he was a Roman, did his classiest meditating in Greek, just to show some of the hammer-throwers round the place that he had an education, and with the end in view of putting his thoughts into a book and making it a best seller—which was a cinch, when you come to figure on it, for the Greeks might buy it and the Romans would have to or it would be the galleys for theirs.

The emperor was feeling very fit. Things were coming his way. His campaign for renomination was going along smoothly and there were no disquieting rumors that the T. R. of the period had it in mind to be a candidate against him. Naturally his meditations took on a pleasant turn and, instead of reflecting on death as was his wont in many instances, he qualified for membership in the S. P. Q. R. Optimist and Marching Club. As he stood on the terrace and listened to the haunting melodies that came floating out on the soft Italian air from the atrium, where the Royal Hungarian Orchestra was playing, he meditated as follows: "This is pretty soft. Marc, old scout, they are coming in carriages for you. The ways of the gods are full of providence."

Commentators differ about the first part of that meditation, holding, in some instances, that the text is corrupt; but the last part of it stuck, being vouched for by that well-known disseminator of the classics, H. Altemus, and appearing in all editions of the Meditations put out by him. "The ways of the gods are full of providence." And, strangely enough, not so long ago another Marcus Aurelius, walking out of the club at Tucson, Arizona, looked off toward the Old Mission and meditated along similar lines. There, in the brilliance of a Tucson night, Marcus Aurelius Smith, removing a broad-brimmed hat, took a twist at his handsome mustachios and murmured: "The ways of the gods are full of providence."

Which, dear brethren, is the charming fact, so far as Marcus Aurelius Smith is concerned—not, of course, that the gods had anything to do with the particular circumstance that evoked the murmurous thanksgiving from Marcus Aurelius Smith, but that in a broad, general sense the term may be used as applying to the free and untrammeled voters of Arizona, the same being a new star in the flag—an imperial commonwealth, a little stranger in the glorious galaxy of states—and Marcus Aurelius Smith having been chosen as United States Senator therefrom.

United States Senator! Think that over for a moment in view of the years and years when Marcus Aurelius was merely a delegate in the House of Representatives from Arizona, a territory—a delegate—an imitation legislator, who could talk until he was black in the face and introduce bills; but who, when it came to the real excuse for being in the House—the voting—had to sit silent as the roll was called. A voice without a vote—a pipe without tobacco—a thirst without a drink—a cause without a result—an automobile without gasoline!

The Essence of Arizona

AND now, at one jump, Marcus Aurelius has landed in the Senate, where he can vote without let or hindrance; has achieved the upper house without stopping to be a Representative; has leaped from neuter to nectar, from trammel to toga—a Senator! "The ways of the gods are full of providence"—and that goes double for Arizona—and Mark.

Many persons have observed territorial delegates in the House of Representatives sitting round on the edges, having none but vocal functions—excess baggage in the legislative halls—and wondered why. To what end should a man persist in coming to Congress from a territory when his coming meant nothing to anybody save the salary for himself and an occasional chance, by courtesy, to make a speech? He has no functions. He is an added member of committees, always at the bottom, and merely a noise at committee meetings if so be he chooses to be noisy. To be sure, he can help some in getting legislation for his territory if he is popular, but it is all by personal solicitation and not by any power of voting that he may have.

To what end, did I ask? Well, in the case of Marcus Aurelius Smith, aforesaid, it has been to the end just attained—the United States Senate, to be exact; and maybe Mark didn't know what he had in mind! Maybe he didn't—and then again maybe he did! The dids have it. He did! Arriving in Washington as a territorial delegate, with a voice and no vote, Marcus Aurelius didn't bore anybody with his voice. He just moved round and watched developments.

A Voice Without a Vote Has Compensations

He first came to the Fiftieth Congress, a soft-spoken, genial, pleasant man, who soon developed as a good story-teller, a likable companion and a citizen of parts. He was modest and unassuming and effective. Even in those days there was a demand that Arizona should be a state. Mark fostered that demand. In season and out of season he worked for statehood. Occasionally when the matter was up he made a speech about it and showed how valid the demand of his territory was; but mostly he circulated and talked and maneuvered and planned and tried to get statehood over. It was a long job and a tiresome; but Mark stuck to it.

He came back to the Fifty-first, the Fifty-second and the Fifty-third Congress, dropped out of the Fifty-fourth, got to the Fifty-fifth, dropped out again for the Fifty-sixth, was there in the Fifty-seventh, couldn't make it for the Fifty-eighth, but did get to the Fifty-ninth and Sixtieth. They beat him for the Sixty-first or he didn't run—I forget which. Anyhow, all these years every time there was any talk, however desultory, about statehood for Arizona, Mark Smith was on the job. He was there, and urged his claims and the claims of his people. On several occasions it looked good—but at the last moment something happened. Mark took a few twists at his mustachios and began all over again. Though it may be he didn't have much to do with the enabling act, as it was passed finally, it is undeniably true that his work during all these years laid a good share of the foundations for the statehood Arizona now has.

Nor did Marcus Aurelius lose sight of the fact that when a state is made two Senators are made also, or can be made. He had an eye on that toga from the beginning. Politics in a territory is as various as elsewhere—and mostly more so. He had to fight for everything he acquired personally; and some of the fights were bitter ones. Still, the fighting part of it didn't bother him much, for he comes of a line of sturdy Kentucky folks; nor did he let any grass grow under his feet—if grass does grow in Arizona—let any cacti grow under his feet—that's better—for he hadn't moved from Kentucky more than a year when he went out for the office of prosecuting attorney for his district and was elected. He has been active in Arizona politics ever since—and that was away back in 1882.

As the original Marcus Aurelius meditated on an occasion when he was meditating in good form: "That which comes after ever conforms to that which has gone before." What went before for Mark Smith was sixteen years of consistent, intelligent service for his people as territorial delegate. He is experienced in legislative ways, knows the mechanics of Congress, is popular and an able citizen. Also he will be a notable addition to the Democratic Story-Tellers' Club; but he will not devote so much time to that end of the game that he will not get all that is coming to him as representative of the new state in the Greatest Deliberative Body in the World. Three cheers!

Reverting to the Great Meditator, he once handed out this advice: "Look to the essence of things." They gave that to our present Marcus Aurelius when he was a boy in Kentucky. For sixteen years and more he looked carefully to the essence of things—which was a Senatorship from Arizona. He never forgot the essence for a minute. All of which goes to show that being a voice without a vote has compensations—especially if one can spare the time.

Not Enough Naughts

GRAND CENTRAL PETE was a noted bunco-steerer of the old days, but he could neither read nor write. Once he fell upon hard times, and he and a younger but equally luckless confidence man undertook to beat their way on a freight train to Washington. A brakeman kicked them off at Trenton.

It was getting late and neither of them had a cent. Across the tracks from where they had landed was a good-looking hotel and right next door was an express office. Grand Central Pete had an idea. He went into the express office, borrowed one of the large manila envelopes such as are used for transporting currency, filled the envelope with pieces of newspaper cut to the size of banknotes and sealed it carefully.

"Now, then," he said to his partner, "you take your fountain pen and write on the back of that envelope $9000. Then we'll go over to that hotel and explain that we've lost our baggage, and I'll hand this envelope to the clerk and ask him to lock it in the safe. He'll look at the figures on the back—and he'll take us for moneyed guys and give us rooms and grub until we can raise a stake."

The scheme sounded good to the younger man. He got out his pen and obeyed orders. Grand Central Pete took the envelope back in his hands and examined it carefully.

"Does that say nine thousand dollars?" he demanded.

"Yep," said his partner.

"Well, it don't look big enough to me," said Pete. "You'd better add on some more of them naughts."

The younger con man protested, but Pete would have his way and kept after him until the educated one had tacked on three more naughts, making the grand total $9,000,000.

Then Pete marched grandly over to the hotel, registered for himself and his friend, passed the stuffed envelope across the desk to the clerk and called for the bridal suite.

The clerk took one look at the envelope, another look at the soiled faces and shabby apparel of the newcomers—and rang the bell for the house bouncer. A minute later the discomfited pair were sitting on the sidewalk.

Grand Central Pete raised himself painfully and eyed his companion with a scornful, angry glance.

"There now—dad-gum you!" he shouted; "I told you you hadn't wrote enough of them naughts!"

A New Route

"YES, gentlemen," shouted an orator at a recent convention in New Orleans, "this Panama Canal will be a great thing for New Orleans—a grand thing! It will increase our business and our facilities for doing business. It will make trade easier for us. Why, gentlemen of the convention, it will enable us to get our manufactures and produce to Brazil without going round the Horn!"

Conducting a Collection

THE Reverend Allen Fort, pastor of the Baptist Tabernacle in Chattanooga, asked J. B. Capeheart, a railroad conductor, to take up the collection one day. It was Mr. Capeheart's first experience as a taker of collections in church.

He started down the center aisle. There were several children in the first pew and each put in a penny. The people in the next pew also contributed something each. A big, glum fellow sat alone in the third pew. Capeheart passed him the plate. The man shook his head and stuck his hands deep in his pocket.

Capeheart stopped, put up his hand as if to jerk the bell-cord and said: "Well, you'll have to get off."

"She knows how!
That's the secret."

AND not such a deep secret either.

Often when you hear this simple explanation given for the success of some unusually clever hostess, you'd be surprised to learn how much of this "knowing how" lies in the judicious use of

Campbells' SOUPS

She knows just which of our inviting "21 kinds" will make the happiest introduction to any particular dinner or luncheon or supper; so that she provides an appetizing course to begin with. And she knows it will be ready on the minute, and *just right*.

Try these satisfying soups and see how helpful they will be in *your* social affairs. Why not try one *today*?

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken Gumbo
Okra
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli Tomato

Look for the red-and-white label

"A hurry call has sounded
In my little tummy tum.
And with ecstasy unbounded
For my *Campbell's Soup* I come"

An Old Woman and a New One in the Old World

(Continued from Page 18

alarmed. She arose and moved briskly from one bell to another, ringing up all the servants in the house. If you have never tried it it is a thrilling experience to listen for fifteen minutes to an animated monologue addressed to you and in a foreign tongue. I sympathized with her, but I went on doing my duty as a well-trained social being, scarcely drawing breath as I passed from Joseph the Second to two or three lines I recalled from Wordsworth's Ode to Immortality. The countess was on the verge of hysterics and Peggy had begun to titter. Fortunately the interpreter arrived at this moment.

I subsided into silence and left my niece to ask for what she wanted to know. But my lady continually referred to me with her eyes, as one watches a homely old pot that is apt to boil over.

And I cannot think Peggy was sufficiently explicit, for the countess never understood the kind of little suffragist serpent she was nursing in her noble bosom. On the contrary, she ordered her carriage and took us for a drive to see her good works. She showed us her workingmen's bazaar, where through donations she has accumulated about twenty carloads of every imaginable thing, from household furniture to shoes for club-footed children. During the past year the work of repairing this stuff and rendering it salable has kept enough people employed to support twenty-seven families. The things are sold to the poor at nominal prices, merely enough to pay for the repairing. In addition to this, the countess had rescued from the streets of Madrid four hundred and fifty girls, whom she has distributed in the twenty-eight convents in the Order of Adoratrice. We saw a hundred and fifty of them in the convent at Madrid, all working over embroidery frames. Here they have good food, clean beds. They spend several hours at prayer every day, but they may go to the little theater in the evenings which is a part of the convent and in which morality plays are given by the girls themselves.

The Ideal State for Women

Spain is a far more expensive country to live in than France or Germany. Some idea of the condition of women who cannot work will be understood when you consider that house servants receive from fifteen to twenty pesetas a month—that is, less than three or four dollars. Few women work in the shops, where the wages there are scarcely more. None of the professions is open to women. And it is only recently that they have been employed in telegraph offices and as stenographers. In this kind of work they rarely receive more than seventy-five pesetas a month.

There is no law in Spain corresponding to the married women's property act in other countries. The husband has the same rights over his wife that he has over his children. He can punish her if he chooses, and strange tales are told about instances of this kind even in the best social circles. A woman has no right to her children unless they are illegitimate. She cannot testify as a witness in the courts. She is classed with children and idiots and minors. The men have recognized the "danger" of feminism, and they are deliberately taking every precaution to prevent the spread of this pernicious body of ideas in Spain. Their success may be inferred from the fact that the women are furiously antagonistic to the suffrage movement in all its forms. They are like those slaves in the South before the war who petitioned the Government not to cast them out into freedom. They are absolutely dominated by their masters, the men. And this is really the ideal state for women. I say it and stick to it! If the men knew how to or were disposed to take proper care of them, as many Southerners before the war did of their slaves. But no one intelligent person can live in Spain a day without realizing that the women are not properly cared for, not properly loved or cherished even when they are magnificently provided for with every luxury that wealth affords. Yet the only suffragist we found there was a retired officer of the army, a dingy old man who confided to Peggy, naïvely wagging his gray head, that his friends thought he was a bit "touched" because he believed in more freedom and better laws for women.

As for me, I do not think Spain is any more benighted than some parts of the United States. In Tennessee I have seen the second wife and her children live in luxury upon the first wife's estate, while the first wife's children suffered privation. I have known a rich woman to marry a worthless man without a penny, who turned her out of her own house and continued to live in it on her income, while she depended upon the charity of friends for support. And this was all legally done according to the laws of that state. While we are looking at the condition of women abroad we may as well look round at home some. No history of the women of any nation has ever been written. When that of American women is published—if it ever is—we shall hear less than we do now about her dominating ways and arrogant abuse of rights and privileges. Ah me! I actually tremble when I think what will happen in the world if the women actually do take a notion to tell all they know, and especially what they have suffered from the tooting gallantry of men. They will have a frightful advantage if they ever do begin it, because men can never tell what they have suffered from women without doing some violence to the reticence and courage of their manhood. It is written for every man: "Thou shalt not complain or tell on thy woman, however mean and abominable she has been to thee!"

The Gossip of the People

I do not know what is going to happen to us. The immediate future for women seems angry and dark, full of fury and accusations against the very beings we love most. What I wish is that in our country at least the men who govern would get together in this matter before it is too late, revise our laws and make others for the better protection of women, and stop this suffrage movement before it really takes deep hold upon the minds of American women. It may be the right thing, the lifted wing of our next evolution in the scale of things—this franchise of women—but to me it seems terrible in its dangers and responsibilities. I reckon this is because I am old and have lost the courage of the young present.

So far I have confined myself to general impressions of Spanish life and to the conditions of those poor little vowels of humanity—Spanish women. But this account of our visit in Spain would be incomplete without some attempt to describe another experience we had there. However much of a stranger you are in a strange country, you may always know what circle of society you have got into by the quality of conversation current. If it is very poor the topics most discussed are the daily needs of the people and their daily crimes. The poor always have bloody imaginations. They are always interested in murders and violent deaths. And out of their great necessity comes much talk about the cost of living. But if the conversation is ugly gossip about the immorality of men and women, you may know that you are in the back-door circles of the better class, garbage conversationalists who batten eagerly upon the faults of those above them. If the talk is always of pleasures, indulgence, if everybody is planning his own comfort, you will understand at once that you are among the idle, selfish, anemic rich. If the subjects most discussed are impersonal, matters of art and science, music and literature, you will understand that you have the dubious good fortune of being in the best, truly refined circle of society. I say dubious because, after all, mere talk about these things does not indicate the existence there of the people who actually accomplish them. I have observed everywhere that those who achieve do not belong to any circle of society. They are silent forces, dumb, foolish, embarrassed-looking "lions" at dinners, men and women who have acquired some stronger instrument of expression than the merely garrulous human tongue. But over and above these distinctions there is in every nation some subject of conversation more or less common to all classes and circles of society. In England you are bound to hear more or less about cricket and politics at five o'clock tea-parties. In Germany there is always dinner-time talk of music and the opera, with a little beery spice of pessimism about life in general thrown in. In France it is the latest scandal or witticism and aviation. In Spain everywhere we heard of the lottery and of the bullfight, just as in America one hears of graft and baseball. In the streets of Madrid there is not a beggar so poor that he cannot afford to buy at least one ticket a month in the lottery. There is not a child old enough to speak who cannot tell you about the last bullfight he saw.

The popular heroes there are not warriors or statesmen, but the favorite toreadors, just as in our country the boys no longer idealize George Washington, but the best pitcher in the baseball leagues.

Safe in the Gallery

Peggy, of course, being young and ardent, was more interested in the tales of the bullring than I was. She urged over and again that we should go to see the next bullfight, which was to be on Friday before we left. I demurred. I have always been afraid of cows, to say nothing of bulls. She overcame this objection with the assurance that we should have seats in the gallery fifty feet above the ring, entirely out of reach of the most ferocious bull. But my circulation is not good. When I get excited my feet swell and I should have to take off my shoes even if we were at the grand opera. In vain I held this out as a threat, and I consented at last to accompany Peggy to the bullfight.

We had good seats in the gallery—too good. Beneath us was tier after tier of stone benches, then the space between the seats and the ring, which was a circle about two hundred yards across and inclosed by a stout stockade a little higher than a man's waist. I have seen many a spotted Georgia yearling that could jump it without lifting his tail. My comfort was that cows cannot climb a staircase like this one below us formed by the tiers of stone seats. We were immediately under the royal box, which was in the next gallery. One of the arguments Peggy had used to get me to attend this fight was the fact that the long ribbon streamers, with which the bulls are decorated, are often made by the queen and the various *infantas* of Spain. It was inconceivable that women, royal women, the leaders of life and sentiment in the best society of the nation, would countenance an absolutely revolting and barbarous performance.

Scenes at the Bull Fight

It was a cloudless afternoon. We took our seats amid the fourteen thousand other spectators, including several members of the royal family in the box above. The stockade was informally and brilliantly decorated with the cloaks of the toreadors, red, blue, purple, pink, orange-colored, all gleaming in the afternoon sun like rainbow rays hanging upon the sides of the ring. There were many women to be seen besides the Spanish, who were distinguished by their white and black mantillas. Most of the others, I think, were English and Americans. I did not meet in Spain a single person of another nationality—man or woman—who was not fierce in his condemnation of bullfighting, but who, when pressed, did not admit that he had attended more than one fight if he had been there long enough to get to a second one.

Presently the sunny silence was rent on all sides by continued calls for "The bull! The bull!"

A gate was thrown open and two gayly uniformed horsemen galloped into the ring, crossed it, stood under the president's box and asked for the keys of the city. They immediately disappeared. Another gate was flung open and six toreadors streamed into the ring. They were dressed in tights of as many colors as were represented in the capes already hanging on the sides of the stockade, and very handsomely embroidered in gold and silver. After these came four picadors mounted upon horses. I was disappointed in the horses, poor old worn-out hacks with sprung knee joints, no more capable of speed than blind mules. In fact, there was a bandage over one eye of each horse, the one on the side that was to be next to the charging bull, as we afterward learned to our unutterable horror. Each picador carried a long spear, and lumbered round the ring upon his ludicrous

steed amid the joyful exclamations of the crowd. Meanwhile the toreadors that were on foot had withdrawn to safety behind narrow wooden barriers placed inside the stockade for this purpose. At this moment a bugle sounded from the president's box. A gate was flung open and an immense black bull rushed into the ring, bellowing and sweeping his long horns from side to side—horns that had been sharpened at the ends for a purpose that we should presently understand. The streamers from between his shoulders fluttered wildly. A little girl in the seat next to me, who had been telling her English governess of how she had been entertained the previous Sunday watching the slaughter of lambs at some shambles she had visited in the country, paused in the midst of her story to watch the bull—eager-eyed, delighted at what was to come. A boy not more than four years old began to cry because there was no blood. His father began to comfort him with the promise that there would be a plenty! This was the first intimation we had of what was really to come.

The Last Stand of the Bull

The bull, blinded by the fierce light in the ring, saw nothing at first. It merely charged madly round and round. Each time the picadors turned the blind sides of their horses to him and awaited. It was not in the plan of the sport that these poor beasts should have the slimmest chance of escape. Presently the enraged animal paused, became aware for the first time that he had enemies in the ring nearer than those he had seen vaguely in the seats beyond. He singled out an old gray horse fifty yards away and started with lowered head, bellowing as he came.

"Peggy!" I screamed, "my feet are swelling! If that cow gets that horse I'll have to take off ——"

I never finished the sentence. That instant the old gray rolled over, his side ripped from flank to shoulderblade. While the gray was receiving this wound the picador was thrusting his spear into the neck of the bull. There was the wildest excitement among the spectators, yells of frenzied delight as the infuriated beast charged from one horse to another, each time doing fatal work with his sharpened horns, each time receiving into his own flesh the terrible spear of the picador.

Again the bugle sounded, the toreadors turned from their hiding-places and began to play the bull with their capes. The old gray mercifully lay dead. A picador led through the gate another horse that was dragging his entrails in the sand. The other two, still ridden, limped after with wounds that gaped in their sides. The shoulders of the bull were covered with blood.

I looked round and at first did not see Peggy. She had slipped down and hidden her face in the folds of my skirt. And she did not lift it again until the bull was dragged dead from the ring. No such merciful courage to turn my head away was possible to me. I was fascinated. I could not keep from staring at the hideous drama below. There is nothing so tyrannical in its hold upon attention as horror, once you are dominated by it. I saw two men in red tights, as slim and active as if they had wings, with *banderillas* as poised and malevolent as inspired devils, stand before that maddened creature and invite him to charge. When he did each in succession seemed literally to leap over the bull's lowered head and thrust the things into his neck. There was an instant explosion.

Peggy Gets Enough

Red blazes shot out over him and fire streamed down with the blood upon his shoulders. No word can describe the insanity of his rage and terror that followed. The bugle sounded again. A slim youth in lavender tights embroidered in silver vaulted over the stockade. He carried a red flag in one hand and a sword in the other. For the next ten minutes the crowd was as silent as if it held its breath. This lad was to "square" the bull and kill it with one thrust between the shoulders.

If he made a mistake, failed to thrust in the vital spot, he would be shamed and disgraced, also he might lose his life—not that that mattered to the spectators, except that it would bungle the science of this brilliantly scientific sport.

The bull charged and turned and charged again. The boy moved like a marionette, always keeping the red flag a little to one side, waiting for the moment before each charge when the bull would stand squarely in front of him with lowered head. Suddenly the instant arrived. The boy rose fully six feet in the air, the sword gleamed and disappeared. Only the hilt of it was visible now between the bloody shoulders. The bull stood perfectly still. In the twinkling of an eye his nature was changed, gone from him. He looked mildly from one of his tormentors to the other, disregarding the bondage of the red and purple cloaks flaunted before him. He saw them—the men who had tortured him—clearly for the first time. His air was so gentle it was as if he said:

"Gentlemen, there is some mistake. I do not understand what has happened. I am tired. The grass is green here. Excuse me."

He knelt slowly, with that singular, deliberate dignity which belongs to all great animals.

The bugle sounded. The gate was thrown open. Two mules that had had their tails cut off and red and yellow pompons fastened to the stumps trotted in, backed up gayly to the fallen form of the only hero I saw in Spain. A chain was buckled round the base of the dead bull's horns and the mules trotted out, dragging the immense body.

"Peggy," I whispered, "it is over. Let us get out of here quick before the next one comes in!"

We hurried out, Peggy white and so limp she could scarcely stand. At the door of the gallery the ticket man smiled.

"Your first time, I reckon. A heap of folks can't stand it the first time. But, ha! ha! they always come back again. It's great sport! I'm an ——" His voice followed us indistinctly as we clattered down the stairs.

Outside all was peaceful and still, as if this part of the great city had suddenly moved far out into the country. There was not a human being to be seen. They were all inside. There were still five more bulls to fight and kill.

An hour later, when we had reached our *pension* and I had put my niece to bed with a hot-water bottle at her feet and had given her a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia, I said this:

"Peggy, the next time you want to go to a bullfight take some one else, for you'll never take me; not if the Infanta Isabella offered me a seat beside her in the royal box!"

She looked at me meekly and said nothing. And that was the last reference to a bullfight between us.

The Love of the Horrible

What I have written here is not elegant. The theme does not lend itself to nice literary treatment. But I have told the truth. And my readers will not have any nice literary magazine excuse of ignorance if they are ever tempted to go to a Spanish bullfight.

What I wish I knew is this: Does the national mind of a people, as it grows old and callous, rot into a degraded sort of appetite for what is bestial and cruel? Do we come at last to crave horror as a motive in any drama of life? In this connection I recall a circumstance connected with Strauss' opera, Salome. Some years ago, when it was put on at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the people revolted at the monstrous meaning. Even in New York, where so much of life is neurotic and diseased, they could not bear the motive of the thing, which was horror. It was taken off after the third performance. But the next season it was put on and had a rather successful run. In a year the sensibilities of the audience had decayed that much.

How would a Spanish audience, the same people who rejoice in a bullfight, receive an opera like Salome? They are said to be rather squeamish about what goes on the stage in Spain. Is bullfighting merely an illustration of the universal cruelty of the Latin people everywhere in their relation to the lower animals?

It is hard to say. But, for one, I am not sure that it is not healthier morally and mentally to witness a bullfight than to see some of the febrilely refined and decadent plays that are so popular in some American cities.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth in a series of articles by Corra Harris. The seventh will appear in an early issue.

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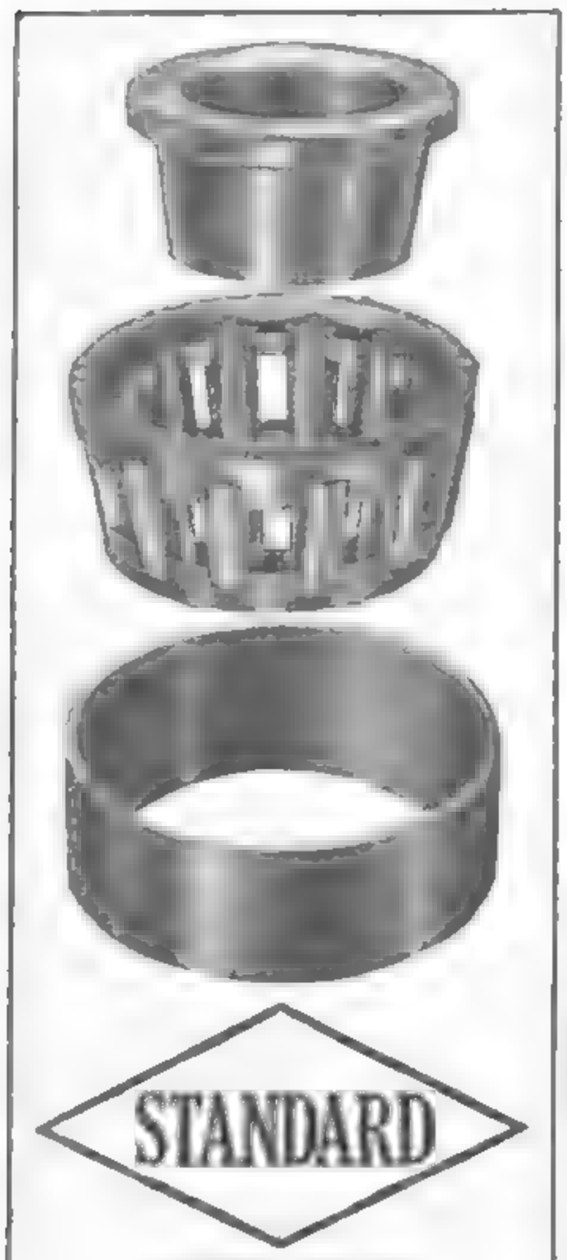

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BOOK-RAISIN'

By Blanche Goodman

"DIS heah presen' gingeration," said Viney as she sprinkled down the clothes preparatory to ironing and tightly wadded each piece before placing it in the basket, "lays too much sto' by books."

"Folks says," observed Uncle Peter, "dat hit's books what mek de young people smahter'n de ol' uns nowdays."

"Folks!" sniffed Viney scornfully. "What folks says dat? De young uns deyself says hit, dat's who. But you an' me knows better. De things what 'mounts to some-p'n am always heah to be learnt, ef dey is put down in books er not; an' de things what don' 'mount to shucks dries up an' blows 'way, jes' lak all no 'count things does ef you goes on an' lets 'em alone. I had a exspe'unce oncet where I run plumb up against dat book-learnin' business, an' you can be de jedge of who come out on top.

"I was out in de yahd one day hangin' out clothes when Miss Fanny sent word fo' me to come on up to de house right dat minute an he'p her git ready to go 'way, 'cause she'd jes' got bad news fum Miss May an' she was gwine to take de train dat ve'y aft'noon an' go to her.

"I run as fas' as my laigs could tote me, an' when I come on up to de house I foun' Miss Fanny dat tore up an' worritted dat I couldn't sca'cely do nothin' wid her. She tol' me dat a telegraph had come sayin' Miss May had a pensights an' have to have hit tuck out ef she want to live. Dat's whut Miss Fanny tol' me 'tween cryin' an' wringin' her han's. Fum de soun' of hit I knowed dat whut Miss May had mus' 'a' been somep'n awful, an' I helped Miss Fanny to git ready as fas' as I could.

"'Viney,' say Miss Fanny as I went on out to de ca'ige wid her an' de Cunnel to tell her goodby, 'I reckon Miss May'll be ca'ied to de infernery, an' Ise a-gwine to sen' de white nuss she's got ovah heah wid de baby, 'cause hit'll be better fo' hit to be heah twel she am all right again; an' I'll pen' on you to ovahsee things even ef de nuss am a fus'-class one.'

"Dat was on a Choosday, an' on Thu's-day Cunnel Slocum got word to meet de nuss an' baby at de depot. Isom hitch up de ca'ige an' me an' him an' de Cunnel went on down to wait twel de train come in. Pretty soon here hit come a-rumblin' an' puffin' in, an' when hit slowed up an' stopped a white lady carryin' a baby in huh ahms steps off.

"We all got in de ca'ige, an' den I tuck a good look at de baby. Laws, Uncle Peter, I don' know when I has evah seed such a puny lookin' chil'—nothin' but skin an' gristle—an' fo' de life er me I couldn't he'p sayin': 'How come de baby so po' an' spin'ling?' I don' think de Cunnel notice how bad dat li'l thing look, he was so chuck full er bein' a gran'pa, er else he didn' want to let on.

"'De baby am puffeckly well,' say de train nuss. 'He am not perzackly what you calls fat, but he am healthy, 'cause we's a-raisin' him cordin' to de rules laid down in Doctor Bolter's book an' he's a-gwine to be de fines' baby in de lan'.'

"I says to myse'f: 'Ef he's a-gwine to he better hurry up an' git on de road, fo' he's a fur ways frum hit.' Den I says out loud: 'S'posen you lets me hol' him in my ahms a while so dat you can res'.' I was jes' achin' to fol' dat li'l lamb up to me. At dat de nuss open her eyes wide at me an' 'spon's: 'Thanky, Viney, but 'cordin' to de book hit's bad fo' de baby to be helt by so many dif'ent people so I'll jes' keep him.' Well, ef dat didn' beat my time! I ain't open my mouf after dat, an' I jes' set an' listen to de Cunnel axin' questions 'bout Miss May an' how she was gittin' on, while we rid on up to de house. Dat mawnin' I had gone on up to de garret an' brung down a cradle what was up dere—de ve'y one dat Miss May herse'f had been rocked in—an' had put hit in de room where de nuss an' de baby was to be. De minute we come in de room an' her eyes lit on hit she say: 'Am dat fo' de baby?' 'Yes'm,' says I, awful proud, 'dat's de one dat de baby's own ma slep' in.' An' den what you reckon dat nuss say, Uncle Peter?" The old man shook his head as he gazed at Viney with a blank expression.

"She tol' me," said Viney slowly, watching the effect of her words on Uncle Peter, "dat de rules er de book was dead agin cradles! Yes, dat's what she said! Den she went on to 'splain dat de rockin' did somep'n er other to de baby's diges'ment an' addled up some sort er gray stuff what am in de brames, an' a lot mo' fool talk 'bout things what no one evah hearn tell of outside er de man what writ de book, an' he nevah was no ma hisse'f, so how could he tell?

"Well, I seen den an' dere dat one of two things was gwine to happen—dey was gwine to be a set-to, er else I'd have to jes' nachully let her walk all ovah me an' not say nothin'. As I knows better'n to be unmannerable to white folks I stepped back an' give her de middle er de road.

"Of all de nonsense dat evah I hearn tell of dat baby was put thoo de wussest. You mus'n't pat him on de back when he have de colic 'cause hit jars de spine. You mus'n't 'low no one to kiss him 'cause dey am li'l wiggly things on folks dat you cain't see wid de neckid eye, what am li'ble to drap off on de baby an' give him all kinds er 'zeases. I ax de nuss: 'How come ef folks has got dem things on 'em dat dey ain't got de 'zeases you say dey gives to de baby?' but she couldn' 'splain hit to me un'erstandably, an' I don' b'lieve she knowed herse'f. You mus'n't talk much in front er de baby, 'cause dat gits hits mind to wukkin' befo' de time sot fo' hit to wuk an' de book am strong agin dat. I cain't 'member all de things dat nuss did tell me, but no matter what she say, I always tol' her 'Yes'm,' 'cause I knowed hit was de bes' way to ac'.

"De baby wan't pickin' up a bit, an' dem book doin's was hahmin' him. Anybody wid a half-eye could see hit. Babies has got to have some love, an' dis un didn' have nothin' but rules to live off'n. One aft'-noon when de nuss had gone out to take her airin' I went on up to de room where de baby was layin' an' frettin' sof' lak to hisse'f, jes' wantin' to be tuck up in some one's ahms. 'You po' li'l angel,' says I, 'I don' keer ef a hun'erd books an' forty-nine train nusses say hit's agin de rules, I'm a-gwine to rock you to sleep.' Wid dat I tuck him out'n de bed, an' settin' down in a rockin' cheer I commence goin' back an' fo'th an' singin', jes' lak I use to sing to my own chillen an' Miss Fanny's. I ain't got no fu'ther ways long dan,

Blow, Ga'b'el, blow, an' call yo' chillen home,

when de baby open his eyes at me wid de queerest look, lak as ef he was pleased but didn' know what to mek of hit. Den he closed 'em agin an' put his li'l haid on my bosom, much as to say: 'Go on wid it. Dat's what I has been missin' all dis time.' I went cl'ar to de back er my haid fo' all de songs I use to sing to de chillen when dey was babies, an' one after another I sung an' sung an' us two havin' de grandes' time togethah whatevah you hearn tell of. He jes' sung long wid me, in de way babies does, sorter croonin' lak, twel bimeby de han's er de clock had crep' roun' mos' to three an' hit was time fo' de nuss to come back. I had kep' a eye on de window so's I could see up de street, an' sho' nuff heah she come back fum her airin'. De baby was soun' asleep. I laid him on his bed an' I says: 'Don't yo' fret no mo', honey lamb, you an' me am a-goin' to have a good time together ev'ry aft'noon.' An' dat's jes' what we done. Somehow befo' long hit seem lak dat baby commence lookin' mo' happier; but yet he wan't doin' de way a baby ought to be doin', fo' what he needed was fat. I couldn' see how he was a-gwine to evah git a start.

"One day when de nuss was standin' down in de kitchen fixin' de milk an' stick in a li'l glass stick in hit to see how many hots hit was—she could er jes' as well poke her finger in hit to fin' out—I says to myse'f: 'Milk ain't all dat chil' needs.' An' dat aft'noon when de nuss was gone I ca'ied some pot-liquor up to de baby. You ought to seen de way he enjoyed hit an' smack his lips ovah hit fo' mo'. 'Dat shows what you needs,' says I, an' sho 'nough 'twan't many days befo' de pockets in his skin begin to fill up an' he look lak a real baby stid er a imbertation er one.

"De nuss was takin' de credit to herse'f an' swellin' up 'bout dat book-raisin' business, an' I jes' set back an' let her. I reckon she nevah would a foun' de real cause ef she hadn't a walked in on me an' ketched me feedin' de baby while I was holdin' him on my lap in de rockin' cheer.

"When she ketched her breff she dashed at me lak a houn' after a possum, grabbed dat baby up an' say 'tween her teef: 'How das' you tech dis baby what's in my cha'ge? How das' you set in a rockin' cheer wid him? How das' you feed him milk widout me pescribin' hit?' At dat I broke in—tho' dey wan't 'nough room in her conbersation to git in a pinpoint sca'cely: 'Dis ain't milk, hit's pot-liquor'; an', Laws! you ought to hearn de yell she let out.

"Cunnel Slocum was downstairs in de libery wid de rheumatiz, but all dat noise distracted his intention an' he drug hisse'f upstairs to see what de fracas was 'bout.

"'Cunnel Slocum,' de nuss hollered as soon as he hit de do', 'dis heah woman am feedin' de baby pizen when my back am turned, an' interferin' wid my wuk heah!' At dat de Cunnel's eyes bulge out too fo' a minute, but befo' he had time to say a word I picked up de cup an' spoon dat quick an' helt 'em un'er his nose. 'Pot-liquor,' says I, jes' lak dat, an' de Cunnel's eyes went back in again.

"'Tut! tut!' he say to de nuss as he sniffed at de cup; 'ef dis am pizen I reckon dey wouldn' a been no sojers in de Souf to fight in de wah, fo' dey wan't none of 'em but what knowed de tas'e of dis stuff when dey was babies.'

"'You means,' says de nuss, 'dat you's a-gwine to let dis baby be fed on stuff what dey ain't no rules in de book fo'?' 'Viney's de one dat can settle de question,' 'spon's de Cunnel. 'She's brung up all my chillen an' her'n, an' I reckon she knows somep'n 'bout hit.'

"'Den,' says de nuss, 'I designs my job right heah!' an' dat's what she done.

"'You's all mine now,' says I to de baby, an' he crowed at me lak he un'stood what I say. De Cunnel an' me made hit up dat we wan't gwine to say nothin' to Miss Fanny ner Miss May twel dey come.

"De time pass by an' de baby doin' finer ev'y day twel he was so fat an' sassy you wouldn' a knowed him. Miss Fanny writ dat she was ready to bring Miss May back wid her an' keep her heah twel she git mo' stronger. Dey come on home one evenin', an' de fus' thing Miss May ax fo' of cose was de baby. She was dat anxious an' 'cited dat she couldn' sca'cely wait twel I brung him in de room—an' such a-goin' on as dey was when I toted him in an' helt him out to her! She couldn' sca'cely b'lieve hit 'twas her own chile, de improvements on him was so pow'ful much. As soon as she sorter settled down she say: 'But where am de nuss? Why ain't she in de room? She am a puffeck wonder an' I wants to see her right dis ve'y minute!'

"'You's a-lookin' at her right now,' says de Cunnel, chucklin' to beat de band. 'Heahs de onlies' nuss what knows how to raise de Slocum babies anyhow,' an' he laid his han' on my ahm. Den he ups an' tells de whole story, an' I don' nevah remember when I ha' seed Miss Fanny ner Miss May so please wid me.

"In de middle of de talk, though, I notice Miss May sniffin' an' sniffin' at de baby, sorter curious lak, an' den she say: 'Viney, hit 'pears to me lak I smells bacon on de baby.' 'Dat's jes' edzackly what you smells,' says I, 'fo' I lets him chaw on a strip now an' den de same lak I use to let you.'

"'Bacon!' say Miss May; 'bacon! Why, Viney, de book say——' an' at dat she stopped an' we all busted right out laughin'. Dat was de las' I evah hearn of book-raisin' in dat house."

"Den," said Uncle Peter, "I reckon you don' set much sto' by no kin' er book dat dey has now'days, does you?"

"Ef you's bawned widout common sense, dey ain't a-gwine to do you no good; an' ef you's bawned wid common sense, you don't need 'em," was Viney's answer.

The Senator's Secretary

YOU may have observed some recent pother in the Congress and at the White House over the Russian passport question. The Republican President, the Democratic House of Representatives and the what-is-it? Senate all took a hack at it. Far be it from me to say there was any politics in this question of national honor and discrimination against American citizens; but if so be there was a suspicion of politics—a soupçon of the same, so to speak—diligent care was taken that all interested might know where to bring their admiring tributes of thanks, and where, furthermore, to deposit their admiring tributes of votes when the time should come when voting shall be desirable.

There were those who know the ways of Washington that predicted, when William Sulzer, of New York, was made chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee, there would be something doing. William was not keen for the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs—that is, he was not apparently keen. He was ranking minority member on the Committee on Military Affairs for several Congresses when the Republican party was in power. Being somewhat of an experienced person in strategy as it applies to committees, William ascertained that it was not the intention of the Committee on Committees to make him chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Whereupon William let out a roar that could be heard for miles, demanding that place as his by right, by justice and by heck! He made such a fuss that the Committee on Committees sought to placate him by asking what he desired that was just as good. Reluctantly—that is, reluctantly, with the reverse English on it—William condescended to let them salve his wounded feelings with the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. Thus was justice done, for that was what he wanted all the time.

Mr. Sulzer Gets Action

Now William represents a district in the city of New York where there are more Jews than there are in Jerusalem. He knew all about the Russian discriminations against those men and women who, as American citizens and provided with passports, were accorded no passport rights as set forth in the treaty of 1832 between Russia and the United States—and had known all about those discriminations for years. Moreover, he had spoken frequently on the subject in the House of Representatives and had spoken also against the massacres of Jews in Russia.

The matter was one of common knowledge. Sulzer agitated it and introduced resolutions and made speeches—and the Republican Committee on Foreign Affairs and the Republican House of Representatives laughed at him and voted his resolutions under the table, and otherwise had fun. Presently, however, William arrived as chairman of the Foreign Affairs in the manner described. At that moment there also arrived a crisis in the Russian-Jewish question. He was in a position to do things, and he began to do them with a rapidity that brought everybody up standing.

Influential Jewish citizens had been passing resolutions and calling on the President and the Congress for action; and the matter had been dragging along. When the regular session of Congress opened in December it ceased to drag and began to gallop. William Sulzer, Esquire, was on the job, and he stirred up that passport question until, for a few days, it seemed as if we were about to go to war with Russia and that William would lead the troops.

The policy of the State Department and the White House had been to express regret to the American protesters and let the matter alone. Suddenly, a series of scouts began galloping up to the White House and shouting: "For Heaven's sake, get busy on this Russian passport business! Bill Sulzer has got it going in the House of Representatives; and he is a Democrat and the House is Democratic—and the Democrats will grab all the credit unless you do something!"

"Do what?" asked the White House.

"Do anything—everything—something! Get busy, we tell you—or the Democrats will grab all the glory of it!"

It is not too much to say the White House got busy. The activity round that historic edifice was hectic—even feverish. Meantime Sulzer's own resolution had been reported unanimously out of his Committee on Foreign Affairs and the House was ready to pass it with a whoop. There were as many conferences at the White House as if war had been declared; and the Russian Ambassador was as much round the Executive Offices as if he were a member of the Golf Cabinet, while they burned the cable with messages to Curtis Guild, our representative at the court of the Czar.

William Sulzer put his resolution over with but one dissenting vote. It was a resolution that slapped the Czar rudely on the wrist. The press dispatches said it was an insult, which is probably what William intended it to be; but that is neither here nor there. Whatever knobs there may have been on the language, that language was pretty fair for home consumption, and it was language officially adopted by a Democratic House at the behest of William Sulzer. Do not forget that. After the House resolution had passed it was eminently up to the White House to get into the game good and hard, though the White House had been invited to get in a dozen times a year for a dozen years. So Mr. Taft announced he would abrogate the treaty himself, leaving out all of William's rough talk; and then there came a howl from the Senate.

The Senate labors under the delusion that it is the only treaty-making power there is. This theory has had several rude shocks in the past when treaties have been handed to that august body with curt instructions to ratify them and be quick about it; but the Senate has a sort of an eye on politics too, and it wanted its share of the perquisites resultant from this affair, whatever those perquisites might be in the shape of votes. So the Senate messed into the situation also.

There were hopes the Supreme Court and the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Service Board and the Waterways Commission and the Soldiers' Home might take a hand also, for all those institutions are bipartisan—or, to be more exact, some Republican and some Democratic; but the situation was saved without that. Rather the politics was saved; and it now rests with the skillful protagonists of the various parties to get the votes, American honor having been vindicated in a tearing hurry, but vindicated just the same—and not so very long before a presidential election.

An Expert in Programs

There seems to be no adequate reason why the other Senators shall not have a bully time this winter and spring, provided they leave the Honorable Francis G. Newlands on the job—where, by the way, the Honorable Francis G. Newlands is perfectly willing to be left. Mr. Newlands is a Senator of earnest spirit, active habit and intense agility of mind. It has irked him for a long time to observe the hit-or-miss, slipshod methods by which the Senate does business. Though willing to admit the Senate gets its results in the long run, and generally along those lines the experienced result-getters have laid out, he is of the opinion that what the Senate really needs is some scientific shop management; and to that end he has offered his services and has laid out a program.

Laid out a program! That is absolutely the best thing Senator Newlands does. He can lay out a program—and will, if encouraged—for anything from the christening of a pair of twins to the reconstruction of China. He is our grandest little programmer. To be sure, it often occurs, after the Senator has laid out a program, that he forgets the program he has laid out and begins to lay out another; but that is of no consequence! The main fact is that he lays out the program.

The Senator, having thought deeply on the problems before the body of which he is a member and before the country at large, has decided there are thirteen topics of immediate and vital concern on which the Senate should take legislative action at this session; and he has arranged them in orderly fashion in a resolution, beginning with the tariff and ending with a reduction in the cost of the upkeep of the army and navy to some two hundred millions of dollars a year—which is number thirteen. Between the vanguard of the tariff and the rearguard of a hundred millions each for the army and navy are marshaled about all other legislative questions that can be imagined—even by an expert imaginer of our needs.

It is the Senator's idea that what the Senate needs is a guiding hand—a man at the tiller who can steer it straight to the desired haven of accomplishment. Wherefore he offers his services. He desires to organize the opinion of the Senate as he thinks it should be organized; and then, if the Senate knows a good thing, he will proceed unfalteringly along the path he has marked out and do those things he has selected as the things that should be done.

It is a grand idea! At one comprehensive swoop, Senator Newlands has relieved the Senate of all its responsibilities. He has picked out the paramount measures; and all the Senate has to do now is to take them up, from one to thirteen inclusive, pass them as he shall indicate—and a lot of trouble will be escaped, a lot of useless political manipulating avoided, and a lot of valuable time reserved for the Senator himself in which to elucidate some few of his well-known ideas touching on all sections of human knowledge, human need and human accomplishment. Oddly enough, the Senate has not yet grabbed at this attempt to organize its opinion for it.

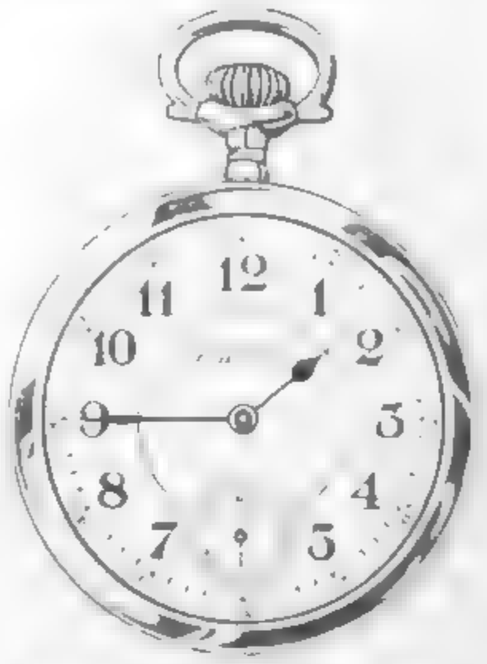
Congressional Christmas Money

Once more the boys in the House of Representatives came marching to the front and saved their twenty cents a mile for mileage. An impious Pennsylvanian or two and others from near by tried to reduce the rate, but the chaps from the Far Western points and from about every other point rallied, and the rate stands—at twenty cents a mile. Besides, it was allotted in time to give the statesmen some Christmas money—and if there is anything a statesman dotes on it is Christmas money, especially at the rate of twenty cents a mile from home and back, said travel costing him about three cents a mile or less.

There was Palmer, of Pennsylvania, who had the audacity—to say nothing of the temerity and the ingratitude—to stand up and say his mileage, at twenty cents a mile, from his home in Pennsylvania to Washington and back, is one hundred and three dollars, while his ticket actually costs him ten dollars and fifty cents. Wherefore he thought the rate might just as well be cut in half. Immediately there came loud cries from the West and South—a clamor from patriots who pay out about one hundred and twenty-five dollars for their round trips and garner about two thousand dollars mileage—that this outrage on the rights and perquisites and immemorial precedents of the members must not and should not prevail. They are all for the strictest economy, they say, as witness their votes in keeping down clerical salaries and in disallowing just claims; but to be economical at the expense of that ancient but established mileage of twenty cents a mile was a sacrilege that would not be permitted. Nor was it. They turned in and voted themselves the twenty cents a mile. Meantime they couldn't see their way clear to give five thousand dollars to a young woman who, when working in the Census Office, was caught in a shaft and had her scalp torn off—and by no fault of hers!

Nor is it any wonder that Oscar Underwood has decided he must stay in Washington and keep an eye on things if the Democrats are to go into the next campaign with a record for economy, however his presidential prospects may suffer. His fellow Democrats are fixing up a rivers-and-harbors bill and a public-building bill, and they are insisting that to the victors belong the spoils—which was true enough in the time of it; but there are various candidates for the Democratic nomination for president among the Democratic members of the House, and they read it another way. If these hungry Democrats do not listen to reason, so far as these candidates are concerned that sentiment will read. To the victors belong the spoiled!

If We Made This Watch to Order—



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¶ A watch with a "tailor-made," stylish appearance in a modern, neat, thin, flat case—one you are proud to take from your pocket and show to anyone, anywhere.

¶ A truth-telling watch whose time you can always depend on—a remarkable watch that will make *notable records* of time-keeping.

¶ A watch that is sturdy as well as accurate—one that will last lifetimes and give perfect service throughout.

¶ A watch, in fact, that's as near perfection as anything man can make—one that meets every requirement in service and size.

¶ In short, a watch that you *know* is your ideal the minute you *see* it.

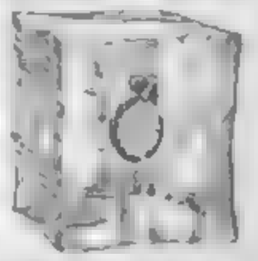
¶ This is exactly what we *already* have made for you. We need not *make* it to order. Your jeweler probably *has one in stock.* It's a regular model, called

The "South Bend" Watch

¶ You can have one in a solid gold case for $75 or in "Twenty-Year Guaranteed" and other less expensive cases at reasonably lower prices.

¶ In this watch you have one which has been inspected 411 times in the making. A watch which has run for seven hundred hours in an accuracy test. A watch which the jeweler can regulate to your personality so you will always have the correct time in your pocket.

¶ Ask your jeweler to show you the South Bend Watch and have him tell you how important the jeweler regulation is. Write us for the free book "How Good Watches Are Made." It tells all about watches and is a guide to right buying.



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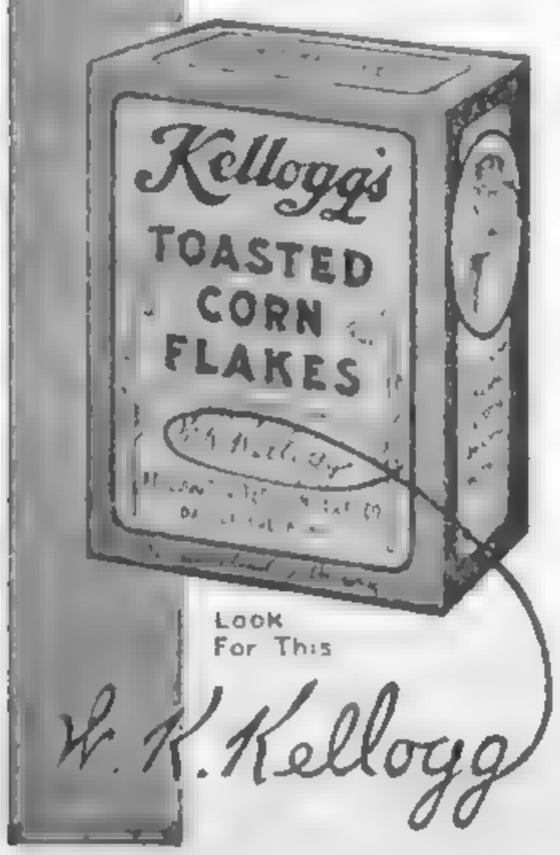

Look For This

W. K. Kellogg

The Grand Cross of the Crescent

(Continued from Page 8)

at Newport, when all she ever saw of Newport was Burgers and the Meuschenheim-Kings."

"It's plain to see you hate yourself," said Peter. "You must not get so despondent or you might commit suicide. How much money will you want?"

"How much have you got?"

"All kinds," said Peter. "Some in a letter-of-credit that my father earned from the fretful pig, and much more in cash that I won at poker from the pashas. When that's gone I've got to go to work and earn my living. Meanwhile your salary is a hundred a week and all you need to boost Gilman and the Order of the Crescent. We are now the Gilman Defense, Publicity and Development Committee, and you will begin by introducing me to the man I am to bribe."

"In this country you don't need any introduction to the man you want to bribe," exclaimed Stetson; "you just bribe him!"

II

THAT same night in the smoking room of the hotel, Peter and Stetson made their first move in the game of winning for Professor Gilman the Order of the Crescent. Stetson presented Peter to a young effendi in a frock coat and fez. Stetson called him Osman. He was a clerk in the foreign office and appeared to be "a friend of a friend of a friend" of the assistant third secretary.

The five volumes of the Rise and Fall were spread before him, and Peter demanded to know why so distinguished a scholar as Doctor Gilman had not received some recognition from the country he had so sympathetically described. Osman fingered the volumes doubtfully, and promised the matter should be brought at once to the attention of the grand vizier.

After he had departed Stetson explained that Osman had just as little chance of getting within speaking distance of the grand vizier as of the ladies of his harem.

"It's like Tammany," said Stetson; "there are sachems, district leaders and lieutenants. Each of them is entitled to trade or give away a few of these decorations, just as each district leader gets his percentage of jobs in the street-cleaning department. This fellow will go to his patron, his patron will go to some under-secretary in the cabinet, he will put it up to a palace favorite, and they will divide your money.

"In time the minister of foreign affairs will sign your brevet and a hundred others, without knowing what he is signing; then you cable me, and the Star of the Crescent will burst upon the United States in a way that will make Halley's comet look like a wax match."

The next day Stetson and the tutor sailed for home and Peter was left alone to pursue, as he supposed, the Order of the Crescent. On the contrary, he found that the Order of the Crescent was pursuing him. He had not appreciated that, from underlings and backstair politicians, an itinerant showman like Stetson and the only son of an American Crœsus would receive very different treatment.

Within twenty-four hours a fat man with a blue-black beard and diamond rings called with Osman to apologize for the latter. Osman, the fat man explained, had been about to make a fatal error. For Doctor Gilman he had asked the Order of the Crescent of the fifth class, the same class that had been given Stetson. The fifth class, the fat man explained, was all very well for tradesmen, dragomans and eunuchs, but as an honor for a savant as distinguished as the friend of Mr. Hallowell, the fourth class would hardly be high enough. The fees, the fat man added, would also be higher; but, he pointed out, it was worth the difference, because the fourth class entitled the wearer to a salute from all sentries.

"There are few sentries at Stillwater," said Peter; "but I want the best and I want it quick. Get me the fourth class."

The next morning he was surprised by an early visit from Stimson of the embassy. The secretary was considerably annoyed.

"My dear Hallowell," he protested, "why the devil didn't you tell me you wanted a decoration? Of course the state department expressly forbids us to ask for one for ourselves, or for any one else. But what's the Constitution between friends? I'll get it for you at once—but, on two conditions: that you don't tell anybody I got it, and that you tell me why you want it and what you ever did to deserve it."

Instead, Peter explained fully and so sympathetically that the diplomat demanded that he, too, should be enrolled as one of the Gilman Defense Committee.

"Doctor Gilman's history," he said, "must be presented to the Sultan. You must have the five volumes rebound in red and green, the colors of Mohammed, and with as much gold tooling as they can carry. I hope," he added, "they are not soiled."

"Not by me," Peter assured him.

"I will take them myself," continued Stimson, "to Muley Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, and ask him to present them to His Imperial Majesty. He will promise to do so, but he won't; but he knows I know he won't, so that is all right. And in return he will present us with the Order of the Crescent of the third class."

"Going up!" exclaimed Peter. "The third class. That will cost me my entire letter-of-credit."

"Not at all," said Stimson. "I've saved you from the grafters. It will cost you only what you pay to have the books rebound. And the *third* class is a real honor of which any one might be proud. You wear it round your neck, and at your funeral it entitles you to an escort of a thousand soldiers."

"I'd rather put up with fewer soldiers," said Peter, "and wear it longer round my neck. What's the matter with our getting the second class or the first class?"

At such ignorance Stimson could not repress a smile.

"The first class," he explained patiently, "is the Great Grand Cross, and is given only to reigning sovereigns. The second is called the Grand Cross, and is bestowed only on crowned princes, prime ministers and men of worldwide fame ——"

"What's the matter with Doctor Gilman's being of worldwide fame?" said Peter. "He will be some day, when Stetson starts boosting."

"Some day," retorted Stimson stiffly, "I may be an ambassador. When I am I hope to get the Grand Cross of the Crescent, but not now. I'm sorry you're not satisfied," he added aggrievedly. "No one can get you anything higher than the third class, and I may lose my official head asking for that."

"Nothing is too good for old man Gilman," said Peter, "nor for you. You get the third class for him, and I'll have father make you an ambassador."

That night at poker at the club Peter sat next to Prince Abdul, who had come from a reception at the grand vizier's and still wore his decorations. Decorations now fascinated Peter, and those on the coat of the young prince he regarded with wide-eyed awe. He also regarded Abdul with wide-eyed awe, because he was the favorite nephew of the Sultan and because he enjoyed the reputation of having the worst reputation in Turkey. Peter wondered why. He always had found Abdul charming, distinguished, courteous to the verge of humility, most cleverly cynical, most brilliantly amusing. At poker he almost invariably won, and while doing so was so politely bored, so indifferent to his cards and the cards held by others, that Peter declared he had never met his equal.

In a pause in the game, while someone tore the cover off a fresh pack, Peter pointed at the star of diamonds that nestled behind the lapel of Abdul's coat.

"May I ask what that is?" said Peter.

The prince frowned at his diamond sunburst as though it annoyed him, and then smiled delightedly.

"It is an order," he said in a quick aside, "bestowed only upon men of worldwide fame. I dine tonight," he explained, "with your charming compatriot, Mr. Joseph Stimson."

"And Joe told?" said Peter.

The prince nodded. "Joe told," he repeated; "but it is all arranged. Your distinguished friend, the Sage of Stillwater, will receive the Crescent of the third class."

Peter's eyes were still fastened hungrily upon the diamond sunburst.

"Why," he demanded, "can't some one get him one like that?"

As though about to take offense the prince raised his eyebrows, and then thought better of it and smiled.

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"There are only two men in all Turkey," he said, "who could do that."

"And is the Sultan the other one?" asked Peter.

The prince gasped as though he had suddenly stepped beneath a cold shower, and then laughed long and silently.

"You flatter me," he murmured.

"You know you could if you liked!" whispered Peter stoutly.

Apparently Abdul did not hear him. "I will take one card," he said.

Toward two in the morning there was seventy-five thousand francs in the pot and all save Prince Abdul and Peter had dropped out.

"Will you divide?" asked the prince.

"Why should I?" said Peter. "I've got you beat now. Do you raise me or call?" The prince called and laid down a full house. Peter showed four tens.

"I will deal you one hand, double or quits," said the prince.

Over the end of his cigar Peter squinted at the great heap of mother-of-pearl counters and goldpieces and banknotes.

"You will pay me double what is on the table," he said, "or you quit owing me nothing."

The prince nodded.

"Go ahead," said Peter.

The prince dealt them each a hand and discarded two cards. Peter held a seven, a pair of kings and a pair of fours. Hoping to draw another king, which might give him a three higher than the three held by Abdul, he threw away the seven and the lower pair. He caught another king. The prince showed three queens and shrugged his shoulders.

Peter leaning toward him spoke out of the corner of his mouth.

"I'll make you a sporting proposition," he murmured. "You owe me a hundred and fifty thousand francs. I'll stake that against what only two men in the Empire can give me."

The prince allowed his eyes to travel slowly round the circle of the table. But the puzzled glances of the other players showed that to them Peter's proposal conveyed no meaning.

The prince smiled cynically.

"For yourself?" he demanded.

"For Doctor Gilman," said Peter.

"We will cut for deal and one hand will decide," said the prince. His voice dropped to a whisper. "And no one must ever know," he warned.

Peter also could be cynical.

"Not even the Sultan," he said.

Abdul won the deal and gave himself a very good hand. But the hand he dealt Peter was the better one.

The prince was a good loser. The next afternoon the Gazette Officielle announced that upon Dr. Henry Gilman, professor emeritus of the University of Stillwater, U. S. A., the Sultan had been graciously pleased to confer the Grand Cross of the Order of the Crescent.

Peter flashed the great news to Stetson. The cable caught him at quarantine. It read: "Captured Crescent, Grand Cross. Get busy."

But before Stetson could get busy the campaign of publicity had been brilliantly opened from Constantinople. Prince Abdul, although pitch-forked into the Gilman Defense Committee, proved himself one of its most enthusiastic members.

"For me it becomes a case of *noblesse oblige*," he declared. "If it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. Today the Sultan will command that the Rise and Fall be translated into Arabic and that it be placed in the national library. Moreover, the University of Constantinople, the College of Salonica and the National Historical Society have each elected Doctor Gilman an honorary member. I proposed him, the Patriarch of Mesopotamia seconded him. And the Turkish Ambassador in America has been instructed to present the insignia with his own hands."

Nor was Peter or Stimson idle. To assist Stetson in his press-work and to further the idea that all Europe was now clamoring for the Rise and Fall, Peter paid an impecunious but overeducated dragoman to translate it into five languages, and Stimson officially wrote of this and of the bestowal of the Crescent to the State Department. He pointed out that not since General Grant had passed through Europe had the Sultan so highly honored an American. He added he had been requested by the grand vizier—who had been requested by Prince Abdul—to request the State Department to inform Doctor Gilman of these high honors. A request from such a source was a command and, as desired, the State Department wrote as requested by the grand vizier to Doctor Gilman, and tendered congratulations. The fact was sent out briefly from Washington by Associated Press. This official recognition by the Government and by the newspapers was all and more than Stetson wanted. He took off his coat and with a megaphone, rather than a pen, told the people of the United States who Doctor Gilman was, who the Sultan was, what a Grand Cross was, and why America's greatest historian was not without honor save in his own country. Columns of this were paid for and appeared as "patent insides," with a portrait of Doctor Gilman taken from the Stillwater College Annual and a picture of the Grand Cross drawn from imagination, in eight hundred newspapers of the Middle Western and Eastern states. Special articles, paragraphs, portraits and pictures of the Grand Cross followed and, using Stillwater as his base, Stetson continued to flood the country. Young Hines, the local correspondent, acting under instructions by cable from Peter, introduced him to Doctor Gilman as a traveler who lectured on Turkey and one who was a humble admirer of the author of the Rise and Fall. Stetson, having studied it as a student crams examination, begged that he might sit at the feet of the master. And for several evenings, actually at his feet, on the steps of the ivy-covered cottage, the disguised press agent drew from the unworldly and unsuspecting scholar the simple story of his life. To this, still in his character as disciple and student, he added photographs he himself made of the master, of the master's ivy-covered cottage, of his favorite walk across the campus, of the great historian at work at his desk, at work in his rose garden, at play with his wife on the croquet lawn. These he held until the insignia should be actually presented. This pleasing duty fell to the Turkish ambassador who, much to his astonishment, had received instructions to proceed to Stillwater, Massachusetts, a place of which he had never heard, and present to a Doctor Gilman, of whom he had never heard, the Grand Cross of the Crescent. As soon as the insignia arrived in the official mailbag a secretary brought it from Washington to Boston, and the ambassador traveled down from Bar Harbor to receive it and with the secretary took the local train to Stillwater.

The reception extended to him there is still remembered by the ambassador as one of the happiest incidents of his distinguished career. Never since he came to represent his Imperial Majesty in the Western republic had its barbarians greeted him in a manner in any way so nearly approaching his own idea of what was his due.

"This ambassador," Hines had explained to the Mayor of Stillwater, who was also the proprietor of its largest department store, "is the personal representative of the Sultan. So we've got to treat him right."

"It's exactly," added Stetson, "as though the Sultan himself were coming."

"And so few crowned heads visit Stillwater," continued Hines, "that we ought to show we appreciate this one, especially as he comes to pay the highest honor known to Europe to one of our townsmen."

The mayor chewed nervously on his cigar.

"What'd I better do?" he asked.

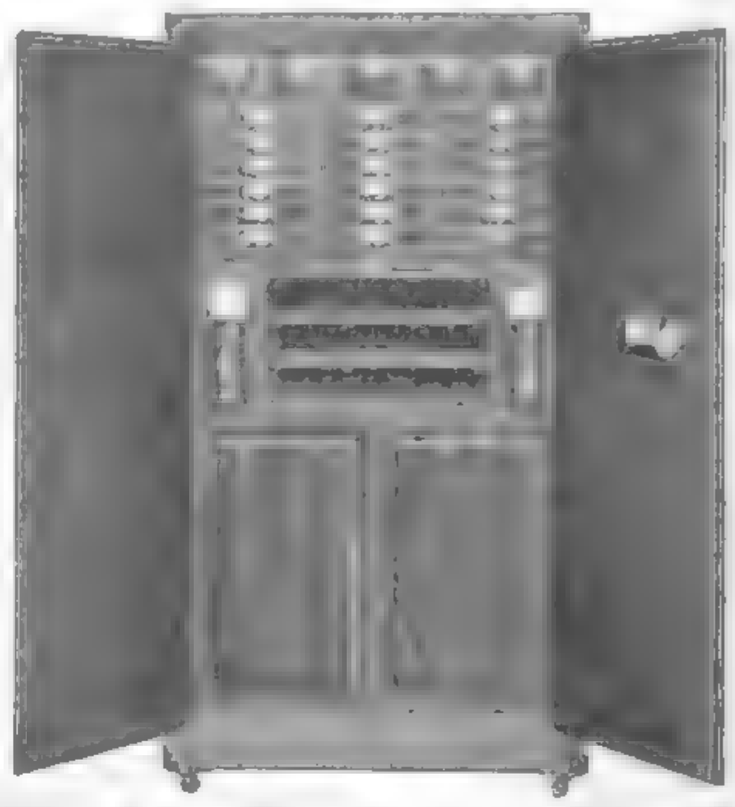
"Mr. Stetson here," Hines pointed out, "has lived in Turkey and he knows what they expect. Maybe he will help us."

"Will you?" begged the mayor.

"I will," said Stetson.

Then they visited the college authorities. Chancellor Black and most of the faculty were on their vacations. But there were half a dozen professors still in their homes round the campus, and it was pointed out to them that the coming honor to one lately of their number reflected glory upon the college and upon them, and that they should take official action.

It was also suggested that for photographic purposes they should wear their academic robes, caps and hoods. To these suggestions, with alacrity—partly because they all loved Doctor Gilman and partly because they had never been photographed by a moving-picture machine—they all agreed. So it came about that when the ambassador, hot and cross and dusty, stepped off the way-train at Stillwater station, he found to his delighted amazement a red carpet stretching to a perfectly new automobile, a company of the local militia presenting arms, a committee, consisting of the mayor in a high hat and



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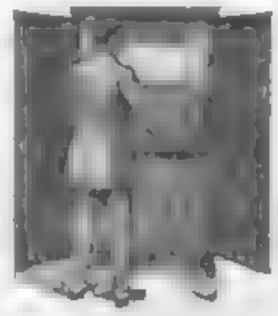

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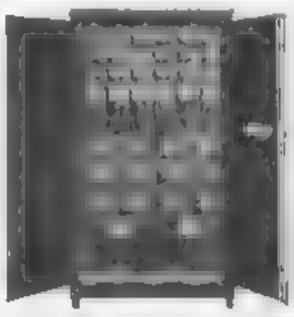

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white gloves and three professors in gowns and colored hoods, and the Stillwater Silver Cornet Band playing what, after several repetitions, the ambassador was graciously pleased to recognize as his national anthem.

The ambassador forgot that he was hot and cross. He forgot that he was dusty. His face radiated satisfaction and perspiration. Here at last were people who appreciated him and his high office. And as the mayor helped him into the automobile, and those students who lived in Stillwater welcomed him with strange yells and the moving-picture machine aimed at him point blank, he beamed with condescension. But inwardly he was ill at ease.

Inwardly he was chastising himself for having, through his ignorance of America, failed to appreciate the importance of the man he had come to honor. When he remembered he had never even heard of Doctor Gilman he blushed with confusion. And when he recollected that he had been almost on the point of refusing to come to Stillwater, that he had considered leaving the presentation to his secretary, he shuddered. What might not the Sultan have done to him! What a narrow escape!

Attracted by the band, by the sight of their fellow townsmen in khaki, by the sight of the stout gentleman in the red fez, by a tremendous liking and respect for Doctor Gilman, the entire town of Stillwater gathered outside his cottage. And inside, the old professor, trembling and bewildered and yet strangely happy, bowed his shoulders while the ambassador slipped over them the broad green scarf and upon his only frock coat pinned the diamond sunburst. In woful embarrassment Doctor Gilman smiled and bowed and smiled, and then as the delighted mayor of Stillwater shouted "Speech," in sudden panic he reached out his hand quickly and covertly and found the hand of his wife.

"Now, then, three long ones!" yelled the cheer leader. "Now, then, See the Conquering Hero!" yelled the bandmaster. "Attention! Present! Arms!" yelled the militia captain; and the townspeople and the professors applauded and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. And Doctor Gilman and his wife, he frightened and confused, she happy and proud and taking it all as a matter of course, stood arm in arm in the frame of honeysuckles and bowed and bowed and bowed. And the ambassador so far unbent as to drink champagne, which appeared mysteriously in tubs of ice from the rear of the ivy-covered cottage, with the mayor, with the wives of the professors, with the students, with the bandmaster. Indeed, so often did he unbend that when the perfectly new automobile conveyed him back to his Boston hotel he was sleeping happily and smiling in his sleep.

Peter had arrived in America at the same time as had the insignia, but Hines and Stetson would not let him show himself in Stillwater. They were afraid if all three conspirators foregathered they might inadvertently drop some clew that would lead to suspicion and discovery.

So Peter worked from New York, and his first act was anonymously to supply his father and Chancellor Black with all the newspaper accounts of the great celebration at Stillwater. When Doctor Black read them he choked. Never before had Stillwater College been brought so prominently before the public, and never before had her president been so utterly and completely ignored. And what made it worse was that he recognized that even had he been present he could not have shown his face. How could he, who had, as every one connected with the college now knew, out of spite and without cause dismissed an old and faithful servant, join in chanting his praises. He only hoped his patron, Hallowell, senior, might not hear of Gilman's triumph. But Hallowell, senior, heard little of anything else. At his office, at his clubs, on the golf links, every one he met congratulated him on the high and peculiar distinction that had come to his pet college.

"You certainly have the darnedest luck in backing the right horse," exclaimed a rival pork-packer enviously. "Now if I pay a hundred thousand for a Velasquez it turns out to be a bad copy worth thirty dollars, but you pay a professor three thousand and he brings you in half a million dollars' worth of free advertising. Why, this Doctor Gilman's doing as much for your college as Doctor Osler did for Johns Hopkins or as Walter Camp does for Yale."

Mr. Hallowell received these congratulations as gracefully as he was able, and in secret rage at Chancellor Black. Each day his rage increased. It seemed as though there would never be an end to Doctor Gilman. The stone he had rejected had become the cornerstone of Stillwater. Whenever he opened a newspaper he felt like exclaiming: "Will no one rid me of this pestilent fellow!" For the Rise and Fall, in an edition de luxe limited to two hundred copies, was being bought up by all his book-collecting millionaire friends; a popular edition was on view in the windows of every bookshop; it was offered as a prize to subscribers to all the more sedate magazines; and the name and features of the distinguished author had become famous and familiar. Not a day passed but that some new honor, at least so the newspapers stated, was thrust upon him. Paragraphs announced that he was to be the next exchange professor to Berlin; that in May he was to lecture at the Sorbonne; that in June he was to receive a degree from Oxford.

A fresh-water college on one of the Great Lakes leaped to the front by offering him the chair of history at that seat of learning at a salary of $5000 a year. Some of the honors that had been thrust upon Doctor Gilman existed only in the imagination of Peter and Stetson, but this offer happened to be genuine.

Doctor Gilman rejected it without consideration. He read the letter from the trustees to his wife and shook his head.

"We could not be happy away from Stillwater," he said. "We have only a month more in the cottage, but after that we still can walk past it; we can look into the garden and see the flowers she planted. We can visit the place where she lies. But if we went away we should be lonely and miserable for her, and she would be lonely for us."

Mr. Hallowell could not know why Doctor Gilman had refused to leave Stillwater; but when he read that the small Eastern college at which Doctor Gilman had graduated had offered to make him its president, his jealousy knew no bounds.

He telegraphed to Black: "Reinstate Gilman at once; offer him six thousand—offer him whatever he wants but make him promise for no consideration to leave Stillwater he is only member faculty ever brought any credit to the college if we lose him I'll hold you responsible."

The next morning, hat in hand, smiling ingratiatingly, the chancellor called upon Doctor Gilman and ate so much humble pie that for a week he suffered acute mental indigestion. But little did Hallowell, senior, care for that. He had got what he wanted. Doctor Gilman, the distinguished, was back in the faculty, and had made only one condition—that he might live until he died in the ivy-covered cottage.

Two weeks later, when Peter arrived at Stillwater to take the history examination, which should he pass it would give him his degree, he found on every side evidences of the "world-wide fame" he himself had created. The news-stand at the depot, the book stores, the drug stores, the picture shops all spoke of Doctor Gilman, and postcards showing the ivy-covered cottage, photographs and enlargements of Doctor Gilman, advertisements of the different editions of "the" history proclaimed his fame. Peter, fascinated by the success of his own handiwork, approached the ivy-covered cottage in a spirit almost of awe. But Mrs. Gilman welcomed him with the same kindly, sympathetic smile with which she always gave courage to the unhappy ones coming up for examinations, and Doctor Gilman's high honors in no way had spoiled his gentle courtesy.

The examination was in writing, and when Peter had handed in his papers Doctor Gilman asked him if he would prefer at once to know the result.

"I should indeed!" Peter assured him.

"Then I regret to tell you, Hallowell," said the professor, "that you have not passed. I cannot possibly give you a mark higher than five." In real sympathy the sage of Stillwater raised his eyes, but to his great astonishment he found that Peter so far from being cast down or taking offense was smiling delightedly, much as a fond parent might smile upon the precocious act of a beloved child.

"I am afraid," said Doctor Gilman gently, "that this summer you did not work very hard for your degree!"

Peter laughed and picked up his hat.

"To tell you the truth, Professor," he said, "you're right. I got working for something worth while—and I forgot about the degree."

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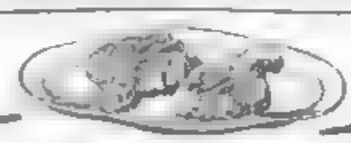

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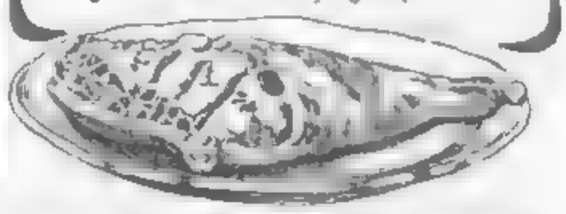

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Inner Secrets of a Merchant's Rise

(Concluded from Page 15)

analyzed for their benefit a high-class salesman and a poor one. I knew that I hit some of those chaps pretty hard—and I meant to.

"My next step was to make an extended trip through the Middle and Western states. It was quite an expense, for I was gone a month; but the information I gathered was afterward worth a fortune to me. I did not go to sell goods, but to discover the best section of the country to select for our initial tool campaign. There are two ways to launch a selling campaign. The wrong way is to go it blind, as many a house has done, and dissipate one's energies by lack of specialization. The right way is to hunt out the lines of least resistance. For instance, I might have started the campaign by attempting to cover all our territory, using our nine salesmen. Instead, I picked out two populous Western states and drew a carefully worked-out line that bounded our first season's efforts. This territory I selected for two reasons: First, because it was developing extraordinarily fast, a fact I proved by first-hand statistics; second, because our competitors seemed particularly neglectful of its special opportunities. Here, then, was our opportunity!"

Launching the Campaign

"I went back to New York and called in three men I had chosen for the purpose in view. Since our little dinner, all our traveling men had been doing very much better work; these three especially had proved the truth of my theories.

"Now I took these men up to Massachusetts with me, and we all spent a week in the tool factory, studying our goods and the process of manufacture. We got a wholly new light on this aspect of the business, and I can say that this one week's time was worth to our house many hundreds of thousands of dollars ultimately.

"At last, after several months of preparation, we were ready to spring our coup. My three salesmen were down in their new territories, with strong inducements to do their best work. The local newspapers down there came out with the manufacturer's ads, and we used the street cars and other special advertising mediums. The trademark name—my own conception—was very attractive and was featured as heavily as possible.

"I have already told you some of the novel methods that sold goods for me at Blankville. These selling schemes I now adapted to this special line of tools, and my three lieutenants—who were now thoroughly saturated with my history and my ideas—proceeded to saturate the local dealers down there. Thus all over that territory began one of the most extraordinary selling campaigns I ever engineered. The best of it was that it did not run up a prohibitive expense, either for my house or for the manufacturer. The local dealers were spurred by legitimate hope of gain to undertake the heaviest part of the work. That is the advantage of a properly built organization. No business can achieve great success when the management has to do the detailed work as well as engineer the thing.

"I often observe that many wholesalers fall short of success because they don't understand retailing. What is wholesaling, anyway, but a step toward retailing? If all men in the retail business knew how to sell goods the manufacturer and jobber could afford to lie back and merely supply those goods; but, with only one man out of ten really competent to do the actual retail marketing, the problem for the wholesaler is to educate the retailer and ginger him up.

"Well, we did educate those fellows and ginger them up until they were almost as enthusiastic—some of them—as I had been at Blankville. We tried to make every hardware store in that territory reflect as closely as possible my old Blankville headquarters. A wonderful story that Blankville tale was to those hardware men—a story that never grew old. We proved it to them by indisputable evidence. One day one of these dealers came to New York and I took him up to Blankville in person, and on through the whole chain of stores. He went home immensely enthusiastic. Then I hit on a new selling scheme. I announced to the local Western dealers that my house would pay the expenses of a trip to New York whenever one of them attained a given volume of sales in tools. Whenever a dealer took advantage of this offer I conducted him straightway to Blankville and the chain. This, indeed, was my chief motive. My former employer was quite willing to let us go over the comparative statistics of our growth and to let me point out, by means of the books, the results of our most notable campaigns. In every instance the Western dealer went home with his selling instincts thoroughly aroused and—better still—with a new stock of definite selling schemes. There is nothing that gets a man like success—in concrete, understandable form.

"Those selling schemes were many; but always, so far as we could direct them during that particular campaign, tools were the chief feature! Of course my three traveling men sold a general line of hardware, and a very substantial line it proved to be; but all the fireworks were concentrated on the tools. We featured kits of tools in numerous varieties; we engineered all sorts of special sales; we reached out and got our irresistible grip on the farmers, on the butchers, on the builders, on the city householders, on the workshops, on the schoolboys.

"We kept the names of all customers who bought our tools, and followed them up with propositions they could not ignore. Did you ever stop to think that the average house seems to consider a sale a closed incident? How many hundreds of strangers have you seen go into a place of business, buy something or other and walk out, never to go back again? Imagine yourself the owner of such a store. You wouldn't have known how to follow up these customers, had you wanted to do so, because you let them get away without revealing their identity. Of course, if you had gone about it bluntly to find out a customer's name you would have offended him, no doubt; but there are always fine little schemes by which you can accomplish such things. When a man bought a saw, for instance, our dealers asked his name and address so that he might have a chance to draw a certain neat little kit we were offering at some fair or picnic or entertainment. Then we kept in touch with him if we considered him worth while. The lists we built up in this way proved invaluable in that campaign and subsequently. We made our customers come back again and again to buy our goods."

A Twenty-Fold Increase

"I wish I had time to tell you what we did to build up sales in other lines aside from tools, but perhaps you can put two and two together. We followed the tool campaign in this same territory with a cutlery campaign, and meanwhile we jumped over into another territory with our tools. Then we came along with a special line of cooking utensils, a line of builders' hardware, and so on—continually adding to our selling staff and crowding the enemy's lines harder and harder. Oh yes—the enemy came down upon us in full force, once the opposing generals realized what we were doing; but we had a pretty good start before the other side really woke up.

"Our business grew—slowly at first, but faster as our organization gathered force. At the end of five years from the time I took it, it had doubled in volume; at the end of ten we were selling twenty times the quantity of goods we had begun with when I went down there from Blankville.

"When I had put this hardware business on its feet another chance came to me of which I do not care just now to talk. It was the business in which I am still engaged. A certain group of capitalists came to me with their plans for a huge undertaking. It was a tremendous thing, calling for the highest selling abilities any man could give. In return, it offered me the possibility of a fortune beyond anything I had dreamed of.

"I sold my interest in the hardware company and embarked in my new enterprise. Today it stands as conclusive proof of my assertion that a man's chance in business is just about what he sets out to make it. In building up my present business I have merely elaborated the scheme of selling as I have here outlined it."

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Edward Mott Woolley. The second will appear in an early issue.

S-s-s-h-! Don't Tell Her!

Give Her a Double Surprise

NOTE—This is a reproduction of the full-length figure shown in the "Pompeian Beauty" panel in gold and dark red. Size of panel 16 in. by 32 in. It is the Art Calendar lot of the year. See offer below.

Who can deny the immense business value to man, and the great social value to woman of a clear, clean, wholesome skin? Yet in these days of dust, smoke, and soot, what a fight for men to look really "clean cut," and for women to appear "deliciously clean"!

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Don't say anything to her. Give yourself a Pompeian Massage. It takes only a few moments. Rub the Pompeian well into the pores. The cream disappears, but in a few moments out it comes from the pores. Watch the dark, dirt-laden cream as it rolls out and drops into the bowl! That dirt came from your pores, even though you may have previously washed your face apparently very thoroughly. That dirt which soap couldn't reach was reached by Pompeian Massage Cream.

Now look in the mirror. That sallow, nineteenth century complexion has begun to disappear. Your face is now "Pompeian clean." Your wife will surely express her delight over your improved appearance.

2nd Surprise—Her Looks

But your greatest enjoyment will come when *she* begins to use Pompeian. The massaging will bring a natural freshness to her cheeks that will marvelously soften the tired lines of worry. Then, too, Pompeian will overcome for her the havoc which dust, smoke and soot have worked upon her complexion. Resolve this minute to give yourself and your wife this double surprise. *"Don't envy a good complexion, use Pompeian and have one."*

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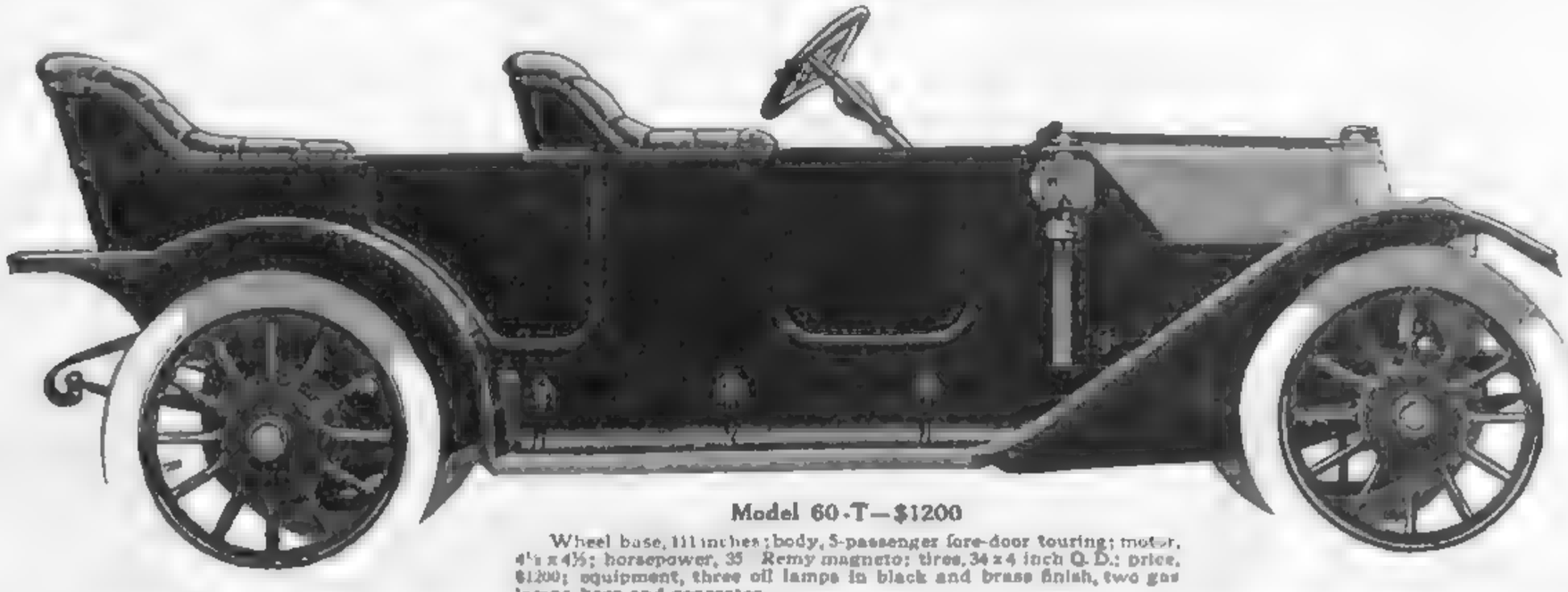
Over and above this The Willys-Overland Company is controlled by one man—J. N. Willys. He directs the operation of the entire organization. He owns every share of its stock. There is none for sale. There are no bonds to be taken up. There is no hungry manipulating board of directors. Nor are there any dangerous outstanding loans staring the company in the face.

All of which brings us to the point that the cars shown on these pages at $1200 and $1500 are only possible when turned out by a plant of our size, and our healthy operating and financial condition. You have never seen so much real car for so little real money. Take Model 60 at $1200 shown on the left hand page. Just run over a few of the specifications and see how near this comes to the average fifteen hundred dollar car.

It is a big five-passenger car—comfortable and with lots of room. It has a powerful thirty-five horsepower motor, which can easily develop fifty to sixty miles an hour. The wheel base is one hundred and eleven inches.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 60-T—$1200

Wheel base, 111 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4½ x 4½; horsepower, 35 Remy magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q. D.; price, $1200; equipment, three oil lamps in black and brass finish, two gas lamps, horn and generator.

Overland

Model 61
$1500

In an Automobile

The transmission is of the selective type—three speeds and reverse—fitted with F & S bearings, which are used in the most expensive cars made. Crank and gear casings are made of pure aluminum. The frame is of cold rolled pressed steel. The shifting levers are in the center of the car. The body lines are graceful and pleasing. The upholstery is of good leather hand stuffed with fine hair.

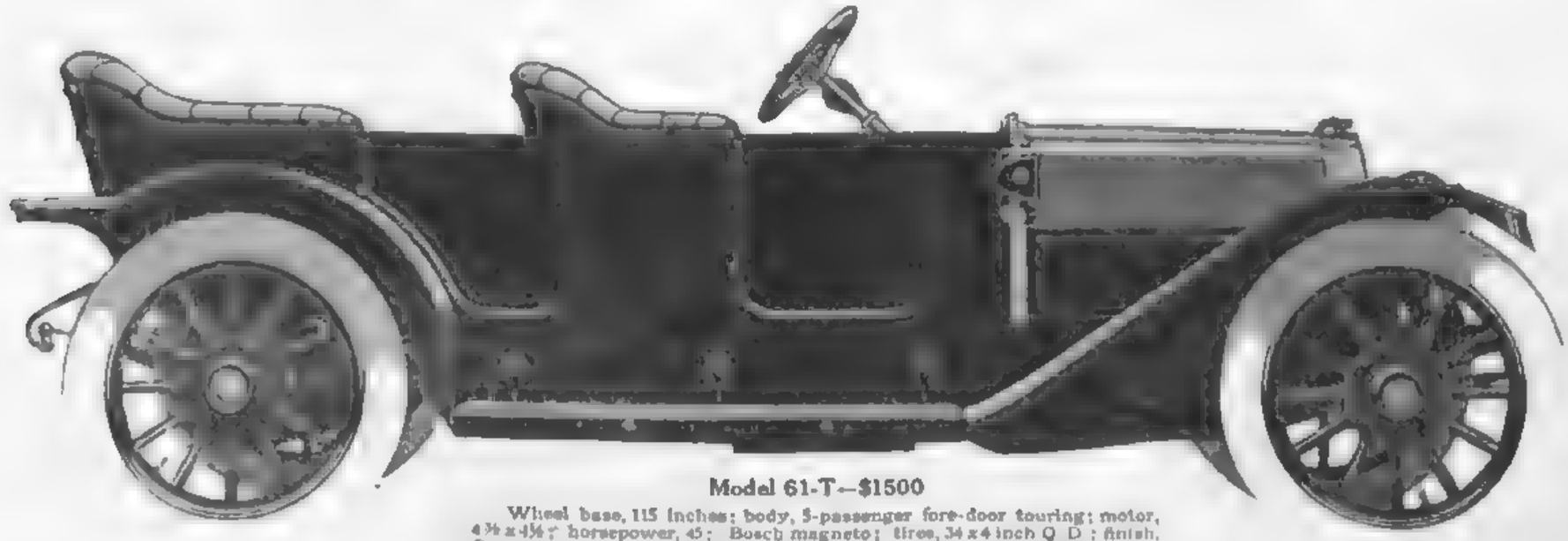
Can you duplicate this car for much less than $1500? If you want a machine of the thirty-five horsepower touring car type, would you pay $1500 when you can get this car for $1200? Do you want to literally waste three or four hundred dollars?

Model 61 at $1500 is another striking example of how our great capacity can save you money.

This car has a 45-horsepower motor; seats five people. The wheel base is 115 inches. The front axle is a one-piece drop forged I section fitted with Timken bearings. The rear axle is full floating, also fitted with Timken bearings. The pressed steel frame has a double drop. It is equipped with Bosch magneto. Tires 34 x 4 inches. The big handsome body is finished in rich Brewster green, ivory striped. All bright parts are heavily nickel plated. Upholstery is of the best leather and genuine hair. This car is big, strong and magnificent. It is hard to figure what more anyone could possibly want in an automobile. It is complete in every detail, having all those little modern refinements that make for comfort. The price of this car is $1500. Go over the market with a fine tooth comb and you will not find its equal for less than $2000.

Let us send you a comprehensive and interesting book which takes you through the Willys-Overland plants—the greatest in the world. A few minutes with this book will show you what a plant of large capacity can do in the way of economical production. When you write please ask for book A-21.

The Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio



Model 61-T—$1500

Wheel base, 115 inches; body, 5-passenger fore-door touring; motor, 4⅜ x 4½; horsepower, 45; Bosch magneto; tires, 34 x 4 inch Q D; finish, Brewster green ivory stripe, all bright parts nickel plated; 4 black and nickel oil lamps, 2 black and nickel gas lamps. Price, $1500.

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—They're Friends

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are ready-made, though "made to order" and *made to wear.* They insure to every man at work or play, the glove that exactly "fills the bill" for him. They are made of the best horsehide leather, tanned by special process and *guaranteed* never to shrink nor shrivel, harden, crack nor peel. They feel like velvet, and wear like iron. When greasy or soiled—a washing in gasoline makes them fresh, soft and shapely as new. If you [illegible] tor car or motor[illegible] of a dozen kinds—[illegible] Mitten" to the glove with one, two or all fingers free.

For Railroad men there are three leaders—the "[illegible]," a stout pigskin, the "Protector Gauntlet"—and the "Glad Hand"—all are heat and steam proof and are impervious to the effects of all moisture.

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R. F. D. State

How's Business and Why

IT IS expected that commercial failures increase as a year nears an end, and 1911 was no exception to this rule. Not only did the casualties of November exceed those of October, which had one more business day than the month in review, but the number was the largest since March and larger than in November of any of three previous years. Compared with the panic month of November, 1907, there was but a small decrease in 1911. Furthermore, liabilities of failed concerns in November exceeded those for October and of every November, except three, in the last eighteen years. November failures were 1092 in number and have not been exceeded for the month of November but five times in the last eighteen years. Liabilities for the month were $14,987,386—the three years when they were more for the month being 1907, with $32,653,269; 1896, with $23,104,052; and 1893, with $15,996,199. The number of failures for eleven months—11,358—was the largest for a like period in very many years, barring the 12,756 in 1908, the clearing-up period after the last panic. Liabilities for eleven months were $167,944,254, exceeded in late years only by $276,261,863 for 1907 and $307,227,939 for 1908. The explanation of the exceptional liabilities in those years lies in the fact of the failure of several large banking institutions in the city of New York. If those be eliminated the contrast this year looks rather unfavorable. When the slowness of trade this year is considered it probably will not be surprising to learn of the numerous failures and the dimensions of liabilities. The smallness of profits in many lines of business has operated adversely to solvency in numerous cases.

Though profits have been small in many lines of trade, it is fancied that they have approximated the normal in most lines involving food and drink. It is at least interesting to observe the course of commodity prices, which have been running on high levels, as indicated by Bradstreet's index numbers, covering ninety-six commodities. Unavoidably in preparing the statistics undue weight is given to commodities in limited use; but, since the same practice obtains at all times, the general indication is perhaps as good as can be had. The index number on December 1, 1911, was $8.9835, an advance of one per cent for November, 1911, and the highest price since May, 1910, when the number was $9.0385. On January 1, 1910, however, the number was $9.2310, contrasting with a minimum of $7.7227 at the beginning of June, 1908; and that decline had followed a maximum of $9.1293 on the first day of March, 1907. Barring the number on December 1, 1909, that on December 1, 1911, was the highest ever recorded on the first day of the last month of the year. Comparing the index number of groups of commodities December 1, 1911, with December 1, 1910, it is found there have been advances in breadstuffs, livestock, provisions, fruits, hides and leather, metals, naval stores, building materials, chemicals and drugs; while there have been decreases in textiles, coal, coke and oils.

Little New Building

The item of new building construction is suggestive in the bearing upon business conditions. In a growing country there is always considerable building in progress, and alterations and enlargements are many. This is true whether general business is good or bad, local conditions modifying the influence of general conditions. Chicago, for example, has been uncommonly active this season on account of the taking effect of new restrictions regarding the height of buildings, the desire being to build under the old law. Then there are communities where general conditions are so exceptionally prosperous that much money is put into this form of real estate. By the end of the year, however, there is wont to be some slackening of building enterprise; and so it was in November, 1911. In one hundred and two cities the amount of construction undertaken was $52,919,145, a decrease of 5.6 per cent from October, 1911, and 3.4 per cent from the figures for November, 1910. In more than half of the cities—fifty-nine, to be exact—there was an increase over 1910. For eleven months—November not quite complete—the value of new construction in the country was $759,662,662, a decrease of but 1.62 per cent from 1910, when the amount was about five per cent below that for eleven months of 1909. So far as new building is a sign of the times, it must be said that it shows a condition of "marking time."

Touching the condition of miscellaneous trades—cotton, wool, boot and shoe, and so on—reports are on the whole encouraging. It appears that in many directions dealers have run low on stocks and find themselves forced to renew their supplies, and this has had a favorable effect upon manufacturers. Whether all industries will follow the steel industry in expansion of output is a problem for the future. Considering the season, the business outlook may be styled good. The Christmas trade was not so large as sometimes, and for that condition there may be explanation either in the temperament of the people or in the state of their finances—perhaps the latter rather than the former.

Exports and Imports

The foreign trade of the United States for November, 1911, shows a modest decline in imports and exports compared with last year, $126,000,000 imports comparing with $129,000,000 in 1910 and $142,000,000 in 1909, and $201,000,000 exports being set against $206,000,000 in 1910 and $194,000,000 in 1909. For eleven months of 1911 the showing was favorable to said year as to exports, but not as to imports, unless it shall be considered advantageous to a country to have the imports decline. The total imports for the period were valued at $1,392,000,000 against $1,426,000,000 in 1910 and $1,336,000,000 in 1909. Exports were $1,887,000,000 in 1911 compared with $1,637,000,000 in 1910 and $1,585,000,000 in 1909. The excess of exports over imports for the month of November, 1911, was $76,400,000 against $76,800,000 in 1910 and $53,400,000 in 1909. For eleven months the excess of exports was $457,000,000 compared with $211,000,000 in 1910 and $219,000,000 in 1909. Looking a little closer at the exports, notably at foodstuffs, it is seen that for November, 1911, there was a decrease compared with 1910 in breadstuffs, cattle and hogs, cotton and mineral oils, and an increase in the worth of meat and dairy products. The decrease in cotton was from $87,000,000 in 1910 to $68,000,000 in 1911. The decline in the value of all foodstuffs was from $112,900,000 to $94,200,000; but from the beginning of 1911 there has been an increase in the exports of foodstuffs from $697,800,000 in 1910 to $780,400,000 for eleven months of 1911. There was an increase of $27,500,000 each in breadstuffs and in meat and dairy products, about one hundred per cent in the value of cattle, hogs, and so on, $9,000,000 in mineral oils, while the exports of cotton were valued at $439,000,000 compared with $428,000,000. The increase in the value of manufactures in 1911 was very large. The decreased prices for steel commodities appear to have broadened the foreign outlet quite as much as that at home.

The money market worked itself into a condition near the close of 1911 which some people professed not to expect; and even now they do not perhaps understand it. From a condition of ease, which it seems to have been assumed would last indefinitely, there was a change to a state of temporary tension, and money in Wall Street touched six per cent for a very brief time. Then it dropped to two and a half per cent, went to about four per cent again and ranged round there for a while. The time money market was not particularly affected. The New York banks evidently committed their resources round the first of December to such an extent that they were momentarily short of ready funds; but they quickly recovered themselves and were soon in comfortable circumstances. They are still believed to have large credits abroad and to be able to avail themselves of that resource at any time. Should general business revive, as Wall Street would have it understood it may, perhaps the days of really easy money will prove to have been left behind; but there is no indication of monetary stringency—at least not unless Wall Street shall succeed in convincing the public that this is the hour to lay the foundation for great riches by buying stocks freely, which is doubtful.

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Chewing Gum Sell to dealers in your town. Be our agent. Clean, profitable business built up quickly with our new brands. Four flavors, novel packages. Write today. Holmes Gum Factory, Cincinnati. We make Vending, Slot, Premium and Special Gums.

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is manufactured from pure and carefully selected materials and it is the most perfect covering for exterior surfaces for which it is recommended.

As to the color scheme, write for our portfolio of exterior painting showing many attractive color combinations suitable to all styles of houses. It's *free*.

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Use MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM
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and insist upon your barber using it also. It is antiseptic and will assist in preventing many of the *skin diseases* often contracted. Sold everywhere or mailed for 25c.

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200 EGG Three Dollars Incubator; actual hen heats, ventilates, controls. No lamp; no oil, no expense: Big hatches. Catalog Free Nat. Hen Inc. Co., Station F, Department 97, Los Angeles

THE LIGHTNING CHANGE

(Concluded from Page 11)

The waiter went to execute the order. The young man almost dropped off to sleep in his chair, when in upon the tired group came his election agent with anxious and haggard face.

"We are done for!" he cried.

"As how?" demanded the Canadian, waking up.

"It's all over town that you make your money by cornering grain and cotton, thus interfering with the poor man's food and the rich man's raw material."

"But it's a lie!" exclaimed the young man. "I've never touched either grain or cotton in my life!"

"That doesn't matter," replied the agent. "It's a lie that kills in Manchester. There's no time to refute it."

"Oh, isn't there!" retorted the Canadian, bolting for his slouch hat. He met the waiter at the door, carrying in the red-hot, sizzling beefsteak. "Take it away!" he commanded. "I like my beefsteak cold. Keep it for me!"

A moment later he was in his motor car. He drove to the biggest job-printing establishment, which was kept open all night before election, and set huge posters on the press, using the biggest letters known to typography.

£1000 REWARD!

This sum of money will be paid to any man revealing the identity of the person who started the lie that I made my money out of either grain or cotton. My money comes from timber, honestly earned; and a thousand pounds of it will be instantly paid to the man who identifies the liar!

"Now!" he cried to his agent. "Get together and assemble here the Right Honorable Guild of Billposters. I'll pay them three—five—ten times their ordinary wages. There mustn't be a piece of dead wall visible in my constituency tomorrow."

"But," objected the agent, "every dead wall is already taken. The Liberal bills were put up and finished just before midnight."

"So much the better. The billposters have not yet gone to bed. Rout' em out!"

"But it's against the law to ——"

"Of course—an act of trespass. I know all about that; but anything to beat a lie! Accept service on my behalf. I'll pay whatever costs the court imposes the day after election."

The young Canadian was elected and sits in Parliament today—the only Tory representing any portion of Manchester; and now his leader is his fellow-countryman, Mr. Andrew Bonar Law.

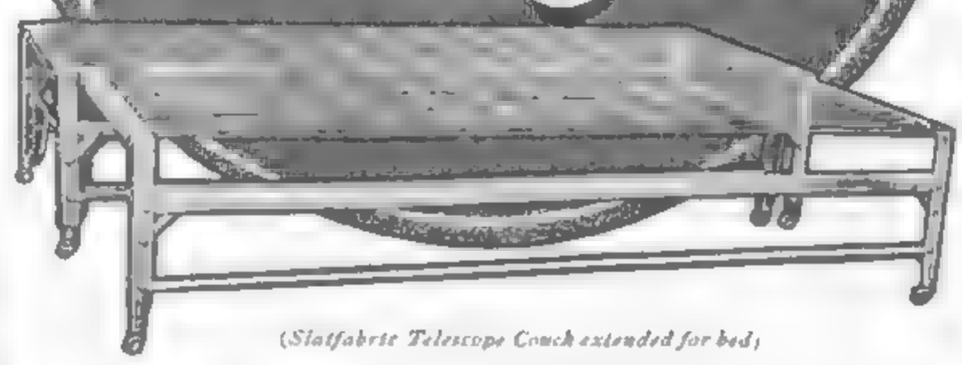
Robbing the Squirrels

THE tree seeds collected by the Forest Service for planting purposes are obtained largely by theft—that is to say, by robbing the hoards of the squirrels. Pine squirrels gather and store enormous quantities of pine cones, and so likewise do chipmunks and mice; but the greatest collectors of all are the small red squirrels, and it is not uncommon to find in a single one of their caches from eight to twelve bushels of cones.

Such caches are commonly found beneath decayed logs, under bushes and felled treetops, and beneath the overhanging banks of streams—often carefully covered with leaves and mold, making it difficult to locate them; though the squirrels' well-beaten trails serve in many instances as a guide to the seed-collector. The rodents are very industrious and lay by stores out of all proportion to their needs.

Methods have recently been adopted for handling the cones and separating out the seed by machinery, much labor being thus saved. Cone-shakers of several patterns have been devised, some of which are operated by hand and others by gasoline engines. A number of cone-drying houses have been built in the various national forests, where during four weeks of last winter a total of thirty-eight hundred and ninety-four pounds of clean seed was produced. This made necessary the handling of one thousand bushels of cones a week, including the process of drying and opening, shaking out the seed, removing the "wings," putting the seed through a fanning mill and weighing and sacking it for shipment.

Madam! Here Is The Sanitary Couch You Have Been Waiting For



(Slatfabric Telescope Couch extended for bed)

You have always wanted a Sanitary Steel Couch. You have pictured it occupying a pretty cozy corner of your living room; you have felt its need when an unexpected guest arrived.

In fancy, you have imagined a dozen different uses for so handy an article, both as a couch and as a bed.

Why have you waited? Why have you denied your home this comfort—this great convenience? Let us suggest the answer:

You haven't been satisfied with the old-fashioned, round wire sanitary couches. You have been waiting for a Sanitary Steel Couch that would not sag, that would not rust or break, that would not rattle, get out of order or tear the bedclothes.

And now that couch has come. We guarantee it for 25 years.

Slatfabric

Steel Sanitary
Couches, Cots and Bed Springs

The secret lies in the flat wire fabric—elastic ribbons of steel—to be found on all Slatfabric Couches, Davenports, Cots, Cribs and Bed Springs, and only on Slatfabric.

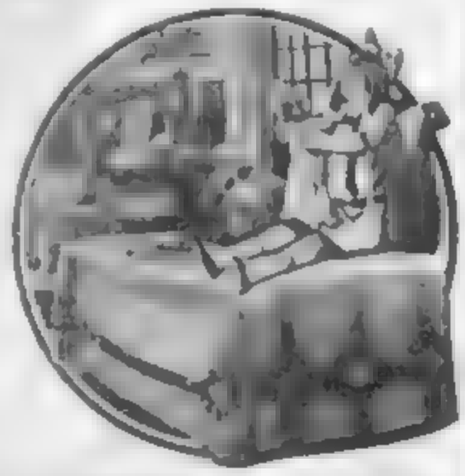
These resilient flat steel wires are secured to solid steel one-piece frames by the best oil-tempered springs, making Slatfabric furniture at once the strongest, best looking and most comfortable ever produced.

SLATFABRIC Couches, Davenports, Cots and Bed Springs are made in all the popular styles and shapes—all sterling in construction and value.

The Telescope Slatfabric Couch (illustrated above) has many special features found on no other couch. It is the only telescope with surface absolutely level when open as a bed. It is equal in comfort to the best bed. It is the only telescope guaranteed for 25 years.

Get a Sanitary Steel Couch! There are many opportunities in your own home to make it serve you well, both as an ornament and as a convenience—bedecked with cover and pillows, in a cozy nook, or opened up into an excellent bed.

Be sure to get SLATFABRIC when you buy. Look for the flat steel wire. No other couch like it on the market.



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Write for a copy of our interesting and beautifully illustrated booklet, "Cozy Corners," and send us your dealer's name. Address:

SANITARY STEEL COUCH COMPANY
2501 Sanitary Building, Chicago, Ill. (53)

My Farewell Car

By R. E. Olds, Designer

Reo the Fifth—the car I now bring out—is considered by me as pretty close to finality

So close that I call it "My Farewell Car." I shall let it stand as my topmost achievement.

Embodied here are the final results of my 25 years of experience.

I have spent 18 months on Reo the Fifth. For three months I stopped the whole Reo production to devote all of our efforts to this one car.

The future is bound to bring some minor changes—folderols and fashions. But in all the essentials this car strikes my limit.

Better workmanship is impossible, better materials unthinkable. More of simplicity, silence, durability and economy can hardly be conceived.

I consider this car about as close to perfection as engineers ever will get.

My 24th Model

This is the twenty-fourth model which I have created. My first was a steam car, built in 1887 - 25 years ago. My first gasoline car was built in 1895—17 years ago.

My whole life has been spent in building gasoline engines—the Olds Gas Engines, famous half the world over. My engine-building successes gave first prestige to my cars. For the motor, of course, is the very heart of a car.

So it came about that tens of thousands of motorists have used cars of my designing. They have run from one to six cylinders, from 6 to 60 horsepower. They have ranged from little to big, from the primitive to the modern luxurious cars. I have run the whole gamut of automobile experience.

In the process of sifting I have settled down to the 30 to 35 horsepower, 4-cylinder car. That is, and will doubtless remain, the standard type of car.

Greater power is unnecessary; its operation expensive. Weight, size and power not needed bring excessive cost of upkeep. Most men who know best, and who can own good cars, are coming to this standard type. So we make for the future just this one type of car.

And in this new car—called Reo the Fifth—I have embodied all I know which can add one iota to the real worth of a car.

My Thousand Helpers

But Reo the Fifth, despite all my inventions, belongs to other men more than to me. A thousand men have contributed to it. I have searched the whole world to secure for each part the very best that any man has discovered.

For that is the essence of motor car designing—to learn what is best and adopt it. No modern car owes more than a trifle to the genius of any one man.

So this car is not mine—it is merely my compilation. It shows my skill in selection—in picking the best—more than my skill in designing. It shows, above all, what my myriads of cars in actual use have taught me.

And I frankly confess that I owe a great deal to the many brilliant designers whom it has been my good fortune to associate with me.

Where This Car Excels

In Reo the Fifth you will find many good features found in no other car. You will find all the best features used in other up-to-date models. You will find them combined with style, finish and appearance which marks the very latest vogue.

But the vital advantages of this new car lie in excess of care and caution. In the utter exactness—in the big margins of safety.

One of the greatest lies in formulas for steel. I have learned by endless experiment by countless mistakes—the best alloy for each purpose

All the steel that I use is now made to my order. And each lot is analyzed to prove its accord with the formula. Experience has taught me not to take any chances.

I used to test gears with a hammer. Now I use a crushing machine of 50 tons capacity. And I know to exactness what each gear will stand.

I took the maker's word on magnetos at one time. Now I require a radical test, and I have found but two makes which will stand it.

The axles are immensely important. I use Nickel Steel of unusual diameter, and fit them with Timken Roller Bearings.

The carburetor is doubly heated—by hot air and hot water—for the present grades of gasoline.

The car is over-tired.

So with every part. From start to finish this car is built under laboratory supervision. The various parts pass a thousand inspections.

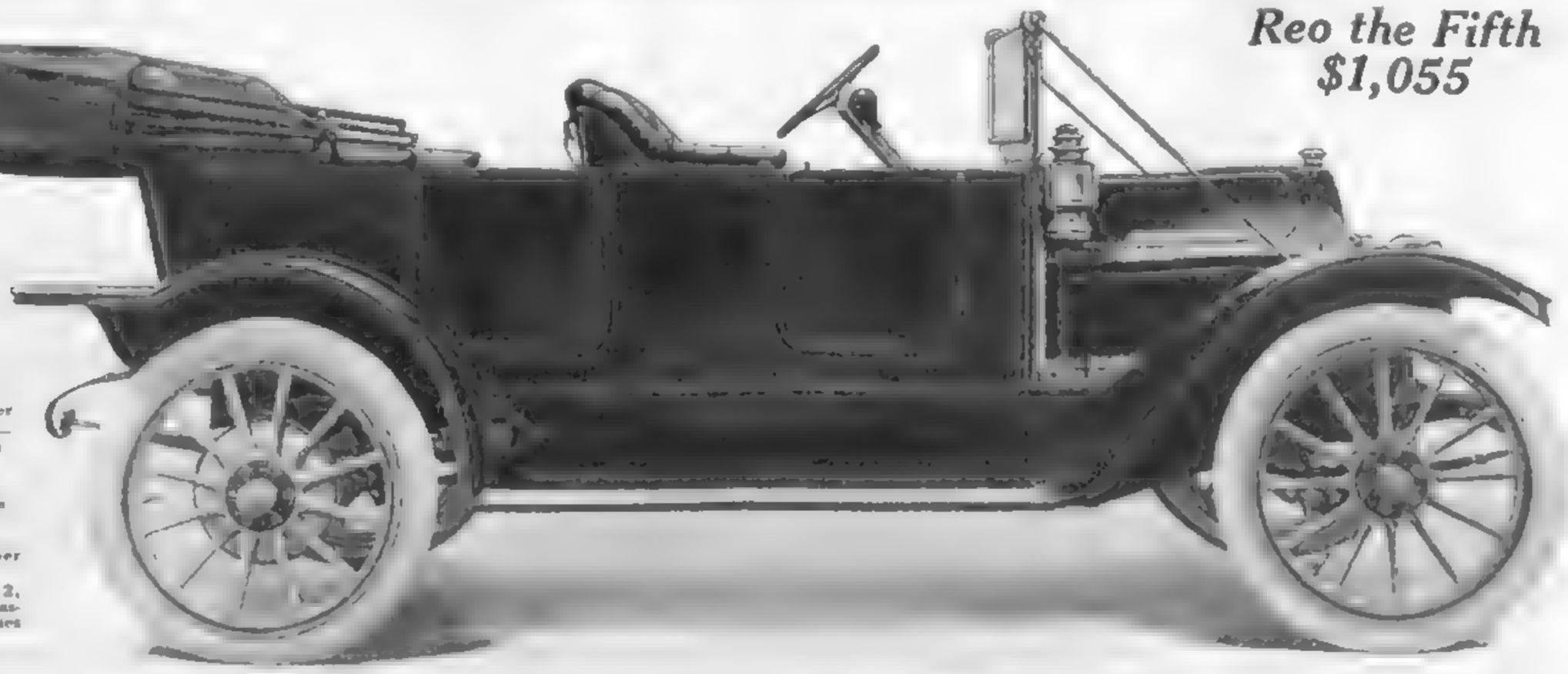
It is one thing to build a theoretical car, to meet all expected conditions. It is another thing to build one to meet actual conditions. The unusual and unexpected bring out a car's weakness.

The best thing I have learned, in these decades of experience, is the folly of taking chances.

I had one of these new cars run for ten thousand miles—run at top speed, night and day, on rough roads. That is equal, I figure, to three years' average usage. Then I took the car apart, and I found every important part in the whole car practically as good as new.

That's where this car excels—in that excess of caution taught by 25 years of experience. I am not abler than other designers. I have simply been learning longer.

Reo the Fifth
$1,055



30-35 Horsepower
Wheel Base—112 Inches
Wheels—34 Inches
Demountable Rims
Speed 45 Miles per Hour.
Made with 2, 4 and 5 Passenger Bodies

Top and windshield not included in price. We equip this car with mohair top, side curtains and slip-cover, windshield, gas tank and speedometer—all for $100 extra. Self-starter, if wanted, $25.00 extra.

The Price of $1,055

It seems an anomaly that this Farewell Car—my finest production—should sell for $1,055. But of all the new accomplishments shown in this car I consider this price as the greatest.

In this final and radical paring of cost I feel that I leave my greatest mark on this industry. And nothing else done by me has required so much invention, so much preparation.

The time has come when motor cars must be sold on a close-price basis. Cost, profit and selling-cost must all come down.

The furores of the future will be due to efficiency—to enormous production, to modern equipment, to automatic machinery.

The time is passing when a doubled price indicates a double value. Men are learning how to judge a car. They are not content to pay more than the market for the utmost one can get.

The Sweeping Change

I have sold thousands of cars at what would now be four times the cost of making. I have seen men stand in line and pay a bonus to get them.

I have spent in the making—in proportion to value—twice what I spend today. But those were days of experiment, of constant change. A wealth of machinery, tools and jigs went every year to the scrap heap. And they were days of hand work, of little automatic machinery.

I have seen overhead expense, in the days of small outputs, cost twice as much as labor. I have seen selling expense cost as much as materials. The prices of those days are now extremely unfair.

Now every operation in the Reo plant is performed by special automatic machinery, invented by us, built right here in our shops. Some single machines divide the labor cost by fifty. And they multiply exactness, too.

Now the Reo is standardized, so machines are not changed. Now we build but one chassis in all this great plant. That fact alone saves nearly $200 per car.

Now the whole of the car is built under one roof, so we pay no profits to parts makers. Now we make thousands of cars where we used to make hundreds, so overhead expense is a trifle.

Selling expense, because of the Reo's prestige, is a fraction of what it was. Profit per car has been cut to the minimum. Our dividends are paid by enormous production.

Those are the reasons for this price on Reo the Fifth—a price far below any car in its class. I believe the dominant car must give most for the money. And I want that to be Reo the Fifth.

The Price Not Fixed

But the price of $1,055 is not irrevocable. All our contracts with dealers provide for advance on two weeks' written notice.

Materials are now at their lowest prices in years, and but little advance will make this price impossible. We have pared every cost to the limit. We have even discounted the prospect of a doubled demand. So added cost, if it should occur, must be added to our price.

But the price today is $1,055. And the price will be kept this low as long as it can be. But no price can be fixed for six months in advance without leaving a big margin, and we haven't done that.

About Skimping

Standard cars which compare with Reo the Fifth are selling today up to $2,500. This difference in price naturally leads to the question as to whether we have skimped on the Reo.

We ask you to judge that for yourself. Our catalog—just out—gives complete specifications. It states the material used in every vital part. Please make your comparisons; or, if you can't do it, have a good engineer make them for you.

If there is one device better than I employ, I don't know it. If there are better materials for any part or purpose, I have failed to find them out. If any maker uses more time, skill or care, I do not know how he employs it.

After 25 years spent in car building I consider Reo the Fifth, in every respect, as my limit. I would not know where to add one whit of real value, whatever price you would pay.

Note the generous tires—the hair-filled genuine leather cushions—the nickel-trimmed engine—the 17-coated body. In every part of the car, both the seen and unseen, I have put that final touch.

No, this car is not skimped. I am putting it out as the cap-sheaf of my career. All my prestige is at stake on it. This is my Farewell Car, and I am glad to think that tens of thousands of motor car owners are going to judge me by it.

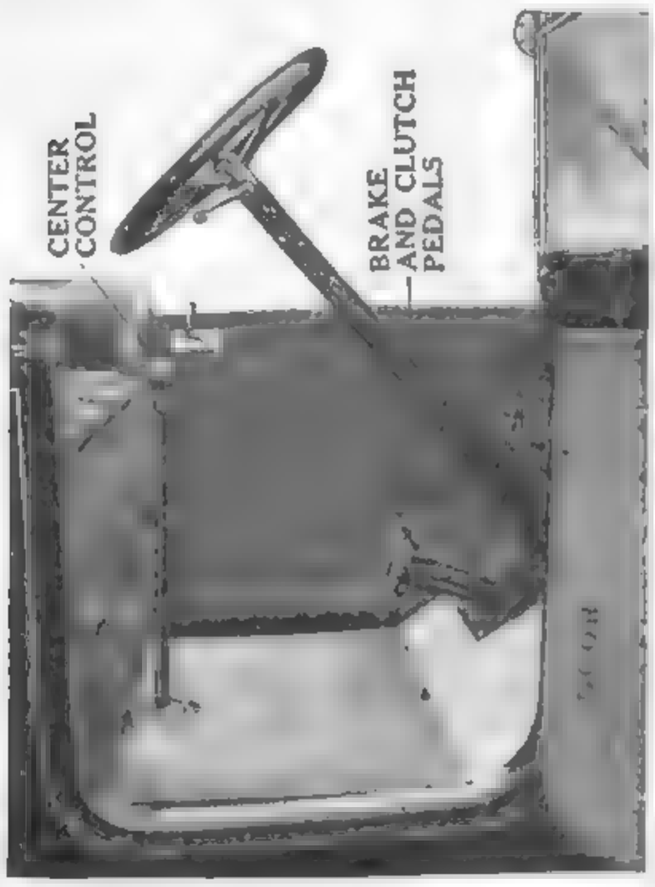
New Catalog Ready

Our catalog gives all the specifications, and shows the three styles of bodies. It gives details of all the new features.

Reo the Fifth, at this radical price, will be the season's sensation. The facts about it are exceedingly interesting. Write us today for the book. We will then direct you where to see the car.

R. M. Owen & Co. General Sales Agents for **Reo Motor Car Co., Lansing, Mich.**

Canadian Factory, St. Catharines, Ontario



The Center, Cane-Handle Control
No Side Levers—No Reaching

The most unique feature in Reo the Fifth is this center control, shaped like a cane handle. It is our invention—our exclusive feature.

This car has no side levers—nothing in the way. The driver gets out on either side as easily as you climb from the tonneau.

Both brakes are worked by foot pedals. Either or both of them can be applied without taking the hand from the wheel.

The gear shifting is done by this center cane-handle. The handle straight up means transmission on neutral. One slight motion takes you to low speed, another to intermediate, another to high speed and another to reverse.

Each of these movements is in a different direction. And the top of the handle, in changing from one to another, hardly moves more than three inches. So the handle is not in the way.

No danger of gear stripping. No noise at all. There was never before a gear shifting device even one-fourth so convenient and simple.

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In Reo the Fifth the driver sits—as he should sit—on the left-hand side. He is then close to the cars which he passes. He is on the up side of the road. He can look behind in making a turn.

This has always been so on electrics. But with gasoline cars, where there are side levers, the driver is compelled to sit on the right side. And that means the wrong side for driving.

Fore doors have now made side levers impracticable. They come too close to the door. This fact is compelling a center control, to which all cars must come. And this center control enables the driver to sit on the left side—on the proper side of his car.

It is so in Reo the Fifth. But, in addition to that, we have rid the car of both the brake lever and gear lever.

Those are a few of the ways in which this new Reo model shows its up-to-dateness.

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If you scrape your face, what can you expect? It is sure to smart and burn, for your method is wrong.

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THE LIGHTED WAY

(Continued from Page 21)

"I mention it," he said, "because you will understand that my remarks to you are not dictated by curiosity or impertinence. Mr. Weatherley's behavior and mode of life have been entirely changed, Chetwode, since his marriage."

"I can understand that," Arnold replied with a faint smile. What, indeed, had so beautiful a creature as Fenella to do with Samuel Weatherley of Tooley Street!

"Mrs. Weatherley," Mr. Jarvis continued, "is, no doubt, a very beautiful and very accomplished lady. Whether she is a suitable wife for Mr. Weatherley I am not in a position to judge, never having had the opportunity of speech with her; but so far as regards the effect of his marriage upon Mr. Weatherley, I should like you to understand, Chetwode, at once, that it is my opinion and the opinion of all of us and of all his business friends that a marked change for the worse in Mr. Weatherley has set in during the last few months."

"I am sorry to hear it," Arnold said.

"You, of course," Mr. Jarvis went on, "could scarcely have noticed it as you have been here so short a time, but I can assure you that a year or so ago the governor was a different person altogether. He was out in the warehouse half the morning, watching the stuff being unloaded, sampling it and suggesting customers. He took a live interest in the business, Chetwode. He was here, there and everywhere. Today—for the last few weeks indeed—he has scarcely left his office. He sits there, signs a few letters, listens to what I have to say, and goodness knows how he spends the rest of his time. Where the business would be," Mr. Jarvis continued, rubbing his chin thoughtfully, "if it were not for us who know the running of it so well, I can't say, but a fact it is that Mr. Weatherley seems to have lost all interest in it."

"I wonder he doesn't retire," Arnold suggested.

"Retire!" Mr. Jarvis said. "Why should he retire? What would he do? Isn't it as comfortable for him to read his newspaper over the fire in the office there as at home? Isn't it better for him to have his friends all round him, as he has here, than to sit up in his drawing room in business hours with never a soul to speak to? Such men as Mr. Weatherley, Chetwode, or as Mr. Weatherley's father was, don't retire. If they do it means the end."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear what you tell me," Arnold said. "I haven't seen much of Mr. Weatherley, of course, but he seems devoted to his wife."

"Infatuated, sir! Infatuated is the word!" Mr. Jarvis declared.

"She is very charming," Arnold remarked thoughtfully.

Mr. Jarvis looked as though there were many things that he could have said, but refrained from saying.

"You will not suggest, Chetwode," he asked, "that she married Mr. Weatherley for any other reason than because he was a rich man?"

Arnold was silent for a moment. Somehow or other he had accepted the fact of her being Mrs. Weatherley without thinking much as to its significance.

"I suppose," he admitted, "that Mr. Weatherley's money was an inducement."

"There is never anything but evil," Mr. Jarvis declared, "comes from a man or a woman marrying out of their own circle of friends. Now Mr. Weatherley might have married a dozen ladies from his own circle here. One I know of—a very handsome lady, too—whose father has been lord mayor. And then there's the sisters of young Tidey in the office there. Any one of them would have been most suitable. But no! Some unlucky chance seems to have sent Mr. Weatherley on that Continental journey, and when you once get away from England, why, of course anything may happen. I don't wish to say anything against Mrs. Weatherley, mind," Mr. Jarvis continued, "but she comes from the wrong class of people to make a City man a good wife, and I can't help associating her and her friends and her manner of living with the change that's come over Mr. Weatherley."

Arnold swung himself up on to the top of a barrel and sat looking down.

"Mr. Jarvis," he said, "you and I see this matter naturally from very different standpoints. You have known Mr. Weatherley for thirty-five years. I have known him for four months, and he never spoke a word to me until a few days ago. Practically, therefore, I have known Mr. and Mrs. Weatherley the same length of time. Under the circumstances I must tell you frankly that my sympathies are with Mrs. Weatherley. Not only have I found her a very charming and beautiful lady, but she has been most unnecessarily kind to me."

Mr. Jarvis was silent for a moment.

"I had forgotten," he admitted, "that that might be your point of view. It isn't, of course, possible to look for any feeling of loyalty for the chief from any one who has only been here a matter of a few months. Perhaps I was wrong to have spoken to you at all, Chetwode."

"If there is anything I can do ——" Arnold began.

"It's in this way," Mr. Jarvis interrupted. "Owing, I dare say, to Mrs. Weatherley you have certainly been put in a unique position here. You see more of Mr. Weatherley now than any one of us. For that reason I was anxious to make a confidant of you. I tell you that I am worried about Mr. Weatherley. He is a rich man and a prosperous man. There is no reason why he should sit in his office and gaze into the fire and look out of the window, as though the place were full of shadows and he hated the sight of them. Yet that is what he does nowadays, Chetwode. What does it mean? I ask you frankly. Haven't you noticed yourself that his behavior is peculiar?"

"Now you mention it," Arnold replied, "I certainly have noticed that he was very strange in his manner this morning. He seemed very upset about that Rosario murder. Mr. Rosario was at his house the other night, you know. Were they great friends, do you think?"

Mr. Jarvis shook his head.

"Not at all," he said. "He was simply, I think, one of Mrs. Weatherley's society acquaintances. But that there's something gone wrong with Mr. Weatherley no one would deny who sees him as he is now and knew him as he was a year or so ago. There's Johnson, the foreman packer, who's been here as long as I have; and Elwick, the carter; and Hümmel, in the export department—we've all been talking together about this."

"He doesn't speculate, I suppose?" Arnold inquired.

"Not a ha'penny," Mr. Jarvis replied fervently. "He has spent large sums of money since his marriage, but he can afford it. It isn't money that's worrying him."

"Perhaps he doesn't hit it off with his wife," Arnold remarked.

Mr. Jarvis drew a little breath. For a moment he was speechless. To him it seemed something like profanity that this young man should make so casual a suggestion!

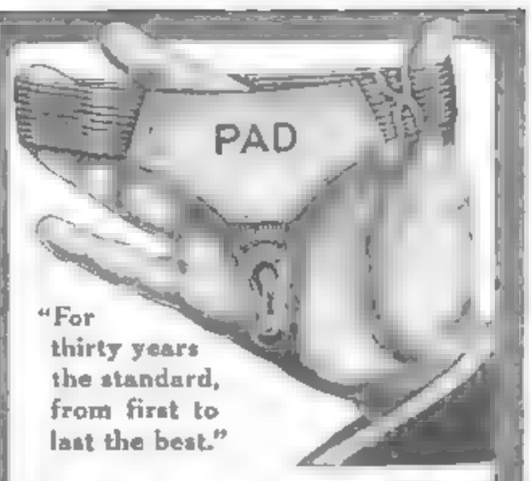
"Mrs. Weatherley, sir," he declared, "was, I believe, without any means whatever when Mr. Weatherley made her his wife. Mr. Weatherley, as you know, is at the head of this house, the house of Samuel Weatherley & Company, bankers Lloyd's. It should be the business of the lady, sir, to see that she 'hits it off,' as you put it, with a husband who has done her so much honor."

Arnold smiled.

"That is all very well, Mr. Jarvis," he said, "but you must remember that Mrs. Weatherley had compensations for her lack of wealth. She is very beautiful, and she is, too, of a different social rank."

Mr. Jarvis was frankly scornful.

"Why, she was a foreigner!" he declared. "I should like to know of what account any foreign family is against our good City firms such as I have been speaking of. No, Chetwode; my opinion is that she's brought a lot of her miserable foreign hangers-on over here and that somehow or other they are worrying Mr. Weatherley. I should like, if I could, to interest you in the chief. You can't be expected to feel as I do toward him. At the same time he is the head of the firm, and you are bound, therefore, to feel a certain respect due to him, and I thought that if I talked to you and put these matters before you, which have occurred, not only to me but to those others who have been with Mr. Weatherley for so many years, that you might be able to help us by watching. If you can find any clew as to what is bothering him, why, I'd be glad



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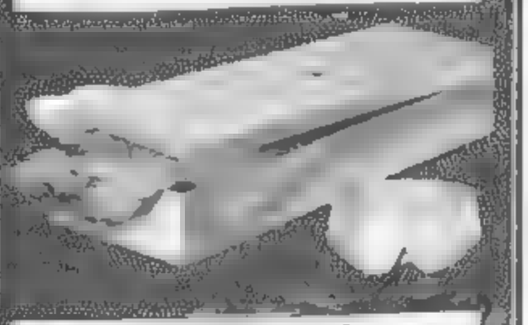

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to hear of it, for there isn't one of us who wouldn't do anything that lay in his power to have the master back once more as he used to be a few years ago. Why, the business seems to have lost all its spring nowadays," Mr. Jarvis went on mournfully. "We do well, of course, because we couldn't help doing well, but we plod along more like a machine. It was different altogether in the days when Mr. Weatherley used to bring out the morning orders himself and chaff us about selling for no profit. You follow me, Chetwode?"

"I'll do what I can," Arnold agreed. "Of course I see your point of view, and I must admit that the governor does seem depressed about something or other."

"If anything turns up," Mr. Jarvis asked eagerly—"anything tangible, I mean—you'll tell me of it, won't you, there's a good fellow? Of course I suppose your future is outside my control now, but I engaged you first, you know, Chetwode. There aren't many things done here that I haven't a say in."

"You may rely upon me," Arnold promised, slipping down from the barrel. "He's really quite a decent old chap, and if I can find out what's worrying him, and can help, I'll do it."

Mr. Jarvis went back to his labors and Arnold made his way to Mr. Weatherley's room. His first knock remained unanswered. The "Come in!" that procured for him admittance at his second summons sounded both flurried and startled. Mr. Weatherley had the air of one who has been engaged in some criminal task. He drew the blotting paper over the letter that he had been writing as Arnold entered.

"Oh! It's you, is it, Chetwode?" he remarked with an air of relief. "So you're back, eh? Pleasant luncheon?"

"Very pleasant indeed, thank you, sir," Arnold replied.

"Mrs. Weatherley send any message?" her husband then asked with ill-assumed indifference.

"None at all, sir."

Mr. Weatherley sighed. He seemed a little disappointed.

"Did you lunch at the Carlton?"

"We took our coffee there afterward," Arnold said. "We lunched at a small foreign restaurant near Oxford Street."

"The Count Sabatini was there?"

"Yes, sir," Arnold told him. "Also Mr. Starling."

Mr. Weatherley nodded slowly.

"How do you get on with Count Sabatini?" he inquired. "Rather a gloomy person, eh?"

"I found him very pleasant, sir," Arnold said. "He was good enough to ask me to dine with him tonight."

Mr. Weatherley looked up a little startled.

"Invited you to dine with him?" he repeated.

Arnold nodded.

"I thought it was very kind of him, sir."

Mr. Weatherley sat quite still in his chair. He had obviously forgotten his secretary's presence in the room, and Arnold, who had seated himself at his desk and was engaged sorting out some papers, took the opportunity now and then to glance up and scrutinize with some attention his employer's features. There were certainly traces there of the change at which Mr. Jarvis had hinted. Mr. Weatherley had the appearance of a man who had once been florid and prosperous and comfortable-looking, but who had been visited by illness or some sort of anxiety. His cheeks were still on the fat side, but they hung down toward the jaw, and his eyes were marked with crow's-feet. His color was unhealthful. He certainly had no longer the look of a prosperous and contented man.

"Chetwode," he said slowly after a long pause, "I am not sure that I did you a kindness when I asked you to come to my house the other night."

"I thought so, at any rate, sir," Arnold replied. "It has been a great pleasure to me to make Mrs. Weatherley's acquaintance."

"I am glad that my wife has been kind to you," Mr. Weatherley continued, "but I hope you will not misunderstand me, Chetwode, when I say that I am not sure that such kindness is for your good. Mrs. Weatherley's antecedents are romantic, and she has many friends whose position in life is curiously different from my own and whose ideas and methods of life are not such as I should like a son of my own to adopt. The Count Sabatini, for instance," Mr. Weatherley went on, "is a nobleman

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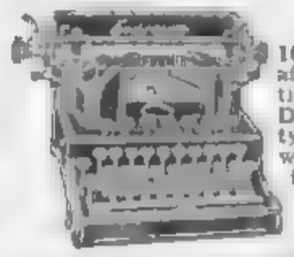

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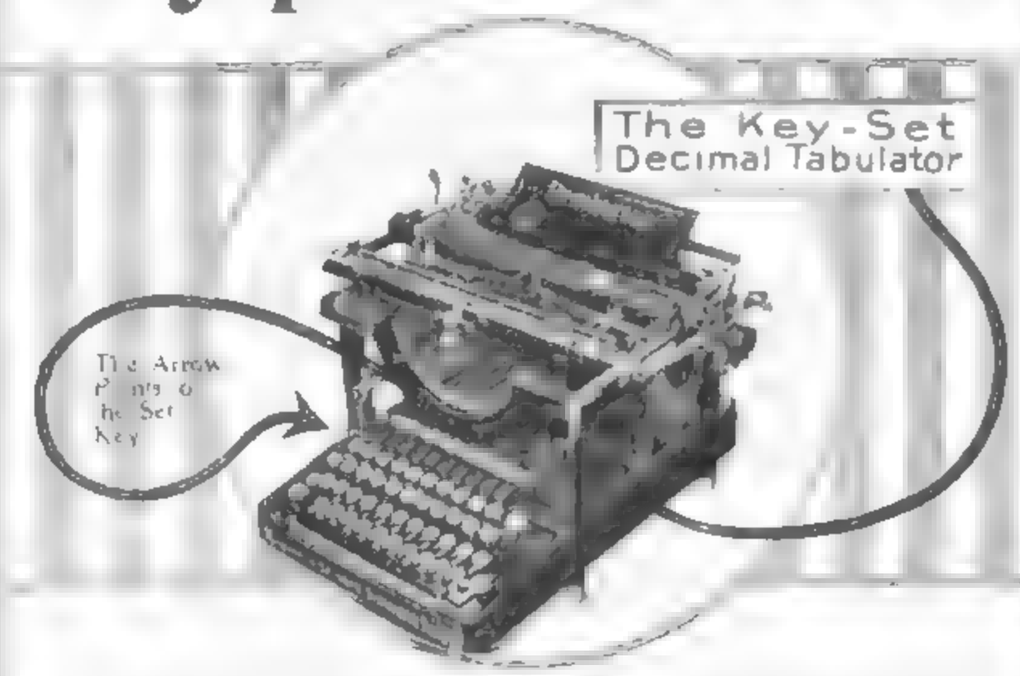

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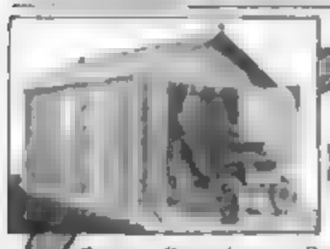

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who has had, I believe, a brilliant career in some respects, but who a great many people would tell you is a man without principles or morals as we understand them down here. He is just the sort of man to attract youth because he is brave, and I believe him to be incapable of a really despicable action. But notwithstanding this, and although he is my wife's brother, if I were you I would not choose him for a companion."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," Arnold answered a little awkwardly. "I shall bear in mind all that you have said. You do not object, I presume, to my dining with him tonight?"

"I have no objection to anything you may do outside this building," Mr. Weatherley replied, "but as you are only a youngster, and you met the Count Sabatini at my house, I feel it only right to give you a word of warning. I may be wrong. One gets fancies sometimes, and there are some strange doings—not that they concern you, however," he added hurriedly, "only you are a young man with your way to make in the world and every chance of making it, I should think; but it won't do for you to get too many of Count Sabatini's ideas into your head if you are going to do any good at a wholesome, honest business like this."

"I quite understand you, sir," Arnold assented. "I don't suppose that Count Sabatini will ask me to dine with him again. I think it was just kindness that made him think of it. In any case I am not in a position to associate with these people regularly at present, and that alone would preclude me from accepting invitations."

"You're young and strong," Mr. Weatherley said thoughtfully. "You must fight your own battle. You start somehow differently to where I did. You see," he went on with the air of one indulging in reminiscences, "my father was in this business and I was brought up to it. We lived only a stone's throw away then—in Bermondsey—and I went to the City of London School. At fourteen I was in the office here, and a partner at twenty-one. I never went out of England till I was over forty. I had plenty of friends, but they were all of one class. They wouldn't suit Mrs. Weatherley or the Count Sabatini. I have lost a good many of them. You weren't brought up to business, Chetwode?" he asked suddenly.

"I was not, sir," Arnold admitted.

"What made you come into it?"

"Poverty, sir," Arnold answered. "I had only a few shillings in the world when I walked in and asked Mr. Jarvis for a situation."

Mr. Weatherley sighed.

"Your people are gentlefolk, I expect," he said. "You have the look of it."

Arnold did not reply. Mr. Weatherley shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he concluded, "you must look after yourself, only remember what I have said. By-the-by, Chetwode, I am going to repose a certain amount of confidence in you."

Arnold looked up from his desk.

"I think you may safely do so, sir," he declared.

Mr. Weatherley slowly opened a drawer at his right hand and produced two letters. He carefully folded up the sheet upon which he had been writing and also addressed that.

"I cannot enter into explanations with you about this matter, Chetwode," he said, "but I require your promise that what I say to you now is not mentioned in the warehouse or to any one until the time comes that I am about to indicate. You are my confidential secretary and I have a right, I suppose, to demand your silence."

"Certainly, sir," Arnold assured him.

"There is just a possibility," Mr. Weatherley declared, speaking thoughtfully and looking out of the window, "that I may be compelled to take a sudden and quite unexpected journey. If this be so I should have to leave without a word to any one—to any one, you understand."

Arnold was puzzled, but he murmured a word of assent.

"In case this should happen," Mr. Weatherley went on, "and I have not time to communicate with any of you, I am leaving in your possession these two letters. One is addressed jointly to you and Mr. Jarvis and the other to Messrs. Turnbull & James, Solicitors, Bishopsgate Street Within. Now I give these letters into your charge. We shall lock them up together in this small safe that I told you you could have for your own papers," Mr. Weatherley continued, rising to his feet and crossing the room. "There you are, you see. The safe is empty at present, so you will not need to go to it. I am locking them up," he added, taking a key from his pocket, "and there is the key. Now you understand?"

"But surely, sir ——" Arnold began.

"The matter is quite simple," Mr. Weatherley interrupted sharply. "To put it plainly, if I am missing at any time—if anything should happen to me or if I should disappear—go to that safe, take out the letters, open your own and deliver the other. That is all you have to do."

"Quite so, sir," Arnold replied. "I understand perfectly. I see that there is none for Mrs. Weatherley. Would you wish any message to be sent to her?"

A boy passed along the pavement with a bundle of evening papers.

"Hurry out and get me a Star, Chetwode," Mr. Weatherley ordered.

Arnold obeyed him and returned a few moments later with a paper in his hand. Mr. Weatherley studied it for a few moments intently and then folded it up.

"It will not be necessary for you, Chetwode," he said, "to communicate with my wife specially."

The accidental arrangement of his employer's coat and hat upon the rack suddenly struck Arnold.

"Why, I don't believe that you have been out to lunch, sir!" he exclaimed.

"To tell you the truth," Weatherley said, "I completely forgot. Help me on with my coat, Chetwode. There is nothing more to be done today. I will call and get some tea somewhere on my way home. Tell them to get me a taxicab," he directed. "I don't feel like much walking today and they are not sending for me."

Arnold sent the errand boy off.

"Well, I hope, Chetwode, that I haven't said anything to make you believe that there is anything wrong with me or to give you cause for uneasiness. This journey of which I spoke may never become necessary. In that case after a certain time has elapsed we will destroy those letters."

"I trust that it never may become necessary to open them, sir," Arnold remarked.

"As regards what I said to you about the Count," Mr. Weatherley continued after a moment's hesitation, "remember who I am that give you the advice and who you are that receive it. Your bringing up, I should imagine, has been different. Still a young man of your age has to make up his mind what sort of a life he means to lead. I suppose to a good many people," he went on reflectively, "my life would seem a common, dull, plodding affair. Somehow or other I didn't seem to find it so until—until lately. Still there it is. I suppose I have lived in a little corner of the world, and what seems strange and wild to me might, after all, seem not so much out of the way to a young man with different ideas like you. Only this much I do believe at any rate," he went on, buttoning up his coat and watching the taxicab that was coming along the street, "if you want a quiet, honest life, doing your duty to yourself and others and living according to the old-fashioned standards of honesty and upright living, then when you have had that dinner with the Count Sabatini tonight forget him, forget where he lives. Come back to your work here, and if the things of which the Count has been talking to you seem to have more glamour forget them all the more zealously. The best sort of life is always the grayest. The life that attracts is generally the one to be avoided. We don't do our duty," Mr. Weatherley added, brushing his hat upon his sleeve reflectively, "by always looking out upon the pleasurable side of life. Good evening, Chetwode!"

He turned away so abruptly that Arnold had scarcely time to return his greeting. It seemed so strange to him to be talked to at such length by a man whom he had heard utter scarcely half a dozen words in his life that he was left speechless. He was still standing before the window when Mr. Weatherley crossed the pavement and entered the waiting taxicab. In his walk and attitude the signs of the man's deterioration were obvious. The little swagger of his younger days was gone, the bumptiousness of his bearing forgotten. He cast no glance up and down the pavement to hail an acquaintance. He muttered an address and stepped heavily into the taxi.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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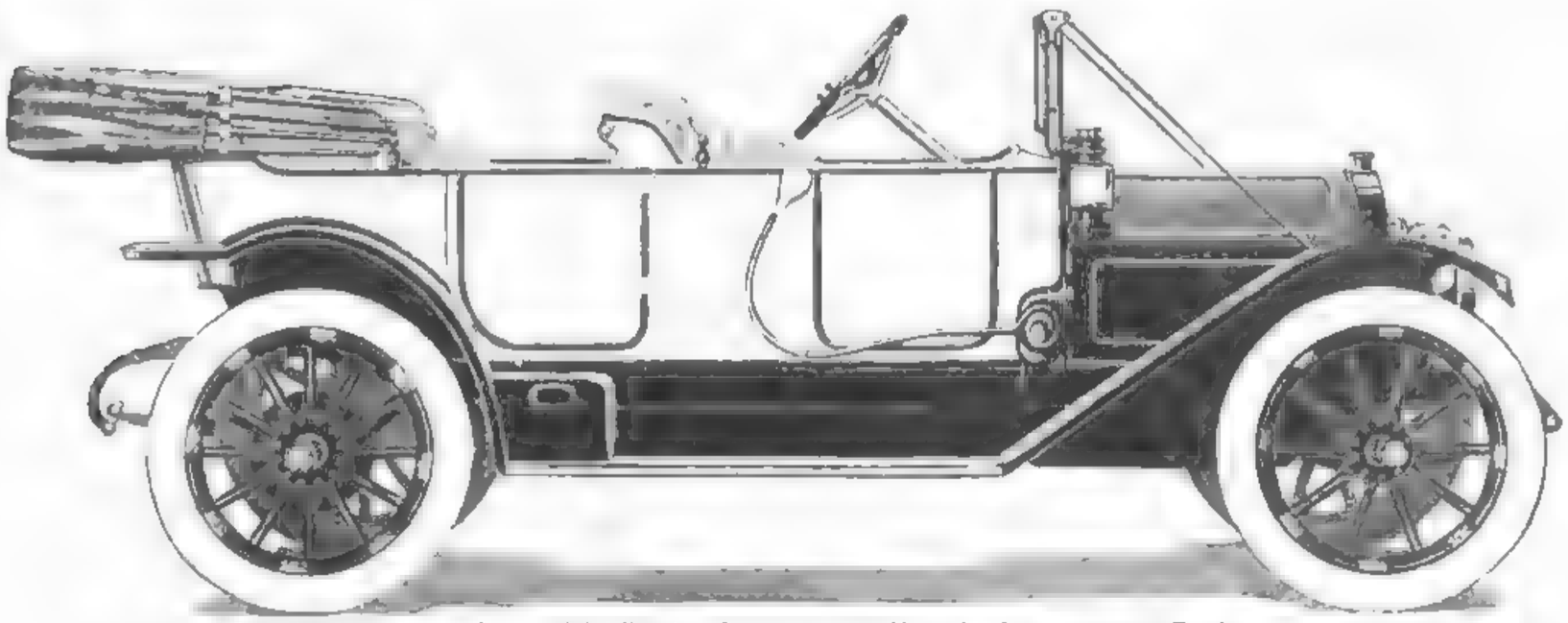

The price for either of four models—Touring, five-passenger—Torpedo, four-passenger—Roadster, two-passenger, or *Mile-a-Minute* Speedster—is $1600. Not a cent more is needed to equip either car before it is ready for use, for top, Self-Starter, Demountable rims, BIG tires, fore-doors, windshield, large gas tank, magneto—dual ignition system—and all things usually listed as extras are included. Write for illustrations showing how the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33" is simpler than any other car.

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Millions of dollars are lost every year through motor car depreciation.

Depreciation, tho', does not result so much from wear as from advancement and improvements made in other cars.

If you choose wisely you can avoid taking a loss on the car you buy.

As startling as this statement seems, you can appreciate its accuracy by recalling the cars of three and four years ago.

You probably cannot think of any single car of that date that is utterly useless now.

Cars that today will not bring a tenth of what they cost three years ago are still giving good service.

They are practically as good as new, so far as road performance is concerned.

But they are out-of-date. No one wants them and so they have depreciated in value.

You Can Avoid Loss

You can avoid such an experience with the car you buy now, if you consider that fact as you should.

Most of the cars offered as 1912 models are little different from what they were years ago.

Of course, the bodies are different. They have fore-doors. They are painted differently, but the motors are still complicated with the same jumbled mass of exposed rods, wires and mechanism.

They are still just as inaccessible. They have just as many parts to wear and to get out of adjustment and to interfere with the free access to other parts.

These cars may have improvised methods for protecting the bearings from sand and dust. Perhaps some improvement has been made in the way of quieting the car. But taken part by part and detail by detail, there has not been the marked advancement that you would naturally expect.

This you can confirm by comparing the present models of any such cars with the models of the same make of two and three years ago.

When you have done that and have become familiar to a degree with the usual type of construction, make a similar examination of the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33."

But How Different Here

Those things that are so prominent in the manner in which they litter up the chassis, the exposed parts, the confusion of rods and wires are entirely lacking in the HUDSON "33."

Simplicity is the trend and goal of all engineering.

Every designer is doing his utmost to reduce the number of parts. The result will be simpler cars in the future than we have known in the past.

Howard E. Coffin, long recognized as America's foremost engineer, has led in the development of simplicity. That is why his latest car, the *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33," has approximately 1000 fewer parts than has any other automobile.

As you check over these features of the HUDSON "33" with other cars—it makes little difference what car—you will see wherein Mr. Coffin has progressed beyond other engineers.

Are Following His Example

As you look at the 1912 models of some cars and compare them with their 1911 models, you will recognize how Mr. Coffin's ideas have been followed. This shows that he is setting the pace which is affecting the values of many cars.

There is one certain way in which you can avoid the usual loss of depreciation. All admit the HUDSON "33" to have features which will characterize other cars two and three years hence. If you buy a car now, that does not possess these advantages, it becomes out-of-date as soon as they are adopted. The value is already depreciated because the HUDSON "33" now has the features which others do not possess.

The way to make a safe purchase is to get a *New* Self-Starting HUDSON "33."

Appearance is quite as important as are the mechanical details. That adds still another reason why you should choose the "One advanced car in three years," for it is famed for its beauty and the completeness of its equipment.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

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Last year we were oversold by more than 2,000 cars.

Thousands who will want the HUDSON "33" this year must be disappointed. We cannot supply all. So act quickly if you want a car this year, and want to avoid a big motor car depreciation.

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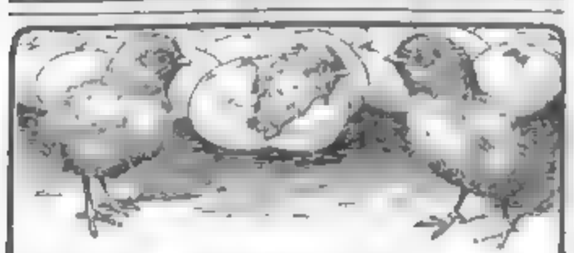

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HEART'S DESIRE

(Continued from Page 9)

"'Is it no sign of a woman's love that she would take a man wid his faults and thank Hivin that she has him all?' she retor-rted.

"'He fights for the love of it—which is sin,' I says.

"'He would fight for the woman he loves, then,' says she.

"'He drinks har-rd liquor till his eyes shine,' I wint on.

"'And whin his eyes were bright he would come to look at his wife,' says me bould Kate.

"'He has loved manny women,' I continued.

"'What joy is there in a man who does not forget whin he sees his sweetheart?' she remar-rked.

"'Then yez have given him up?' I said prisintly.

"The pale hands of her wint up to her eyes and she thried to laugh.

"'Afther all, 'tis only the wind we hear, Mickey O'Rourke,' says she. 'We are fools to listen to it, for our hear-rt's desire is not in this wor-rld. And to find that out is to grow ould. I am ould, Mickey!'

"I took an ould man's privilege and studied the gir-rl. There was no sign of age about her. Her black hair had the sheen of youth in it, her white throat was widout hollows and the lips of her were fresh as flowers. 'Twas only the eyes that tould of her years; and women's eyes don't go by the years they have lived, but by the things they have seen.

"'Yez are still a gir-rl,' I infor-rmed her.

"'Twas unmaidenly,' she remar-rked, 'but I have tould yez that whin I was a slip of a colleen I loved ye. Now I love Tom McCarthy—but I will niver marry him.'

"'Yez know nothing about him,' I said. 'Have yez iver seen him at wor-rk? 'Tis there ye will find out the enthrails of a man. And his belly is not empty!'

"She thought over this a long time and then she whispered:

"'Tis the truth yez are speaking to me, Mickey. I will go and see him wid his engines!'

"'We are both transferred to a collier for the time being,' I remar-rked. 'A wor-rd to the superintindint might get yez a passage.'

"'And the steamer's name?' she inquired.

"'The Aztec,' I tould her.

"So whin the ould boat left Pier Forty in San Francisco for Mororan, in Japan, it carried mesilf and Tom McCarthy as engineers; and in the cabin, with the wife of the agent at Hakodate, was Kate Maguire. I can see Tom's face yet when he came up on deck the first evening out and saw the gir-rl's white face! He was dirty and sooty, and his jumper was half open across his chest. He merely stared at her and wint below, like a man struck suddintly from behind.

"We had a passage like glass across the Pacific and in two weeks' time we had loaded the ould hooker and were standing out for home, l'aving the Straits of Paugar in the teeth of an easterly gale. All the voyage over niver a wor-rd had Kate said to Tom nor a wor-rd had Tom said about her; but whin we were homeward bound he remar-rked:

"'I supposed she would stop in Japan.'

"'Her health is poor and she thought a voyage would do her good,' I remar-rked.

"'I trust it is better,' he growled.

"'I have not yet spoken to her,' I retur-rned. 'I will wash me face and address her respictfully sometime.'

"'Tis poor business for women to be traveling on such packets as these in winter time,' says me bould Tom. 'We will have dirty weather.'

"And dirty weather we did have. 'Twas the infamous year of '96 and the gales poured out of the east and the north, and the seas piled up; and in due time the ould Aztec looked like a scrapheap. Her boats were gone, the funnel-stays were slack and the ould funnel rolled like a straw between the jury-stays we rigged to keep it upright. Thin the coal took fire in the hold and it was double watches below—one of us looking to the pumps and the other seeing to the main engines and the fireroom.

"A week of it loosened the nerves of us and we enjoyed it for another week. There is some pleasure in keeping a vessel under way and above water against odds; but at the end of the week we were all weary and cross, and then the strength of Tom McCarthy showed up. He was ten men in

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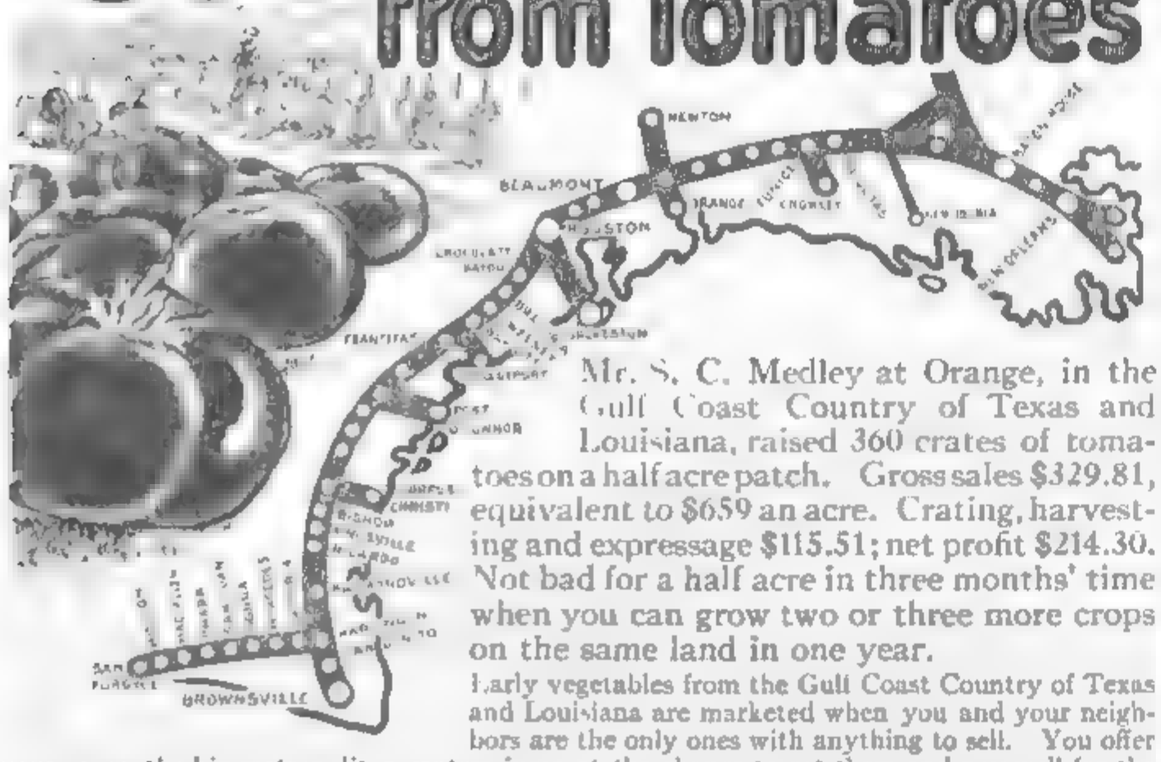

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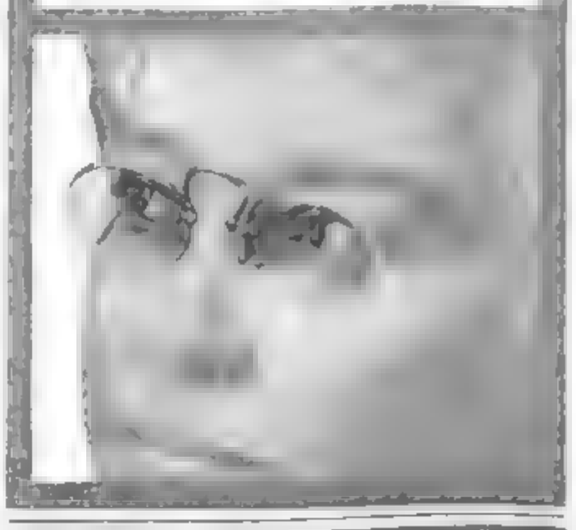


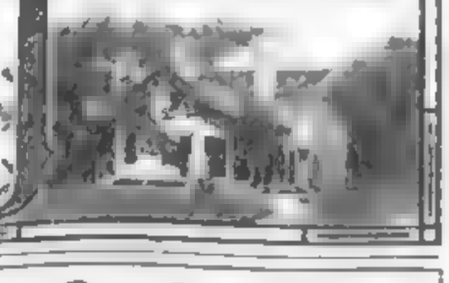
JONES DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Those who want the flavor of real farm sausages, and who can't get any such because they don't live on a farm, can buy our sausages.

Get them from your grocer. If he can't supply you, write us and we'll arrange to fill your orders by shipping absolutely fresh sausages direct [illegible]

Write for our booklet of Jones Cooking Recipes

MILO C. JONES, Jones Dairy Farm, Box 605, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin



The Quality Plier

The plier that fits the hand and saves you money because it will do hundreds of things you can't do with anything else. Made of special steel, hardened by our special process, fully tested.

Household, auto [illegible] tools. [illegible] substitutes. Get your money's worth. Money back if you are not satisfied. Send for booklet.

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO., Utica, N.Y.

HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.

Get "Improved," no tacks required.

Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

ONE WEAK SPOT IN THE CLOTHING BUSINESS

We know it, and we are not in the clothing business, either— You have seen it right in your home town

ONE of the wonders of our time is the marvelous advance in the making of men's clothing ready to wear.

Fifteen years ago a ready-made suit or overcoat was a "hand me down" a bungling, ungainly, manufactured thing fit for the yokel or the stable boy.

The very men in the trade called it the "rag" business.

Today, in volume, ready-made apparel is second only to the steel industry. It commands enormous capital and some of the finest constructive minds in American business life.

The custom tailor himself acknowledges the prestige of "ready" clothes. He is no longer a style authority. His old customers die off and the young men go to the clothing store.

The modern clothes-making establishment is a triumph of organization and probably pays $15,000 to $20,000 a year to its style authority or the genius who drafts its patterns.

Now a Curious Condition Presents Itself

NEARLY everybody wears ready-made clothes; especially the young man with a sense of style in his dress.

The vogue of ready clothing is so wide and so general that it is in danger of becoming *non-selective.* Men often fail to realize that not all of the modern clothing is representative. Or they go to the wrong sort of clothing store to find the clothes they want.

Improvement in the retailing of clothes has not kept pace with the advance in manufacture.

Thousands of retail clothiers—perhaps the majority of them—are still back there in the "rag" epoch of the industry.

The back-number clothing store may be the largest store in town with the best show-windows and the best location.

Then how are you, as a prospective buyer, to know whether it is a back-number store—whether its goods are really representative?

Let us tell you—by the very simple method of looking inside the store and seeing what the merchant himself thinks of the clothes he carries in stock.

See if he stacks up his goods like cord wood on counters and tables through the middle of the store; or keeps them on hangers, each garment by itself.

The term "hand-me-down" originally meant hand me down a coat from the pile. You are not interested in a *pile* of coats; you want one suit or one overcoat and you want it right.

You Can Judge a Merchant's Stock by the Way He Treats It

THERE is one plain fact in all merchandising and that is that the merchant treats his goods with the respect he thinks they deserve.

The jeweler doesn't dump his good watches in a heap on the counter, nor does the art dealer stack up his fine paintings one on top of another in the manner of a storage warehouse.

Fine merchandise everywhere is treated with the care and respect it deserves. Otherwise it would suffer in the handling and cease to be fine merchandise.

The merchant has a pretty accurate sense of the class of his stock and he handles it accordingly.

The modern store with the finely tailored clothes will have each suit pressed and on a separate hanger behind glass, where it can be seen without being pawed over; where it is free from dust, dirt and damp; where it keeps fresh as the day it was made until the day you buy it and put it on.

Why No Back-Number Clothier Carries Really Fine Goods

WHAT becomes of the painstaking care of the fine clothes-maker if a coat is to be dragged out of a pile of twenty others, with the clerk bracing his knee against the table to give strength for the pull?

What becomes of the grace of line—the shape worked in by hand—the style and modeling of the garment?

Why, nowadays the really fine garments are sent to the dealer each coat in a separate box, the shoulders stuffed with tissue paper and the garment held in place with bands of tape.

Some of the best makers place each coat on a separate shoulder form and hang it in a packing case arranged like a wardrobe trunk and marked "Right side up—with care."

If you are to get all to which your money entitles you; if you are to have the benefit of their good design, their high-grade talent and their careful tailoring you must find a clothier who appreciates such goods, who knows the difference in clothes.

And if he is clothes-expert enough for that he will show it in the care he takes of his stock.

That is the way you may know him. You can guess his standards of goods and methods when you walk down the aisle of his store and see whether he is a New Way wardrobe clothier or an old-time stock table sort of man.

To Get the Advance Clothes Find the New Way Store

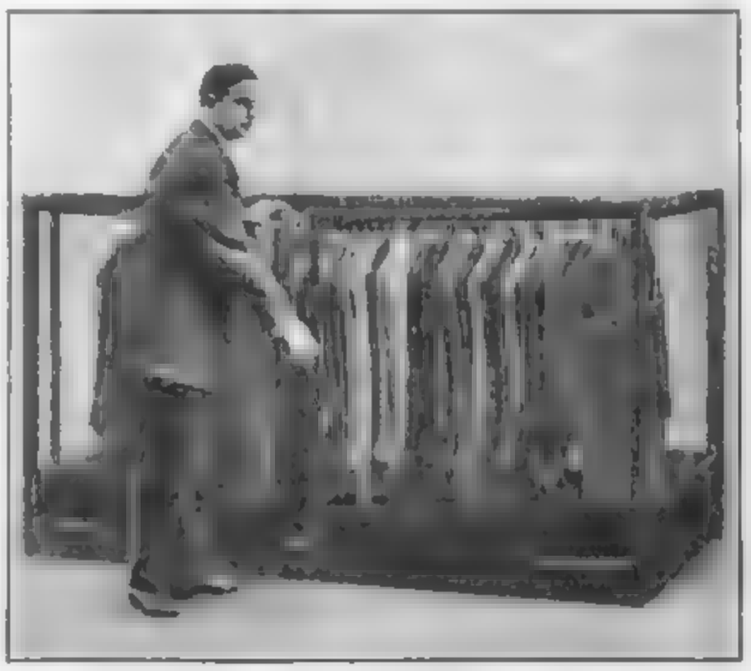
THE clothiers all over this country who are handling the finest goods are fitting up their stores with these New Way Crystal Wardrobes as shown in the illustration.

The store with these wardrobes as a feature is in practically every instance the most progressive store in the character and actual merit of the goods it sells.

We can send you the names of a thousand or more of these modern clothes-sellers not a great distance from you. Probably some of them are in your own town.

We are serving the finest retail clothiers in America. We are doing our share toward the advancement of the clothing industry. But the man who really deserves your thanks and appreciation is the progressive clothier in your own town who is trying to give you better service.

He deserves recognition and we mean to see that he gets it.



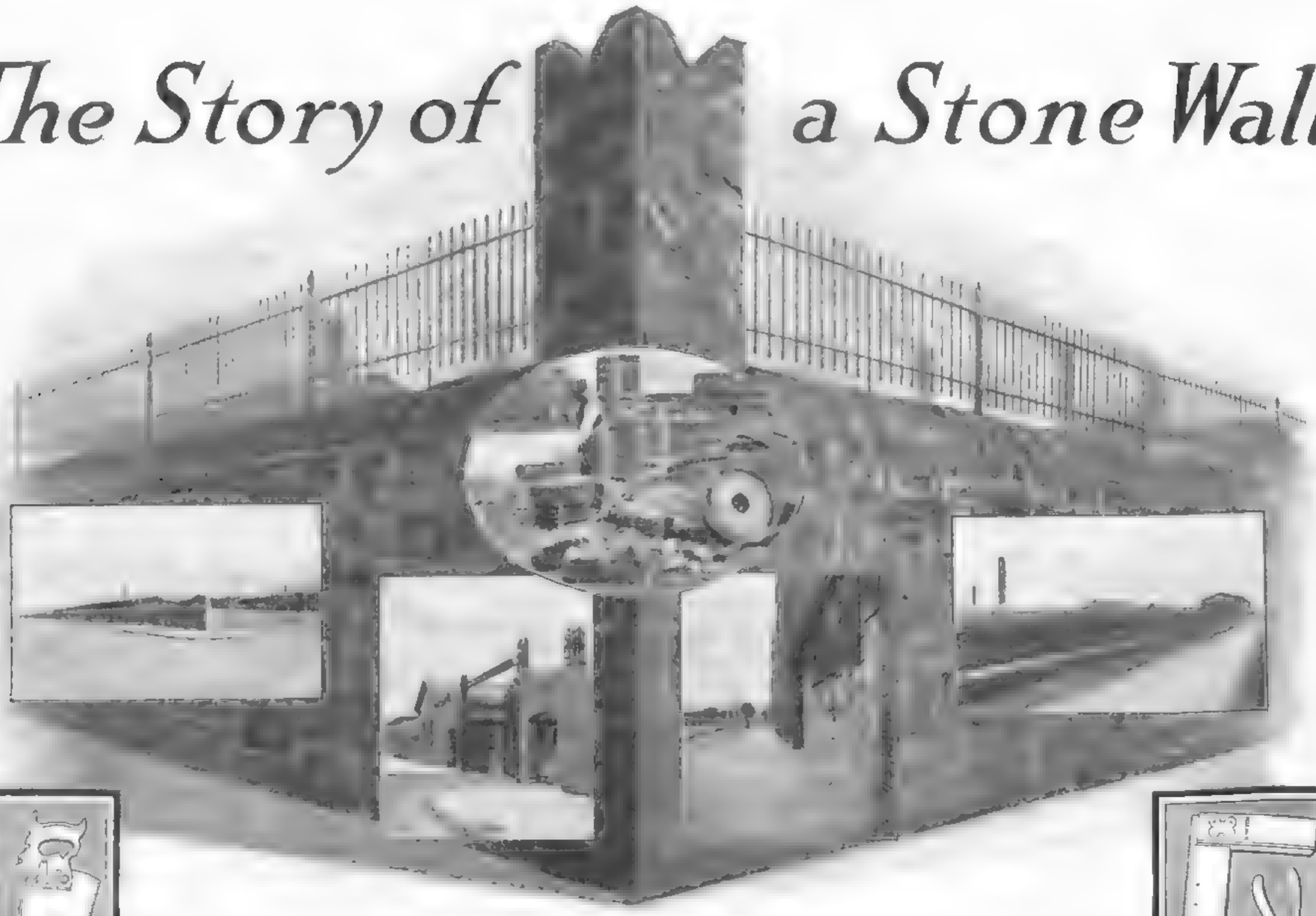
Grand Rapids Show Case Company

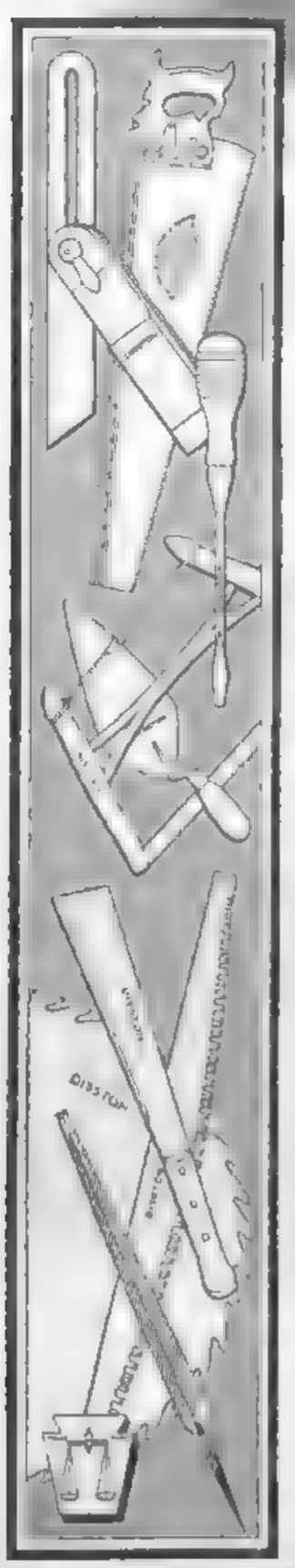
The Largest Show Case and Fixture Plant in the World

Grand Rapids, Michigan

Show Rooms and Factories: New York, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Portland

The Story of a Stone Wall





This stone wall is remarkable.

It encloses the front and side of the 50 acres which hold the works of Henry Disston & Sons, at Tacony, Philadelphia.

It is seven feet high above ground, one and a half feet thick, two thousand feet in net length.

The stones in this wall were bought by the pound. They are not ordinary stones such as go into common stone walls.

Every one of these stones made history before it became a part of this wall.

Each stone is part of a discarded grindstone, worn down in the works which it now helps to enclose. Each grindstone gave the Disston trueness and finish to its share of saws and tools. It isn't that there was any magic in the stones as stones. Other high quality grindstones would have answered as well.

But to these particular stones has fallen the lot to perpetuate the story of nearly three-quarters of a century of advancement.

This wall represents but a few years' consumption of grindstones in the Disston works subsequent to 1900.

The stones worn down in Disston manufactures during the 60 years previous to 1900 would have formed a still more wonderful wall, many times higher, larger and thicker. All these older stones are scattered—lost.

But the progressive experience and achievement that went with these 60 years' consumption of grindstones can never be lost.

So, we may say that the 20,000 grindstones in this wall are monuments, individually and collectively, not only to the Disston enterprise during the recent years in which they were used, but to 72 years of steady and honest purpose, patient effort and inventive progress which have made the present Disston works the greatest and most efficient in the world, and the Disston Saws and Tools everywhere recognized as of indisputable quality supremacy.

When the first grindstone turned on a Disston Saw 72 years ago, American made saws were practically unknown. Nearly all the saws used were imported.

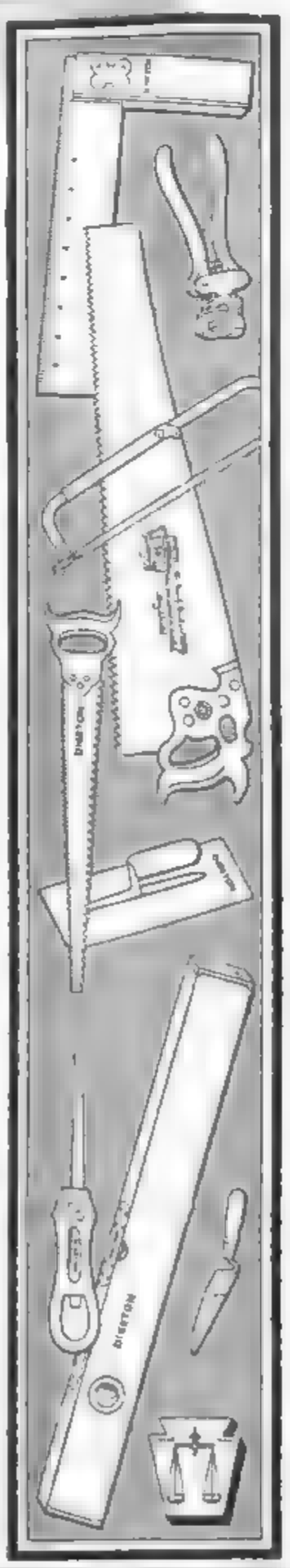
Today, the remotest corners of the earth must get saws from inside this stone wall, New Zealand, Auckland, Burmah, East Africa, and nearer foreign parts, to say nothing of our own United States, where anyone knows that to get the finest saw, for any purpose, one gets a Disston Saw.

Henry Disston & Sons make not only every pattern of saw, embodying every known use, from the very largest band and circular saws to the smallest hand saws, but also a complete variety of highest grade tools for innumerable purposes, for the workshop, the farm and the home.

Whether you require a saw or a file, a plumb and level, a try square or any of a hundred other tools, ask for a "DISSTON" tool, stamped with the name "DISSTON."

DISSTON
SAWS TOOLS FILES

Henry Disston & Sons
Incorporated
Keystone Saw, Tool, Steel and File Works
Philadelphia, Pa.



LOVE IN LONGACRE SQUARE

(Continued from Page 18)

"We'll dine at Trittori's on Tuesday," said George Henry as he left her at the Emerson—"that is, unless you'll be too busy with your suffrage campaign."

They had dined.

"They've added another line," he said when they turned into Longacre Square again. "And perhaps Broadway isn't wondering what is coming now!"

Another time Miss Marsh had peered through a taxicab window and had seen the electric splotch. This time it spelled:

I LOVE!
WHO DO I LOVE?

"Ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "What a silly way to advertise! Why, it isn't even grammatical! It should read: 'Whom do I love?'"

"By Jove!" cried George Henry. "I'll have to tell Jim—oh, I see! There wasn't space enough to tack on that M and stick to the same size letter. It'll do for an ad; in fact, we billboard men are hoping the time will come when we can use simplified spelling. Think how much more you could get in a small space if you could use that!"

Sure enough, the low comedian in The Little Jade Joss, the musical show at the Casino that George Henry took Miss Marsh to see that night, had a verse in his topical song which referred to the new Longacre Square sign. And the audience knew what he was singing about. The way they laughed and clapped their hands indicated that. The electric letters had been burning for almost a week, and Broadway is quick study in anything that will afford material for a moment of giddy conversation.

"Election day is almost here," said George Henry as they left the Casino. "We shan't be able to dine at all that last week. Let's make it a continuous performance for the rest of this. Unless the law practice and suffrage campaigning needs you, let's reserve that corner table at Trittori's for the rest of the week. Are you very busy?"

"One must eat dinner somewhere," said Miss Marsh. It was the most unkind remark she had ever made to her boyish, good-natured escort. She shuddered to think how vinegary she had been as she turned out her reading lamp at the Emerson.

As a matter of fact, the law business was not at all good. And reporters from the yellow newspapers had been pestering her to get suffrage "write-ups," which, she found, meant mostly that she should assist them in caricaturing herself. Besides, Assemblyman Barkis was making headway in his district despite the best efforts of semi-militant suffragettes, backed up by the loyal but not quite so semi-militant Men's League for Equal Suffrage. There had been some excuse for her being peppery—but how was George Henry to know that?

"We won't go to the theater tonight," she told him at Trittori's. "I'm feeling too tired. Late hours don't agree with me."

If she had not laughed at him so often she might have asked his advice in the matter of Assemblyman Barkis; but she set her even little teeth and was as gay as she could be.

The taxi did not have to traverse Longacre Square this time, but the chauffeur had his instructions.

"Now the sign is fetching them!" said George Henry admiringly, as he pointed to the north, where the electric glow of ten-foot letters had deepened. Why not, since other letters, equally big, had been added unto them? Now the sign blazoned forth:

I LOVE!
WHO DO I LOVE?
MINNIE,
THE QUEEN

Miss Marsh turned upon him with fury as superheated as the tungsten bulbs that tinted the heavens.

"George Henry Leffingwell!" she cried. "Of all the coarse, ruffianly —— Is this your work?"

"I thought it would get over," said the boyish-looking ad man. "It's making even a bigger hit with the sidewalk crowds. They want to know who the queen is that somebody loves. I'm going to tell Broadway the answer to that question tomorrow evening. The morning papers will announce that the rest of the sign will be turned on at dark. I'll bet they'll need the reserves from two or three police stations to handle the bunch that'll be waiting in Longacre."

As the senior member of the firm of Marsh & Blackney crumpled up in one corner of the taxi, outrage and panic and hurt being woven equally into her sobbing, she did not see George Henry move as if to comfort her—and then bite his lips and lean back with an effort as the cab bowled Harlemward.

"It's the South Sea Islander way of doing it, Minnie," he said as she fled into the vestibule to ring the elevator bell. "You won't give in any other way. I've simply got to use the club. I wouldn't do it if you didn't care; but I know you do."

"You coward!" choked Miss Marsh as the cage shot her upward—which reply she knew was even shabbily futile, but which was the only fragment of vocabulary at her command.

The kindergarten at the second-hand typewriter in the outer office wondered what important case was absorbing the attention of her employers the next morning. Marsh (Minnie) & Blackney (Clara) had gone into executive session, the senior member having thrice refused to speak to a certain Leffingwell party on the telephone, said party having used dots and dashes over the wire when the kindergarten had informed him of this fact.

"We'll get out an injunction!" declared Miss Marsh. "This is the most dastardly attempt to coerce a woman I ever heard of!"

"But you like him, don't you?" inquired Miss Blackney timidly.

She had excellent reason for being timid, for the senior partner eyed her balefully. "Of course I like him!" she snapped. "I shouldn't go out to dinner and to the theater with him if I didn't. But I like my career too. Don't you?"

"Ye-es," returned Blackney (Clara); "but Dick Murray has been bothering me terribly of late. He says he doesn't see why a woman can't make a career and a home at the same time."

Ah, this was brummagem verbal ware! Blackney (Clara) knew it; she had the grace to blush.

"Clara!" cried Miss Marsh. "You're weakening! You're worse than weakening!" She leaned across the desk and glared at her shrinking partner, extending an accusing finger. "You're engaged!" Her tone was the nth power of soprano accusation.

"Well—what if I am?" returned Miss Blackney, beginning to recuperate from her moment of drooping.

"Then the firm is dissolved!" Miss Marsh announced in awesome fashion.

She put her head upon the desk, where the blotting pad absorbed moisture that was not tinctured with aniline dye. The second-hand typewriter kindergarten, listening at the keyhole, nodded deprecatingly as she returned to clack erratically upon the keys of the machine.

"Women lawyers that cry are no good," she mumbled to herself. "Cry-babies in a law office ain't —— Period. Dear Sir—In reply —— Goodness gracious! I declare if I haven't forgotten the shift key again!"

"I'm going to stick it out until Christmas," said Miss Blackney, intending to be comforting, but only extorting a fresh movement of the shoulders above which she bent. "We'll see the suffrage campaign through. We must induce the voters to defeat that odious Assemblyman Barkis."

Miss Marsh sat upright, with a faint smile which had a world of tortured forgivingness painted upon it. "I hope you will be very—ver-ree—happy, Cl-Cla ——" Her head was upon the blotting pad again when the kindergarten person knocked and entered.

"Please, ladies, there's a party named Leffingwell on the telephone. He says he must speak to the firm. It's important. I can tell that by the words he uses when I say the firm is busy. Maybe it's a case!" She spoke hopefully.

Blackney (Clara) fell into her own desk-chair with a hysterical giggle.

"It's a case all right!" she screamed. "Minnie, you'll have to answer him. It's the tenth time this morning."

"I'll get out an injunction!" muttered the senior member. "He dare not drag me

"Foolish dependence on rubber alone may make you liable for criminal negligence."

Consider the safety of the occupants of your car—consider the safety of other road users. Even if you don't value your own life, what right have you to imperil the lives of others?

Weed Chains absolutely prevent skidding—then why don't you put them on?

Weed Chains

are attached in a jiffy without the use of a jack or other tools—are **free to creep**—continually shift their position on the tire. **Cannot injure tires** because they **do creep.**

Manufacturers will not guarantee their tires, when tire chains are used, unless the chains are "free to creep."

Insurance Companies strongly advise their use on every car they insure.

ALSO USED ON THE FRONT WHEELS Weed Chains give comfortable, easy steering—no cramped fingers, no cramped arms, no sore muscles.

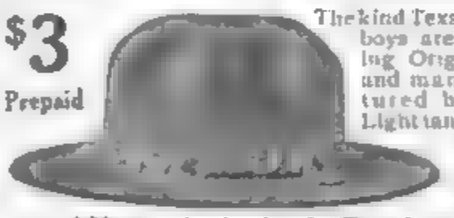
At All Reputable Dealers

Out of car tracks, ruts, snowdrifts and heavy going, just like steering on smooth roads. Try them and be convinced.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Co., 28 Moore Street, New York City

The "Broncho Buster"

$3 Prepaid



The kind Texas cowboys are wearing. Originated and manufactured by us. Light tan color, never flop brim, richly carved Mexican leather band. Two dimensions, all sizes. Crown 4½ or 5½ inches; brim 3 or 3½ inches. Prepaid for only . . . **$3**

Money refunded if not as represented.

HOUSTON HAT CO., Dept. A, Houston, Texas

New Typewriter $18

A Remarkable Typewriter, Carried in Grip or in Overcoat Pocket. Standard Keyboard. Does All That Higher Priced Machines Do. **Bennett Portable Typewriter** has less than 250 parts, against 1700 to 2500 . . . it's the secret of our $18 price. It's made in the famous Elliott

$18

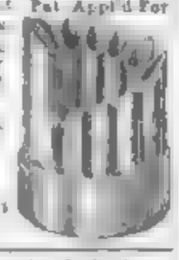
Over 22,000 in Daily Use

C. B. Bennett Typewriter Co., 366 Broadway, New York

MAKES A PHONOGRAPH SOUND LIFE-LIKE

The Morse Clarifier

Patent Applied For



$1.00 MAILED PREPAID Send dollar bill, 2c stamps or check at our risk. Guaranteed absolutely satisfactory or money refunded.

State whether for Victor, Victor Victrola, Edison with rubber or metal connection, Columbia disc or cylinder.

Information and circular matter free.

MORSE BROTHERS, Manufacturers and Distributors
441 Lumber Exchange, Minneapolis, Minn.

SHOEMAKER'S BOOK ON POULTRY

and Almanac for 1913 has 234 pages with many colored plates of fowls true to life. It tells all about Incubators and Poultry. Only 10c.

O. O. SHOEMAKER, Box 913, Freeport, Ill.

Foy's Big Book MONEY IN POULTRY and SQUABS

F. FOY, Box 4, Des Moines, Iowa.

48 BREEDS Fine pure bred chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Northern raised, hardy and very beautiful. Fowls, eggs and incubators at low prices. America's greatest poultry farm. Send 4c. for large, free 19th Annual Poultry Book.

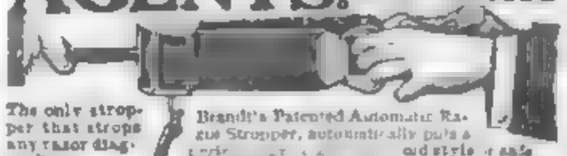
R. F. Neubert Co., Box 780, Mankato, Minn.

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder

Freight Paid . . . Both for **$10**

tank. Cali Redwood—best construction. Guaranteed. Order direct or write for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

AGENTS! BIG PROFITS



The only stropper that strops any razor diagonally. Guaranteed for life.

Brandt's Patented Automatic Razor Stropper, automatically puts a . . . and style . . . sale by . . . Write . . .

A. Brandt Cutlery Co., 84 W. Broadway, N. Y.

Ask My Price

J. W. Means, Pres. Brindle-Means & Bowden Co., Bat. B. Quincy, Ill.

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

. . . disappoint. 12 samples and 2 good penholders for 10 cents.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
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Corliss-Coon Hand Made Collars
2 for 25¢
In Canada 20c each 3 for 50c

"Field Club"
(3 HEIGHTS)

A likable, close-fitting collar. Sits right. Holds its shape. If you want to be sure that your collars won't lose their shape in the laundry—get the hand-made brand—Corliss-Coon. Costs you no more and the shape stays.

Complete style book, showing all the latest Corliss-Coon styles, sent on request.

Corliss, Coon & Co., Dept. V Troy N. Y.

Corner the Fun Market

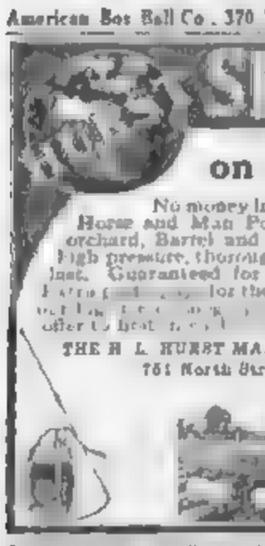
Box Ball has taken fun lovers by storm—is cleaning up from $100.00 to $600.00 a month clear profit for many Managers. One man with four alleys made clear

$680.00 in 30 Days

Be a Manager. All you need is energy, and a small investment you may make the same profits or not greater ones right in your own locality.

Box Ball is a clean, moral game—an exercise that fascinates the best class of men and women everywhere. Now ... Last year ... Big regular ... by the ... Our Guarantee—You ... Write for our proposition ...

American Box Ball Co., 370 Van Buren St. Indianapolis, Ind.



SPRAYERS on FREE TRIAL

No money in advance—no bank deposit. Horse and Man Power Sprayers for field and orchard, Barrel and Power Sprayers. All have high pressure, thorough agitation and are built to last. Guaranteed for 5 years. ... for the machine. ... offer to best ...

THE H. L. HURST MANUFACTURING COMPANY
751 North Street, Canton, Ohio

FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN

Can be mastered ... easily and pleasantly at ... short time ...

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
combined with
ROSENTHAL'S PRACTICAL LINGUISTRY

THE LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD
809 Metropolitan Bldg. B'way & 24th St., N. Y.

A LIVING FROM POULTRY

Thousands of dollars made every year in the poultry business. A city lot big enough to begin. Your name and address on postal brings "Making Poultry Pay," FREE.

Inland Poultry, 27 Card Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Latest Book "Profitable Poultry"

... 48 pure bred varieties. ... etc., sent for 5 cents

BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 98, Clarinda, Ia.

Poultry ...

LARKIN & HERZBERG Box 55, Mankato Minn.

into his horrid, common advertising signs in Longacre Square. If ever I cared for him the least little bit, Clara Blackney, I detest him now!"

"Will you talk to the case, ma'am?" asked the fidgeting kindergarten patiently as she heard the gurgle of Central trying to raise her again with the receiver off the hook.

"Hush!" Miss Marsh commanded severely. "An injunction! We'll make out the papers at once."

"But, Minnie," said Miss Blackney, emerging from incipient hysteria, "you'll have to give a reason. You can't ask for a *duces tecum* without stating explicitly your belief that an injury is to be inflicted. How would you feel to go into court and have all those horrid men hear you state that you believed George Henry Leffingwell meant to spread in electric letters tonight, while the populace cheered, 'I love Minnie Marsh, the Queen'?"

Again hysterics threatened the junior member.

Miss Marsh rose with sudden decision. She turned to the second-hand typewriter expert.

"You stay in here!" she ordered. She slammed the thin partition door behind her before she grasped the gurgling telephone receiver.

So it came to pass that again the corner table at Trittori's was filled. There was one thing to be said for George Henry. He knew how to order a dinner.

"Well, Minnie," he said when the hovering waiter had placed a crême yvette frappé before her and he had lighted one of his pet cigars, "have you decided to yield to the thump of the South Sea Islander's club?"

"You intend to complete your cowardice?" asked Miss Marsh.

"I'm going to have the rest of that electric sign turned on tonight as surely as we are sitting here," George Henry Leffingwell replied. "I told you I'd have to jog your memory."

"My memory of what?"

"Your remembering that you cared for me. Do you?"

Miss Marsh puckered her lips over the straw of her cordial like a child that has just been scolded.

"You can have your career. I promise you, Minnie. I shan't interfere. Why in the dickens can't you come home to a man who needs you? Don't you know you're merely enlisting a fag for life by saying the word?

"You can hold suffrage meetings all over that Riverside Drive apartment if you want to. By the way, here's the key. I rented the tenth floor this morning."

"How dared you?" blazed Miss Marsh.

"I knew you were going to give in," said George Henry serenely. "Going! Going!—for the last time before the electric fountain is turned on. Do you want me to tell the hundreds in Longacre Square tonight the real name of the Minnie I love? Will you marry me, Minnie?"

For the sake of impeccable chronicling let it be written that Miss Marsh started to say "I won't"; but when she came to the letter "w" the audible version that reached the ear of Leffingwell & Company was, "I will."

"Now we'll capitalize that career of yours in the right way," declared George Henry as the taxi charioteered them theaterward. "Huh, we'll be late for the first act."

"I don't care," said Miss Marsh. "Have the man drive through Longacre Square. I want to see darkness brooding over the north end. I want to lay the ghost of those terrible electric letters. I've been dreaming about them for six days and nights. It was despicable of you—but I forgive you."

Miss Marsh did not heed his mumbling about first acts and the inconsiderateness of being late for them. And, in the end, the chauffeur tacked westward as she wished.

No gloom enveloped the northerly zone of Longacre that night however. The curious hundreds that traffic-squad policemen were herding away from the car-tracks and cab-lanes were staring heavenward at the most garish array of colored bulbs that Manhattan had ever blinked at.

Miss Marsh gave one hurried glance and buried her face in her muff.

"You've broken your word, George Henry!" she cried. "I daren't look. Is it all there?"

Leffingwell drew the muff away and laughed uneasily.

"Look, Minnie!" he said. "It isn't what you think it is."

And she looked. This is what she saw:

I LOVE!
WHO DO I LOVE?
MINNIE,
THE QUEEN OF BOTTLED WATERS

Beside the staring letters was the gigantic outline of an Indian maiden catching a white electric waterfall in a beaker labeled Minnehaha Spring Water.

It was George Henry Leffingwell's *magnum opus*. Broadway would rate him by that for the rest of time. He heard the people giving vent to "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" It was flattering unction to his advertising soul.

"You—you tr-ricked me!" she groaned. "You never meant to do it!"

"It was luck that the gods provided," explained George Henry, coming back to earth. "I had to start that spring-water advertising tonight or lose the contract. It came to me like a flash that I could turn it into the South Sea Islander's club. But you had me going. You had me going! I couldn't have waved it over you after tonight. You aren't sorry—now, Minnie?"

The senior member of the dissolved firm of Marsh & Blackney pondered wildly.

"Besides, you don't know what a wonderful engagement present I'm going to give you. That Cantbreakem Umbrella contract expires tomorrow. We won't rent the display space until after election day. I'm going to give you the space to use in your campaign against Barkis, Minnie. You've got the choicest display for electrics in town. It ought to make a monkey of that promise-breaking assemblyman. You can put him on the run if you use it wisely. Think how solid all those red and green and yellow lamps will make you with your campaign committee! You're giving them hard cash, girl. That location is worth two hundred and fifty a glimmer, even for fly-by-night space-grabbers—the kind we fill in with between contracts. You aren't sorry, are you, Minnie?"

"You are very helpful, George Henry," said Miss Marsh, eying the electric giantess and her inside-out umbrella with suddenly acquired interest. "Do you suppose we could manage a portrait of Barkis in yellow, with some snappy advice underneath—just one safe jump away from libel?"

"Do you suppose *we* can, Minnie?" cried George Henry Leffingwell—so loudly that Miss Marsh was afraid the chauffeur might hear. "God Bless Our Home! That's what ought to be on the coins of the U. S. A. Do you suppose *we* can? Do you?"

Peanut Promotion

THE peanut is taking a step forward, so to speak. It is assuming a new and more important place in the agriculture of this country. The cotton boll weevil is responsible for this. That pestiferous insect, invading the Southern States, has made cotton-growing unprofitable over wide areas, and the fruitful goober, for which it has no liking, is being largely substituted as a farm crop.

This new departure was begun only two years ago with the planting of a few hundred acres in Northern Louisiana, under a coöperative arrangement between farmers and oilmill owners, helped by the Department of Agriculture. The experiment so thoroughly demonstrated the practicability of growing peanuts on a large scale for market in Louisiana and adjacent states that, contrary to the original intention, the bulk of the first crop was sold for seed.

As a result, the area planted in 1910 was increased to nearly twenty thousand acres. Of this crop at least one hundred and fifty carloads were sold for seed; and in 1911 three hundred thousand acres were planted with peanuts.

As a feed for farm animals the peanut takes the place of both grain and forage. Experiments have proved that by planting peanuts rather closely it is possible to cut a ton of peanut hay, and afterward to produce a surprising weight of pork to the acre on the peanuts themselves.

The oilmills of the South are preparing to crush the large surplus output of peanuts for oil, which, by the way, is rapidly gaining appreciation for table purpose in this country.

"A Safe Leave!"
—and only one point needed to win!

Ever-changing situations such as this, constantly new problems that call upon all the skill of hand, eye and brain, account for the intense fascination of Billiards and Pool.

Do you play? You can do so now, without frequenting a public poolroom. You can have in your own home a

BURROWES
Billiard & Pool Table

and play while you are paying for it.

Burrowes Tables are scientifically correct in every detail—angles, pockets, cushions, etc.—and adapted to the most expert play. Some of the leading professionals use them for home practice.

Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 feet (standard). Tables may be set on dining-room or library table, or mounted on their own legs or folding stand.

$1.00 DOWN

The prices are $6, $15, $25, $35, $45, $55, $75, etc., and Tables are sold on easy terms of $1 or more down, and a small amount each month.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE

On receipt of first installment we will ship table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. Write today for ... terms of payment etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 816 Center St., Portland, Me.

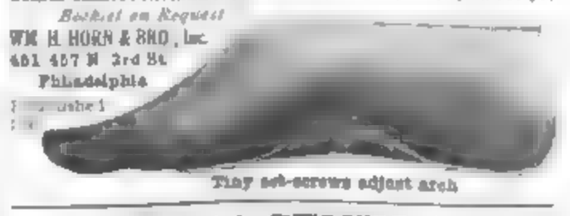
TIRED, WEAK OR FLAT FEET
Relieved by
The "Trufit" Adjustable Arch

Cannot cause pain to the wearer. Easily raised or lowered by adjusting screws, which force the fallen arch back to its normal position gradually and with comfort.

The "Trufit" is the only self-adjustable Support. If your dealer cannot furnish we will send you, prepaid, a pair for $3.

Booklet on Request

WM. H. HORN & BRO., Inc.
461 467 N. 3rd St.
Philadelphia



Tiny set-screws adjust arch

10 CENTS A DAY

buys the Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter. Made in our factory at Pittsburg, Pa. $65 now—later the price will be $100. ... typewriter ... Back spacer, tabulator, two color ribbon, universal keyboard, etc. Agents wanted everywhere. One Pittsburgh Visible Machine Free for a very small service. No selling necessary.

To Get One and to learn of our easy terms and full particulars regarding this unprecedented offer, ... "Mail your FREE OFFER."

The Pittsburgh Visible Typewriter Co.
Dept. 29, Union Bank Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa.

WIZARD LIGHT
The Latest Invention

... are lit with an ordinary ... as conveniently as city gas at one-fourth the cost. Write for catalog and agency.

THE NAGEL-CHASE MFG. CO.
168 W. Ohio Street Chicago

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS How to GET Every Dollar Your Invention is Worth.

Send 8 cents stamps for new 128 page book of Vital Interest to Inventors.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C.

Does Your Village Need Electric Light?

Will build system, furnish capital, and, if desired, operate. Correspondence invited from Boards of Trade or individuals in villages over 700 population. G. E. MILLS, Sodus, N. Y.

THE FIFTH AVENUE SHOPS

(Concluded from Page 7)

as a cashgirl at two dollars a week," the manager of one of the big department stores tells us.

I always try to get little Miss Lynch, who waits on me at S——'s, to talk to me about her customers. These girls are as full of gossip as an orphan is of prunes. They know every wealthy woman in New York by sight and have all the story. It seems that the easiest customer to sell to is the one who is with the styles. The woman who has the courage of the fashions is easily fitted out. When the models come from Paris designed for a waist, she has a waist; when they are in the elongated, birch-bending-by-a-stream-slender-and-gray manner, she is ready for them. It is the woman who is afraid of the mode, who does her hair in the simple knot and likes everything that is shown her for some hypothetical other woman—but she herself "never wears those extreme fashions!"—who is the problem of the fashionable-shop girl.

Paris never counts on these women, but the wise shopgirl does.

"Sometimes we just put away a hat at the end of the season because we know it will be what Mrs. Carlton Trask will want next year. I've done it myself many a time." And Miss Lynch glances at us to see if we are with her in this intelligent duplicity.

"I know just what your aunts will want when I see them coming in at the door," she says when she feels secure that we are to be confided in. "There isn't a girl in the store who doesn't like to wait on them. They're so sweet and it is so simple. Mrs. James will always want something rich, inconspicuous and dark; Mrs. Saintsbury the same; and Mrs. Crawford Deane the same, only with a long coat."

Mrs. Ten-Thousand-a-Year

One day last winter I saw a little Life of Shame being fitted out for a flight to Paris. She was scarcely out of her mother's lap—so slim and young, and standing drooped a little backward, as young things do. The man who was with her looked as if he were nice. He looked as if he were the kind of man with whom it would be pleasant to sit in cafés, watching people. He would tell you stories which he devised about them and make jokes of which the humor was always one-third wisdom. As I sat waiting for my fitting he ordered seven tailored suits and ten evening dresses. She passed as his sister. Do prosperous business men, with thick, handsome hands, order seventeen dresses for quiet little sisters who have silver-blue pools in their eyes and poignant scarlet Celtic mouths?

She was assenting rather mechanically to his choices, but there was one dress she suggested she did not need.

"Well, you had better have it," he advised. "There may be evenings when that is just the thing you would like to wear."

The woman who was waiting on them had no conscience, but she had a lovely color sense. When a dress was accepted she would bring a wrap and hang it about the girl's shoulders.

"This goes nicely with that dress," she would say. Brother would look it up and down, little Life of Shame glancing from him to the glass; he would nod—and it would be added to the pile on the chair. As they went away she was smiling faintly up at him. Poor little Life of Shame! One tried not to think of her too far into the future, when that smile had lost its sweetness and had come to have a kind of mechanical brilliance.

The customer with a fine brisk temper, well aired upon hirelings and uncorroded by moth and rust, gives some of these girls memories from which they tremble for long years with mortification and rage. Mrs. Tewkington Cleves is objecting to some feathers that do not match.

"We haven't any more. Tell her they're the same," says the forelady shortly.

Mrs. Cleves' eyes flash when this information is conveyed to her.

"What do you mean by telling me that?" she says. "They are not the same; and I will not have you telling me they are the same when I can see they are not!" She adds some comments on the insolence and incompetence of uneducated girls.

The woman who once told me this story was ten years away from it. She had married the manager of one of the great department stores and she had five bathrooms and three motor cars! She remembered still, however, how she had cast down her eyes and felt the color burning over her face! She could not think of anything to say, she said. A person who stands looking at the floor, with a quivering lip and tears in her eyes, when you have no more than given her a belting that she richly needed, is insufferable! Mrs. Cleves lays down the hat she was considering emphatically, and gathers her wraps about her, sweeping out with eyes sparkling like two wet stones and a face cut into the stony glare of a Japanese tragedian. There is a letter from her the next morning at the office about an extremely disagreeable saleswoman whom "something had upset before I came in." Such episodes do not ingratiate one with the management! Mrs. Tewkington Cleves is as large upon the horizon of New York as the Palisades. You are expected to hit upon some way to avoid offending ladies whose accounts run over ten thousand dollars a year!

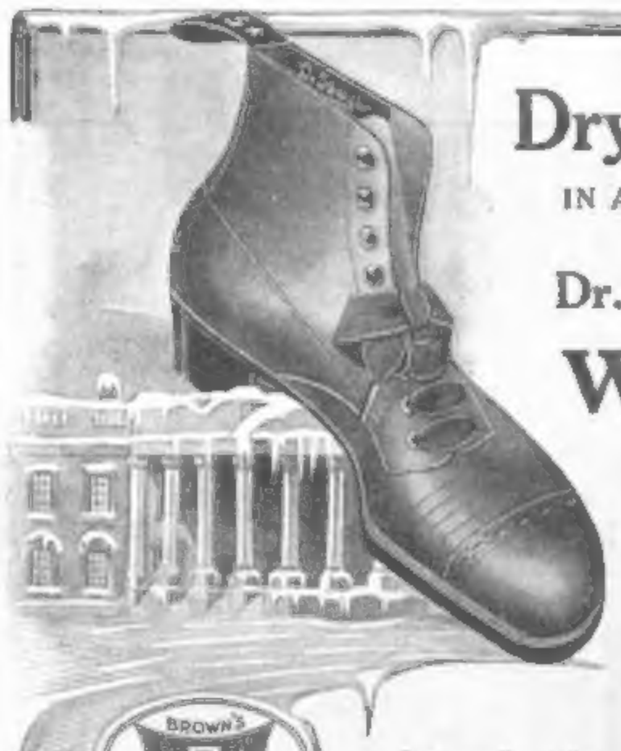
Little comedies of duplicity, ambition, innocence in the net, the flattery of power, like those in the plays and drawings of the Restoration!—alyly humorous, and with their great, patterned background of strange contrast! As The Rich and Great and I came out on the street, with hats brought to bay for another year, the heavy lace curtains were being drawn in these shops out of which we had just come. The Avenue was growing softly and vaguely bright. Street lights hung along the curb like palest lavender lilies, two on a stem. The great sun was throwing up handfuls of Chinese gold at the ends of the cross streets, as an artist would throw it upon the pale blue dress of a dancer. A white moon was chalked on the fading sky over Tiffany's—the street grown rather vacant. The play was on now—the workers no longer needed. Whirled away to other Elysian Fields—to tea at the Plaza, to dine, to dance, to listen and speak, retreat and draw near to each other, in high-ceilinged studios with a winding stair, in rich drawing rooms ambrosial with flowers, in the whirling crush of balls, under the superb agony of the *Liebestod*, in stolen brief meeting, when the lips tremble like the leaves of a young tree in the night air—they shall feel, and learn what they can, each in his degree—even feel the deep bolt of love!

The End of the Day

By five minutes after six the street has become one for the workers. Out of the employees' entrances they begin to pour now, a thousand of them from one shop, going off with quick-falling feet—little errand girls in half-soiled summer clothes; mothers of families, plump and hurrying; fashionable-looking girls, with wide frills on their coats and hats aslant; groups of slim, gay young ones—all too slim and gay, some of them, and not quite designing enough to pull off a stable place in life. Sometimes one is very pale and bent, with a deep crease between her brows. A little hunchback, with a book under her arm, lifts her head and looks up at the pink glare the city begins to fling against the sky. A boy does an imitation of Gaby Deslys, showing white, closely set teeth and deep dimples. Another slides through the press to a girl who blushes as only seventeen can blush, pulls on her gloves and tries not to look pleased because it is not according to the rules to look pleased. Cohorts of men—the tailors.

All these, too, shall eat, dance, draw near to each other—and even love; but in a more strident and minor key. They live for ends they do not see. They are gone. Everybody is going uptown now—mostly business men, walking with bent heads, telling each other how Charley used his fade-away ball with deadly effect, and what the score was when they left! The hotel windows are all alight. Temple Emanu-El lifts its minaret into the vast night. At a bright window a little shop assistant stands scratching an ankle with the other foot as she looks. She turns toward us when we pause beside her—in her face the gleam, still bright, of youth's intentness to acquire. It is such a lovely night that I say to The Rich and Great as we stroll on:

"Perhaps she will be owning one of these shops some day!"



Dry, Warm Feet

IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER IF YOU WEAR THE

Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole

WHITE HOUSE SHOES

FOR MEN - - - $5 and $6
FOR WOMEN - $4 and $5

Sample No. 278½.—MEN'S DR. SAWYER CUSHION SOLE Kangaroo Blucher, made over the famous Foot-Form Last, good weight soles and uppers, yet not heavy or clumsy.

The high grade piano-hammer-felt insole is impervious to cold and dampness. It is better than a health insurance policy, as it prevents the colds and sickness that follow chilled, damp feet.

The "Joy of Wearing" this damp-proof business shoe justifies you in asking your dealer for it. If he hasn't it, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Style Book Sent On Request

The Brown Shoe Co.

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

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INSOLE of GENUINE PIANO HAMMER FELT

Take Dollars

From My Low Factory Price For Ten Minutes of Your Time—QUICK!

Hurry a postal to me. Get my magnificent offer before you buy any incubator. I am doing wonders to get my Improved

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introduced. Splitting the price for 10 minutes of your time at home. Giving $25.00 poultry course to insure your success. Big incubator book free. Sixty days' free trial. Record-breaking, high-grade Hatcher at lower price than you can secure a cheap, ordinary machine. Greatest offer of the age. Write me personally.

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Double cases all over; best copper tank; nursery, self-regulating. Best 140-chick hot-water brooder, $4.85. Both ordered together, $11.50. Freight prepaid (E. of Rockies). No machines at any price are better. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for book today or send price now and save time.

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Other advantages of the country served by the Central of Georgia's two thousand miles of modern railway are, an exceptional opportunity for the general farmer in the nearby markets and large local demand, at good prices, for all his products; long growing seasons with abundant rainfall, making more than one crop each year; and a healthful, mild climate, suited to fruits and truck crops.

We want more farmers along our lines, and to prove these advantages, will mail a free book profusely illustrated with duotone engravings, supported by signed statements from the men who grow the crops and raised the live-stock; and tell how we can help find just the farm you want. Write TODAY.

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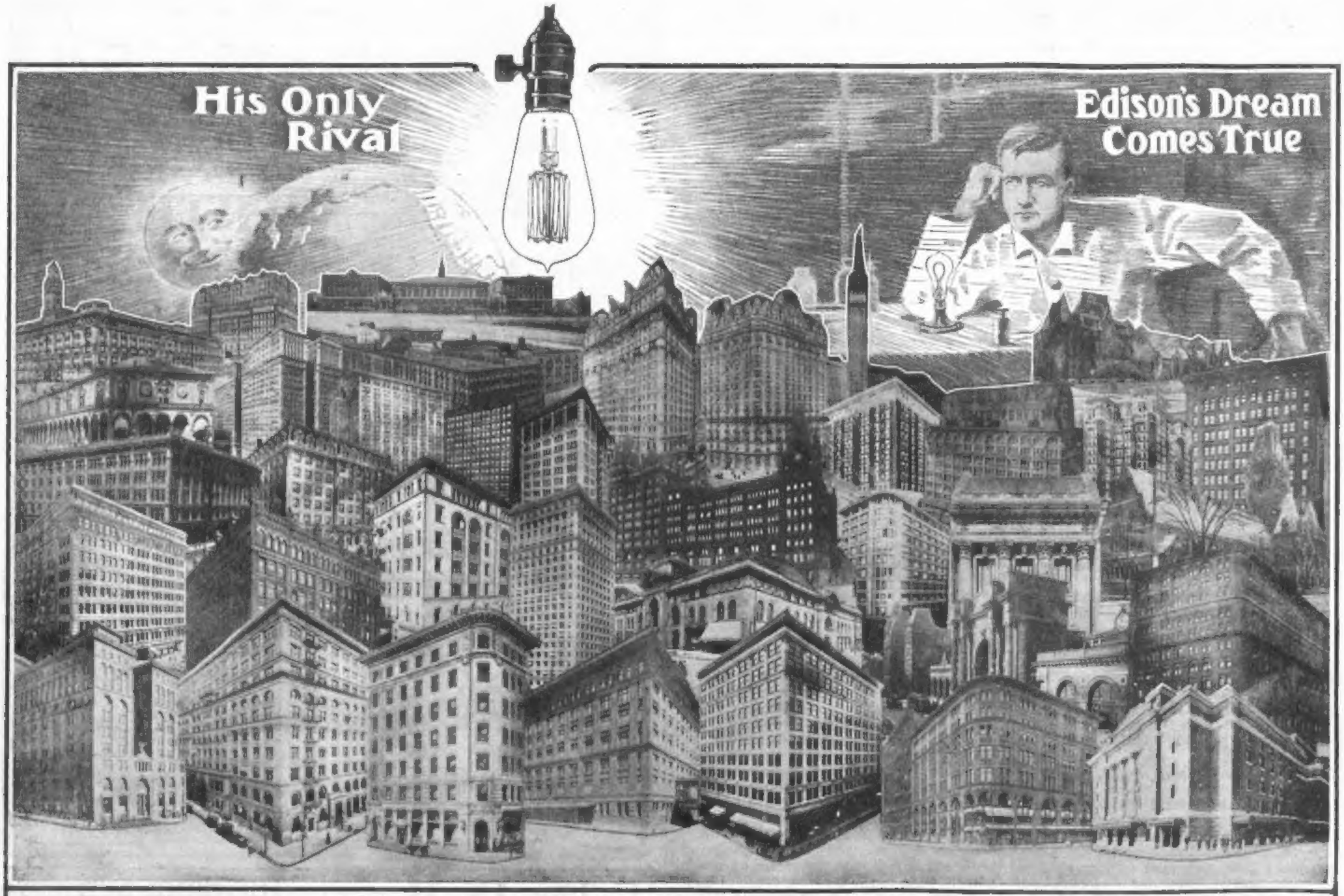

Siegel-Cooper, NEW YORK. Iroquois Hotel, BUFFALO. Normal and Latin School, BOSTON. Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, NEW YORK. Billings Hall, Wellesley College, WELLESLEY. Herald Building, NEW YORK. Hudson Terminal Building, NEW YORK. Fred Loeser & Company, BROOKLYN. Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, PHILADELPHIA. Martinique Hotel, NEW YORK. Onondaga Hotel, SYRACUSE. Colgate Building, JERSEY CITY. Citizens Savings & Trust Building, CLEVELAND. Carnegie Building, PITTSBURGH. Hamburger's Department Store, LOS ANGELES. Bellevue Hotel, SAN FRANCISCO. Southern Building, WASHINGTON. Rockefeller Building, CLEVELAND. Wells-Fargo Building, PORTLAND. Broad Street Station, PHILADELPHIA. Carson-Pirie Scott & Company, CHICAGO. First National Bank Building, CLEVELAND. Memorial Hall, Harvard University, CAMBRIDGE. Monadnock Building, SAN FRANCISCO. Dey Brothers Store, SYRACUSE. Times-Star Building, CINCINNATI. Land Title & Trust Building, PHILADELPHIA. Auditorium, CANTON. North (or B. & M.) Station, BOSTON. Central Building, NEW YORK. Omaha National Bank Building, OMAHA. Chamber of Commerce, PORTLAND. Peoples Savings Bank, SACRAMENTO. Pittsburgh-Lake Erie R. R. Station, PITTSBURGH. Higgins Building, SAN FRANCISCO. Gimbel Brothers, PHILADELPHIA. Boston Opera House, BOSTON.

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IF *all* the buildings lighted by Edison Mazda Lamps could be grouped together the result would be a city composed of the leading hotels, largest stores, most modern office buildings, banks, theatres, colleges, schools, museums, hospitals, factories, railroad stations, municipal and private buildings of all kinds—and hundreds of thousands of homes.

Only a very small city can be shown here, but in these three dozen buildings there are 200,000 Edison Mazda Lamps giving a total light of over 6,000,000 candle power. Nineteen cities are represented by buildings well known locally and, in some cases, nationally. One of these is the largest and another the tallest office building in the world.

Millions of these sturdy Edison Mazda Lamps are used in buildings of all kinds, on automobiles and railroad trains, and in all places where any electric incandescent lamp can be used. Edison's dream of "Electric-light-for-everybody" has come true.

Begin today to use this lamp that gives nearly three times as much light as the ordinary carbon filament lamp consuming the same amount of current.

Your lighting company or electrical supply dealer will furnish any size from 25 to 500 watts, plain or frosted. Be sure you get Edison Mazda Lamps—the G-E monogram (GE) on the package and on the lamp is for your protection.

Which of the following 20 to 40 page, illustrated pamphlets, shall we send:

"The Lighting of Hotels and Cafés"
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"The Lighting of Textile Factories"
"A New Era in Lighting" (Homes, etc.)

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(3341)

The Sheerest Hose for Dress Wear—*Guaranteed*

IT is easy enough to guarantee hose that are cumbersome, coarse and hot. "Holeproof" are entirely different. They are fine and light weight, if you want them light—the sheerest hose made of cotton. We make them in silk also. There are ten weights and five grades and twelve colors to choose among.

How Our Light Weights Are Guaranteed

The wear in "Holeproof" is in its *yarn*, not its *weight*. The light weights will wear just as long as the heavy. The reason is that we use the best cotton yarn we can buy. We pay for this yarn an average of 70c a pound—the top market price, no matter how it may vary. We could buy common yarn at the common price—30c a pound. But our yarn is 3-ply Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—the softest, most flexible, lightest weight, yet the strongest yarn that's sold. That's why *the hose* can be made light and strong. That's why *95 per cent of our output* has always *outlasted our guarantee*, including these *light weights*. There's no reason on earth why hose cannot be made to suit "the particular" and be made to *wear* at the same time. We want those who doubt, to try "Holeproof."

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A Million Wearers

A million people know "Holeproof." We are not advertising to them. The fact that so many have been convinced should bring more or less conviction to you. If a million have tried them and swear by them now, don't you think you may do the same if you try them?

Carl Freschl

The signature above identifies the genuine "Holeproof," and you *want* to identify it for it is the original guaranteed hosiery, and there are scores of the heavier kinds.

Thirty-nine years of experience go into every pair of "Holeproof." Twenty-six years of this experience went into the very first pair turned out.

So careful are we that "Holeproof" shall maintain its lead that we spend $55,000 a year for inspection—to see that each pair is perfectly made. You never will get a pair that's defective.

Prices range from $1.50 for six pairs, guaranteed six months, up to $3.00, according to the finish and weight. Silk hose for men, *three* pairs guaranteed *three* months, $2.00—for women, $3.00.

The genuine is sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Holeproof Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906
Carl Freschl

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
968 Fourth Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Holeproof Hosiery Company of Canada, Ltd., London, Can., Distributors for Canada
Tampico News Co., S. A., City of Mexico, Agents for Mexican Republic

(270)

Are Your Hose Insured?

The Columbia Phonograph Company (exclusively) presents:

[1] David Bispham
[2] Mary Garden
[3] Lillian Nordica
[4] Olive Fremstad
[5] Alice Nielsen
[6] Josef Hofmann
[7] Ellison Van Hoose
[8] Bernice de Pasquali
[9] Kitty Cheatham
[10] Jose Mardones
[11] Reed Miller
[12] Rosa Olitzka
[13] Xaver Scharwenka
[14] Carolina White
[15] Ruth Vincent
[16] Cecil Fanning
[17] Margaret Keyes
[18] Alex. Heinemann

There is only one *Bispham*. Only one *Mary Garden*. Only one *Nordica*. Only one *Fremstad*. Only one of *any* of these great artists—and only a *Columbia* dealer can supply you with their splendid records. No owner of a library of talking machine records can claim to have even a *representative* repertoire without them. No dealer can claim to carry even a *representative* record stock if he has to offer *understudies* or *substitutes* for those you ask for. If you want to hear any of these great voices you *must* go to a *Columbia* dealer.

The Columbia Grafonola, "Favorite"—Price $50
Other Columbias from $17.50 to $200

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